

JANUARY 1921

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Edited by Edward J. Wheeler & Dr. Frank Crane



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asked to dance? What is a polite and courteous way of refusing a dance? How many times may a girl dance with the same partner without breaking the rules of etiquette? Is it correct to wander away from the ballroom with a fiancée?

According to etiquette's laws is it necessary for a gentleman to dispose of his escort to another partner before he asks another lady for a dance? How shall he ask a lady to dance; which are the correct forms and which the incorrect? How shall he dispose of the lady after the dance if he must return to his escort? What is the right dancing position for the gentleman? For the lady? What style of dress is correct to wear at a dance?

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Saw Wood

By Dr. Frank Crane

A MERICAN slang has a most expressive term—"Saw wood."

It means, keep right on.

The idea is that, while the uncertainty lasts, while the problem is still unsolved, while nobody knows the outcome, you go on with your job.

Keep the wheels turning, the goods moving, the business stirring, the store open and the work going on.

Then, whatever happens, il y a toujours cela, as the French say, or at least that's that, as the English put it.

Most things rectify themselves if you don't get panicky and quit.

It always stops raining, said J. P. Morgan.

Most diseases disappear if you can manage to forget them.

If your enemies are after you and the air is dark with threats, if the clamor of tongues assails you, and if the grey wolves are howling in the woods—say nothing and saw wood.

If you are unappreciated and tend to discouragement and life altogether looks bleak—go ahead and saw wood. Things will take a turn.

We all have our tasks, thanks be! If we don't understand, and can't see and are buffeted by fears and flurries, at least we can go ahead with our work. That's that.

At the business of life we are employed by the day, not by the job. We have so many bricks to lay, so many shingles to nail or so many feet of ditch to dig.

As for how it's all coming out, who knows?

Meanwhile let us saw wood.

Blessed be routine! Sometimes we complain of it. We curse the daily grind. But, take people by and large, it is they who have some imperative thing to do, some exacting detail, that keep sanest.

At least they who work eight hours a day are not bored, usually. And it is those who do not know what they are to do next, or have nothing at all to do, that get into mischief.

Only the idlers are world-weary.

Recreation is good, but only as the fringe, corollary and appendix of work. Nothing but play drives a man to jail.

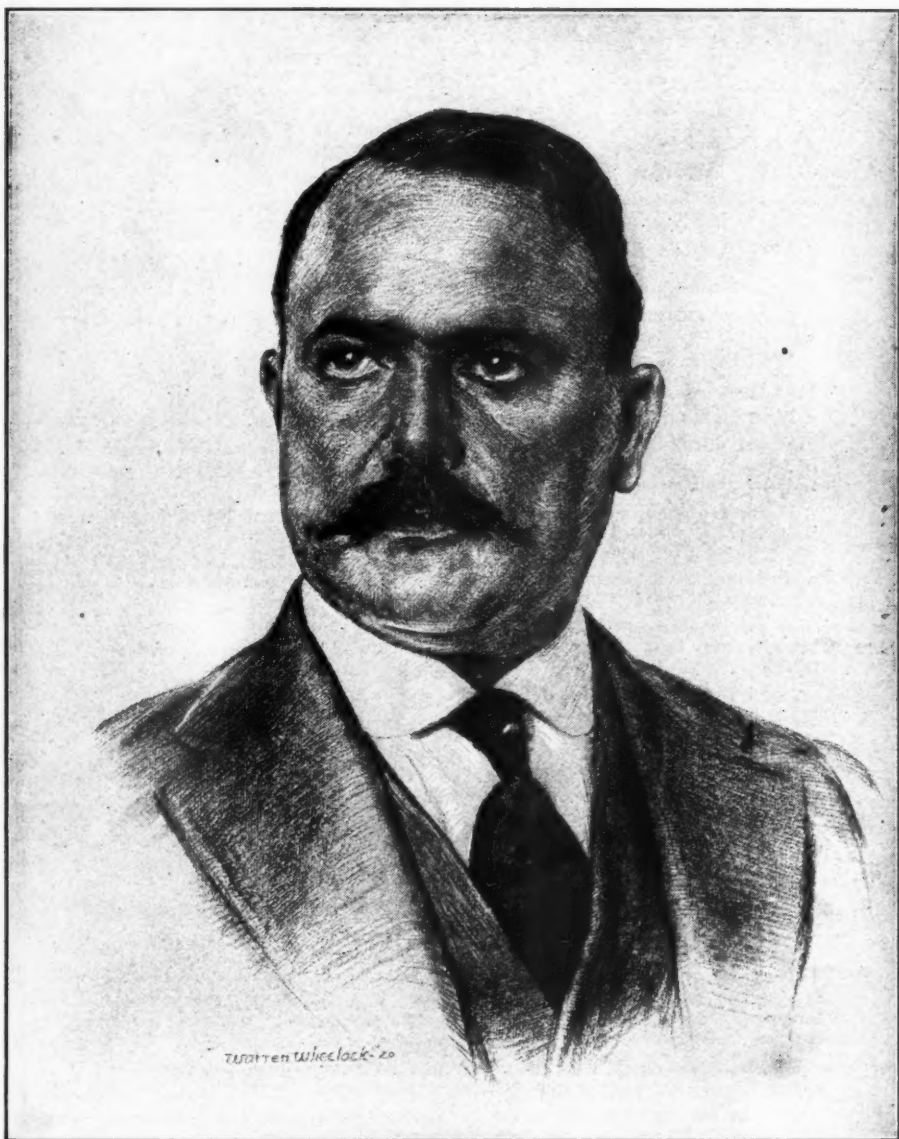
The sun is an old routinier. Every morning he gets up, and every evening he goes to bed. He's been at it lo! these many years. Yet every morning is fresh and dewy and every evening is new. The oldest things are freshest. Men change their clocks, they sleep late or rise early, and they dispute about the zodiac, but the sun goes on sawing wood.

Do your daily work, attend to your job, go on with your program, and so line yourself up with the steady forces of the universe.

Only by sawing wood will we get our national debts paid, and bring back prosperity, and achieve success, and outlive scandal, and establish a reputation.

What you do every day is granite beneath your feet. Routine makes power.

Saw wood!



HIS ANCESTOR CAME FROM CORK

Obregon, the name of the new President of Mexico, is a localized form of O'Brien, and Alvaro Obregon is said to be Hibernian as to his rich voice, his blue eyes, his laughing face and his genial good nature.

CURRENT OPINION

Editor:
Edward J. Wheeler
Editorials:
by Dr. Frank Crane



Associate Editors
Alexander Harvey
William Griffith

VOL. LXX

JANUARY, 1921

No. 1

ON THE ROCKY ROAD TO NORMALCY

GETTING "back to normalcy" is doubtless a very desirable thing, but the road back is full of rocks and may soon be full of wrecks. For the name of that road is Deflation, and it has always been a hard road to travel.

The Federal Reserve banks began the trip a year ago by raising discount rates, and the first effect was a smash in Wall Street. We are hearing from many other classes now, especially the farmers; but the stock speculators were the first—as always—to bump the bumps and stock values fell before those of cotton, wheat, corn and other staples.

Now the cries of distress are becoming general and Congress is assailed for relief.

When the war ban on trading in futures on wheat was removed July 15, wheat was selling at about \$2.90. It has fallen to \$1.50, and there is a cry for the restoration of the ban in hopes that that will restore the price. The

same sort of thing has occurred in cotton.

As a result, the farmers are refusing to sell because they will have to sell at a loss at present prices. In Kansas, 54.4 per cent of the wheat crop was still held by them last month, as compared with 35.1 per cent last year at the same time and 11 per cent two years ago. In North Dakota, in one week, ten thousand farmers pledged themselves not to sell wheat until the price goes to \$2.50.

But the farmers have borrowed money from the banks and made purchases, on credit, from the trades-people and they can't pay these debts until they sell their wheat. The result is that in North Dakota alone more than a score of state banks (only one national bank) have gone into receivers' hands. The State bank examiner explains that "only when the farmer begins to liquidate his debts will the banks be able to meet their obligations."

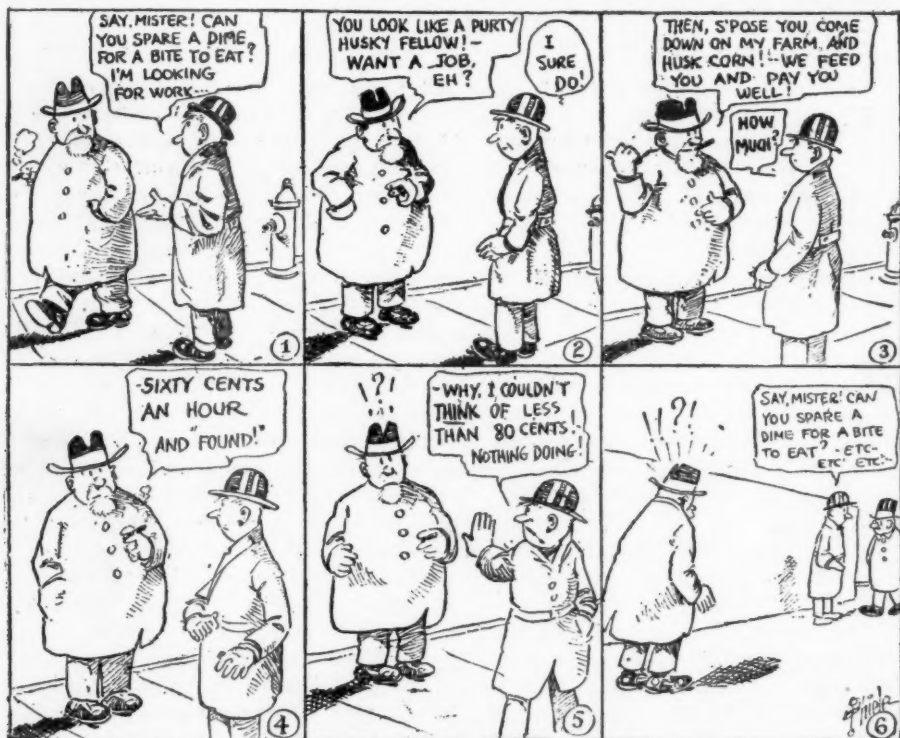
And so there is a rush to Washington, and, with the opening of Congress, we read such headlines as: "Farm Relief Bills Flood Congress."

Three methods of relief are called for, unanimously, by the American Farm Bureau Federation representing the farmers of thirty or more states. One is that Congress at once place an embargo on agricultural products from abroad. Another is that active trade relations be resumed at once with the central European as well as other European powers. The third is that the Federal Reserve Board take immediate action that "will result in extension and renewal of farmers' obligations." Still another method advocated in many quarters—and the one that has already been adopted by the upper house of Congress—is to revive

the War Finance Corporation for the purpose of extending credits to foreign purchasers of our farm-products, in order to stimulate our export trade and thus increase prices.

But the wheat-growers are only one class out of many. The cotton-growers are in the same plight. So are the wool-growers. So are the tobacco-growers. So are the cattle-growers. There is now in storage in this country, it is estimated, 996 million pounds of wool—enough for a two years' supply—and 95 per cent of this year's clip remains unsold.

But the tale of woe does not stop with the farmers. The manufacturers tell of a flood of cancelled orders from the wholesalers. The wholesalers tell of a greater flood from the retailers. The retailers, like the farmers, have



WHAT THE FARMER CANNOT UNDERSTAND!

—Thiele in Sioux City Tribune.

goods on hand produced and purchased at high prices, and they refuse to sell at a loss. Silks struck the toboggan slide before wheat did. So did sugar, Silver has just struck a new low record.

If misery loves fellowship, there ought to be a great deal of love in the world just now.

The charge is made that there is "a criminal conspiracy to drive down the prices of farm products way below the cost of production," and that "the Federal Reserve system now is controlled by the big predatory financial interests." If that is true, who is forcing all these other classes into the same condition as the farmers, and doing it not in this country alone but in all countries? As the *Nebraska State Journal* remarks, "the capitalists and the speculators are powerful, but not powerful enough to do everything at once." Criminal conspiracies there are, as the Lockwood investigation in New York into the building trades and the Senate's investigation into the coal trade show; but they are conspiracies to put prices up, not to put them down.

But that is the way most of us are built—we must have a villain in every drama. The "money power" is the farmer's pet villain and always has been. The fact that the Federal Reserve system is a governmental institution is not going to deprive him of his pet villain. As a matter of fact, according to the Governor of the Federal Reserve Board, the total of loans and investments of the Federal Reserve banks outstanding on December 5 amounted to \$3,333,039,000, as compared with \$2,933,082,000 the year before, and the Federal Reserve notes in circulation had increased by \$431,-



A VERDICT

Nobel Peace Prize for 1920 awarded to Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States.—News Item.

—Jones in N. Y. *Evening Post*.

680,000 in the same time. Secretary Houston says the banks as late as last October were financing exports in excess of those financed during the war.

It may relieve our feelings more to "cuss out" the predatory interests than to recognize economic laws; but it isn't going to get us much relief of any other kind..

But there are some things we might do. Governmental economy is one. On the budget for the coming year, for instance, are two items, one for the army and one for the navy, totalling about one and one-half billion dollars. There is no other method that would give such sure and quick economic relief not only to the United States but to the suffering world as disarmament. The League of Nations, in its effort to bring this about, finds the chief obstacle to be the naval and military program of this peace-loving nation and our refusal so far to enter into cooperation with the other nations to put the world on a peace footing. The United States,



O-o-o-h!

OH!!!

—Morris for George Matthew Adams Service.



IN THE BEAUTIFUL LAND OF NORMALCY

—Thomas in Detroit News.

says the *Wichita Eagle*, holds the key to the armament and disarmament situation. If we cooperate, the insane piling up of taxes will cease. If we do not cooperate, we may as well kiss goodbye to the billions loaned to European nations, for if they have to keep up the armament game they cannot pay their debts or even keep the wolf away from their treasuries.

"The sudden growth of interest on the part of the Western farmer," says the *Springfield Republican* pointedly, "in what Europe means to him should be wisely directed and utilized."

Uncle Sam is not a producer of wealth. All he has he gets out of our pockets in taxes or borrows from our banks. If he appropriates one billion dollars to a War Finance Board to enable Europe to buy our grain and cotton, it must come from the banks and must curtail by just that much their ability to lend to the farmers or to anybody else. As the *New Orleans Times Picayune* points out, any effort by the government to maintain high prices by artificial means must draw money from our own pockets twice—once to establish the necessary fund and again to enable us to pay the high prices for commodities. It goes on to say:

"Place the burden upon future generations, by bond issues, and upon the foreigner by lending him money provided he agrees to buy at our prices!" Such, in simplest form, are the proposals. Yet more bonds mean more infla-



SEEING AS HOW MAHOMET WON'T GO TO THE MOUNTAIN



WHY THE MOUNTAIN WILL MOVE OVER TO MAHOMET

—Ding in New York Tribune.

tion, longer duration of high taxes, and high cost of living. More debts owed us from abroad mean postponement of exchange readjustment and prolongation of the readjustment mess. Now or later, which?

Nor should it be forgotten, as the *Houston Post* observes, that the prices of farm products are only relatively low. Compared with pre-war prices, 65-cent corn, 16-cent cotton and \$1.50 wheat are high. "Other commodities are following farm products down and the mal-adjustment between the two is being corrected. . . . The farmer is in the same boat with other business men who have been caught with high-priced goods on hand."

The Vatican Faces a New Schism

INTO the seething cauldron which is Central Europe, and especially into that long strip of it which bears, on

the new maps, the rather forbidding title, Czecho-Slovakia, a new ferment has been thrown. Or, rather, an old one has been released.

Czecho-Slovakia seems to be entering a struggle similar to that which rent France with dissension prior to the war—a struggle between church and state. Church means, in this case, of course, as it meant in France, the Roman Catholic Church. But in this case the struggle is aggravated, as it was not in France, by racial distinctions. On one side are the Slovak Catholics; on the other, the Czech anti-clericals. The strife between them threatens the existence of the most promising of the new states that have arisen out of the war. An important body of Slovak Catholics deem themselves deprived of their religious rights by the new state and are openly agitating for secession. Others of the Slovak Catholics, together with the Catholic Czechs, are endeavoring to stem the

tide. If they do not succeed, the results are sure to be serious. It is the oldest of all controversies in one of the newest of all states.

When the empire of the Hapsburgs was dissolved, there were priests in the Bohemian country who thought of a schism. Some of these took the preliminary step of appealing to Pope Benedict for certain reforms. They asked, among other things, for the privilege of electing bishops by a vote of the laity, for the abolition of celibacy and for the privilege of using a liturgy in the Czech tongue instead of the Latin. There were other pleas, some of which were discussed for a long time at the Vatican. In



"NOW, WARREN, WHAT D'YOU MEAN BY THAT?"
—Peace in Newark News.

The Infant League

"THE League now stands revealed in all its nakedness." That is what the Berlin *Tageszeitung* says, and it is right. The League is an infant, and infants always come into the world naked. The first thing is to get born, and that the League has done. The next thing is to get sustenance and clothes, and that the League has proceeded to do.

The meeting of the Assembly of the League at Geneva completed the process of birth, but the League had begun to function, as one might say, even before it was born. Its Secretariat was in existence and had already begun the new order of things by receiving and making public international treaties. For already, by virtue of the mere signing of the Covenant, no treaty or international engagement made by any member of the League becomes binding until registered for publication with the Secretariat. Hercules strangled snakes in his cradle. The infant

League began before it was entirely born to strangle the serpent of Secret Treaties.

That is not all. The International Labor Office, another part of the League, had been functioning. It had drawn up a series of conventions regarding labor and welfare laws and submitted them to the governments for ratification. In the closing days of November the Secretary General of the League received the first notice of ratification. It came from Greece, and the conventions ratified include these provisions among others: establishment of a system of free public employment agencies; provision that no woman shall be permitted to work during the six weeks following child-birth and any woman shall have the right to leave her work six weeks before the time of her confinement; prohibition of the employment of women (except where members of her family only are engaged in the work) during eleven hours of the night; limitation of the work-day to eight hours; prohibition of the employment,



Wide World Photo

THE FIRST MEETING OF THE ASSEMBLY OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

The meeting was held in Geneva, Switzerland, in the auditorium of the Palace of Nations (formerly the Hotel National) and presided over by Paul Hymans, of Belgium. The picture shows a view of the hall, with the platform on which were the chairman and the members of the Secretariat.

in any private or public industrial undertaking, of children under the age of fourteen, and of children under eighteen in night work (with certain exceptions).

But the eyes of the world last month were not on undramatic things like these. They were on the meetings of the Assembly, which is the debating society of the League, the place for discussion, for oratorical display, for fine gestures. Two hundred reporters were in attendance from all parts of the world, and the "now deceased" League was a front-page topic in the press of six continents. Several issues speedily developed. One is that of small nations against the great powers, in which South American nations seem to play an especially active part. Another is whether the "world conception" of the League, to use Lord Robert Cecil's phrase, is to prevail or the French idea that the League's main purpose is to enforce the Versailles Treaty. A third

issue is whether the League is to be in any respect a super-state giving orders to member nations, or an inter-state machine controlled by the member nations and receiving orders rather than giving them.

The first issue developed into a bolt. It does not seem, so far, to be much of a bolt, being confined to Argentina. Her delegates withdrew from the sessions when their four demands were laid on the table. The principal demand was that all recognized sovereign states be admitted to the League at once. This meant Germany but not Russia. Argentina's sympathy for Germany during the war was the sub-



Wide World Photo

"FIRM IN FIUME"

These are the words traced in Italian by Gabriele D'Annunzio, poet-warrior and Commandant at Fiume, on the seashore at Fiume.

ject of many dispatches, and it was charged that her delegates went to Geneva pledged to look after Germany's interests. Her own opposition papers—*La Nacion* for one—assert that by the action of her delegates at Geneva she has made herself the champion of the German disaster and a participant in it. Another of her demands was that all members of the League Council be hereafter elected by the Assembly. This and the other demands involve changes in the Covenant, and the Assembly decided not to make any changes at this first session. Argentina alone voted no on this decision. Colombia and Chile are understood to



THE LAST DITCH

—Kirby in New York World.

support her four demands, but they were willing to wait. Argentina was not. She is not out of the League—a two-years' notice is required for that—but her delegates withdrew from the sessions. The German press hailed their withdrawal as meaning the collapse of the League. "The Versailles League of Nations is dead," says *Vorwärts*, and the bitter-enders at Washington and Paris echoed the sentiment. One of the reasons why no changes in the Covenant are to be made at once is because it was felt to be wise to wait for the United States to indicate what changes are necessary to insure her cooperation.

The next issue, over the world-conception of the League, resulted apparently in a rout for the French. The League refuses to consider itself as a mere executive body for the enforcement of the Versailles Treaty. Not all the French, of course, take this belittling view, but the tide of sentiment is strong in that direction, and the French

press as well as the Leygues ministry does not conceal its chagrin. The *Action* compares the situation with the crisis through which Napoleon passed after the first phase of Marengo. The *Echo de Paris* sees hope in postponing all important decisions until Harding enters the White House, hoping to find in him a potent ally for the emasculation of the League. There are pointed intimations in the *Temps* and other inspired dailies of what must inevitably happen when the great American friend is heard from next year. The Leygues ministry can not consent to have those burning issues of reparations and coal and the indemnity dealt with as if they were on a level with the

grievance of the Bolivians against Chile or the lament of the Japanese over racial exclusiveness. The world-conception puts the Treaty of Versailles into the basket with various other documents to take the regular course. The defeat of the French is due to the attitude of the nations that were neutral in the war. They revealed, as the *Matin* admits, a deep suspicion of French "imperialism." They ran off with the League, to use the mournful phrase of the *Débats*, taking its world functions too seriously to confine them to the program outlined (in spite of the protests of Leon Bourgeois) by the French ministry.

The other important issue—the independent powers of the League—will not, of course, be decided by one session, but, so far as this session can, it has settled it dead against the super-state idea and in favor of the inter-state idea. It is from the enemies of the League that the super-state idea has come. The head of the Legal

Section, Dr. van Hamel, of Holland, now declares that the authority of the League is vested not in the representatives but in the member nations exercising their treaty-making powers. If there are to be changes in the Covenant they are to be made by the member nations. This is fundamental, and, unless this view is later overthrown, it knocks into a cocked hat all the talk about our having to give up our sovereignty if we enter the League and about the superstate ordering our soldiers into any part of the world whether we like it or not. Take, for instance, Article X, which sent so many chills down so many spines in our recent campaign. The dispute between Poland and Lithuania over Vilna is to be determined by a plebiscite. The League Council requested the nations to send small contingents of soldiers to Vilna to act as a police force while the plebiscite is under way. Denmark replied that under her Constitution no grant of military aid could be given except as approved by her Parliament. The situation was accepted as perfectly reasonable and no effort to coerce Denmark was considered for a moment. On the contrary, the League, it is reported, by a unanimous vote, has placed on record this explicit interpretation of Article X:

"It cannot too emphatically be stated that Article X does not guarantee the territorial integrity of any member of the League. All it does is to condemn external aggression on the territorial integrity and political independence of any member of the League and calls on the Council to consider (advise) what measures to take to resist that aggression."

Of course there is a moral obligation for Denmark to comply with the Council's request unless there is some adequate reason to the contrary; but the Danish Parliament is to be judge as to the adequacy of the reason and as to the weight of the obligation. "The whole structure of Republican opposition to the League of Nations," says the *N. Y. World*, in comment, "has now collapsed by reason of the action taken at Geneva." Oh, no, says the *N. Y. Tribune*, struggling desperately with the situation, the League has not repudiated any interpretation of Article X, it has "repudiated the Article itself," and thus vindicated the opposition of its opponents! What was it the Leadville church sign said: "Don't shoot the organist, he is doing the best he can." Senator Borah does a bit better. Article X, he now says, never



WELL, HERE'S HOPIN' HE GETS ALONG WITH THE NEW NURSE!

—McCarthy in *New Orleans Times-Picayune*.

did amount to much, after all; it is Article XI that is dangerous.

The League Assembly decided to admit a number of new members—Austria, Bulgaria, Costa Rica, Finland and Luxemburg. Two of these nations were with Germany in the war. Their admission indicates, as the Brooklyn *Eagle* observes, "that the purpose of the League is not to exclude former enemy states because they were enemies." The objections to Germany are placed on another ground, namely, that that nation has not yet given "effective guarantees of its sincere intention to observe its international obligations."

One of the bogies conjured up against the League in the Senate debates and exhibited with great force by Senator Reed among others, has also gone to an early grave. It was an elaborate estimate of what the League might cost us if we joined. The figures ran up into the billions. Now the actual budget of the League for the coming year is \$4,200,000. This sum is partitioned among the nations according to their size. The first-class nations are assessed \$104,760 each. That is what we would have to pay if we were a member. And one half the sum goes to the International Labor Office and to other bureaus for the work of fighting disease, regulating the opium traffic, stopping the white slave traffic, improving international traffic, regulating traffic in arms, and strangling the other snakes mentioned in the beginning of this article.

\$104,760! And our proposed expense bill for our army and navy for 1921 is a little less than one and one half billions!

But we have not "surrendered our sovereignty," we have not "scrapped our Constitution," we have not "forfeited our nationality," we have not "pulled down the Stars and Stripes," and we are the only civilized nation on

earth unrepresented at Geneva by reason of our own voluntary action. What a proud and happy nation we ought to be!



National Hysteria

GERMANY can't give up the idea that by cunning and subtlety she can yet retrieve her losses. Her apparent effort now is to isolate France. Every rift between France and her late allies Germany tries to enlarge. Just now she is playing up the idea of an imperialistic France ambitious to dominate all Europe and to begin with the conquest of Germany. Simons, the German foreign minister, goes up and down the land insisting that "imperialist" France is plotting to invade and ravage "republican" Germany. In the latest of his tours, in which he was accompanied by Chancellor Fehrenbach, the anti-French note was continually sounded. The French army, he tells the world, is already making plans to invade Germany, which is doubtless true. All armies are all the time drawing up plans for the invasion of this, that and the other country and then pigeon-holding them for future reference. The government at Paris, we are told, is about to throw off every British impediment and to send its army on to Berlin. It is determined to dominate Europe even if it has to challenge England and defy the rest of the world, including America. The German press echoes the charges. The new conscription law in France is pointed to as the first step in the coming attempt at conquest. French denials, official and unofficial, are not lacking, but they are scouted. France is about to "tear off the mask" and bid England and America go hang!

The French are more or less mystified and worried over all this. What is Germany's game? To what extent, if any, is all this outcry countenanced

by England? Would Simons, responsible head of the Wilhelmstrasse, dare to make these charges against France if he had not conveyed some idea of them in private to official London? Would he talk so boldly if he had not received some assurance from Downing street? Something unfathomable and dangerous, the French press infer, is behind all this.

There is, and its name is hysteria. All Europe is in a condition, more or less, of hysteria. It is possible, of course, that German leaders are playing a deep game, but it is more probable that they are seeing things at night and believe what they say about imperialist France. A sense of weakness and exhaustion breeds fear. There is something hysterical in the French apprehensions as well as in the German. It is a case of shattered nerves on both sides. Every nation in Europe shows the same symptoms, including England, and it can't be wondered at. The psychological recovery from the events of the last few years may take a longer time than the economic recovery. It is a case of national shell-shock.

Some stabilizing force is necessary in order to effect a cure. If it isn't found in the League of Nations it will be found in some renewal of the concert of powers of the last half century. In the meantime the key to the solution of most of the riddles in European politics will be found in that word hysteria. Nothing is more irrational and more easily played upon than national hysteria. It strikes blindly and it is not amenable to reason. It is the underlying condition that accounts for Russian bolshevism and the atrocities that marked its inauguration, for Polish defiance of the powers, for D'Annunzio's strange exploits, for the general turmoil in eastern Europe and for a part, at least, of the distressing situation that has developed in Ireland.

The Man With a Pack on His Back

AS we read recent scare articles on immigration, two new books lie before us. One is the "Autobiography of Andrew Carnegie" and the other "The Americanization of Edward Bok." Both these men were immigrants. One came to this country at the age of twelve and the other at the age of six, and everyone knows what they achieved here. It consoles us somewhat to consider that, when they came, the same sort of scare articles were being written about the "scum of Europe" and the impending deluge of immigrants.

The man with a pack on his back is again being made an ogre. Today Commissioner Wallis warns us that fifteen millions of him are waiting on the other side to enter our Atlantic ports. Commissioner General Caminetti says twenty-five millions. In all countries of Europe they are clamoring for passage to America—eight millions in Germany, five millions in Italy, other millions in Greece, Lithuania, Czechoslovakia, the Balkans. And Senator Lodge calls for an alliance of the United States, Canada, Australia and New Zealand to check the immigration from Asia. It is even charged officially by a member of the House committee on immigration—he gives no evidence—that foreign governments are financing the movement of radicals from several countries in Europe, moving them over here to get rid of them.

We shall hear a good deal to alarm us in the next few weeks, but it is just as well to keep calm and remember a few things. One is that the well-known Atlantic Ocean is still obeying Mr. Byron's injunction to roll on. Millions may be clamoring to get here, but no one can navigate the Atlantic with clamor. There are seventy-five steam-



WHILE THERE'S LIFE THERE IS HOPE

—Greene in N. Y. Evening Post.

ships of all classes carrying steerage passengers. They can carry, at a liberal estimate, about 150,000 passengers. Allowing one round trip every month for each ship, it would take, as the N. Y. *Sun* points out, eight and one-half years to transport fifteen millions to these shores, and "a great many things can happen in eight and one-half years." The immigrants are, it is true, crowding these ships just now to capacity. On one ship, it is said, there were 47 stowaways. On another there were 1,100 entered as ship's crew—immigrants trying to beat the laws. But it must be remembered that the tide of immigration has been dammed up during the years of war. Even so, with the ships packed today, there will be no larger volume of immigration this year than there was just before the war.

We do not need, therefore, to get in a sudden panic over the quantity of immigrants. The quality is another matter. On this, no very definite in-

formation is furnished. We could stand a million or so peasants who came here to help plow and sow and reap our farms. As for the radicals, we are able to manufacture them ourselves in sufficient quantities for our needs. But we already have laws that are sufficiently discriminating against anarchists, criminals and various kinds of defectives. The difficulty in enforcing these laws will not be removed by passing new laws, but by serious study on the part of expert administrators. We have never yet made any adequate effort to apply our tests of selection at the ports of embarkation on the other side.

The Federation of Labor is calling for a law stopping all immigration for a period of two years. The Executive Council of the National Civic Federation approves. The Johnson immigration bill is up before the House and will probably be passed and sent to the Senate before this is read. This bill provided at first for a two-year suspension of immigration, but the period has been cut down to one year. In the Senate, Senator Dillingham, formerly Chairman of the U. S. Immigration Commission, has introduced a bill restricting immigration from each country of the Eastern Hemisphere, to five per cent, for any one year, of the number already here from that country. Exceptions may be made for near relatives of those living here and for professional classes. This plan would cut down the immigration from Southern and Eastern Europe and Turkey in Asia from 738,607, the annual average before the war, to 256,469. It would allow for an increase from Northwestern Europe from an average before the war of 132,850

to 337,602. It would, in other words restrict the immigrants from Italy, Russia, Greece, the Balkans, Austria-Hungary, Spain, to about one-third the number of those who were coming before the war and allow for twice as many from Scandinavian countries, Belgium, Holland, France, Germany, Switzerland and the British Isles.

On March 4 next the emergency passport law, enacted during the war, ceases to be operative. It is important that whatever is done to strengthen the restrictions or the means of applying them be done before that time. The Johnson bill prohibiting practically all immigration for a year is confessedly a temporary measure. The Dillingham measure is the result of careful study by specialists. There seems to be no good reason why Congress should not enact it into law before the present session ends. The trouble is that so many side issues are likely to be dragged into the discussion as material for oratory. Already there is manifest by Jewish members of the House an inclination to drag the Jewish question, including the "protocols," Henry Ford and all the rest of it, into the debate. Congressman Mann has managed to drag Ireland in. Congressman Rainey has brought in the farmers and their economic troubles, and, of course, the designs of the Federation of Labor have come in for animadversion.

Europe, in the meantime, seems to have difficulty in catching our point of view. America is thought to be very fortunate indeed in the prospect of cheaper labor because of the inrush of immigrants. Industrial experience, the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* observes,



IF SHE WILL INSIST ON RUNNING OFF WITH HIM
—Ding in New York Tribune.

proves that skilled labor is better off when there is an adequate supply of unskilled labor. Other journals—the *Rome Tribuna*, the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, every daily in Europe that comments on the subject—sees various reasons to anticipate prosperous times in America, and one of the reasons is the rush of European laborers to our shores. That there should be a semi-panic here over this seems to them like flying in the face of Providence and spurning the gifts of the gods.

Greece Gets Her King

THE restoration of Constantine is admittedly the best thing that has happened to royalty in Europe since William II fled into Holland. Constantine talks somewhat positively for a constitutional monarch, for he pledges his country—a thing for the

Prime Minister to do—to uphold the Venizelist idea in world politics. The Constantine conception, an inheritance from his grandfather, is based upon the theory that the real peril to Greece is from the Slav, not the Turk. Constantine will never object to Bolshevism as long as it keeps Russia impotent diplomatically. He will favor a cordial understanding with the Turk for the sake of having an anchor to windward against Panslavism.

This is the sort of thing urged on Greece by Tricoupis forty years ago, that Panslavism is the peril to all her aspirations in the Mediterranean. The mistake of Venizelos was his readiness to come to terms with the Slav. Such is the indictment of his foreign policy in more than one organ of the opposition. Venizelos, in the minds of this

opposition, stood for a virtual surrender of Constantinople to the British, for the conversion of the Mediterranean into a British lake, for the reduction of Greece to a vassal's position. Venizelos replied that such allegations might have been plausible enough in the old diplomacy, but that they were meaningless in a world system based upon a vital League of Nations. His fall is believed to have been due to the severity of his censorships and to the Draconian features of his domestic administration. Gross abuses by military courts, unsparing absolutism in the bureaucracy and absence from Greece at a time when his position at home was undermined combined to hurl him from power.

It is deemed highly likely in Europe that Greece will not be able to hold either

Smyrna or Thrace unless the relations of Athens with Paris and London can be smoothed out. Even so firm a friend of Greek aspirations as the *Manchester Guardian* feels obliged to note that when the powers consented to give Greece so vast an extension of her boundaries they did so on the strength of the position won for his country by Venizelos. Now that Greece turns to Constantine, "a good many things will have to be reconsidered." Says the *London Times*:

"It was not, as the leading Paris journals most justly observe, to such a sovereign or to such a nation that the Allies assigned Thrace, the European bank of the Dardanelles, Smyrna, and a mission to restore the peace of Western Asia Minor in their name. They did not sanction the creation of a Greater Greece for the benefit of a brother-in-law or of a nephew of the ex-Kaiser, who are the sharers of his views."



MERCY! WE DO HOPE THE PLUMBER DOESN'T HAVE TO GO BACK TO THE SHOP FOR HIS WRENCH OR ANYTHING
—Ding in New York Tribune.

Dr. Frank Crane's Editorials

America First

MY father and mother were Americans, and as far back as I can trace my ancestors they were all Americans, unmistakable, home grown and branded U. S. A.

That is the principal reason why I say that, after thinking it over carefully, I shall not subscribe to the propaganda nor join in the cry of "America First."

It is just plain egotism. And national vanity is quite as vulgar as any other kind. Vanity is vanity. And all cheap.

It sounds to me about like "Deutschland Ueber Alles" or "Britannia Rules the Waves," or "Sinn Fein."

Why the mischief a man who grabs all for himself, boasts of his money and his family, lords it and domineers it over others less favored and altogether acts like a bounder should be called vulgar, and a nation that acts the same way should be called grand and noble, I fail to see.

There is such a thing as national modesty.

The qualities that make a gentleman cannot be treason in a nation.

Self-restraint, courtesy, a readiness to help the weak and withstand the bully, service and self-effacement, these also do not disgrace the Star Spangled Banner.

It is the essence of Machiavellism to exalt as virtues in a State what we condemn as vices in an individual.

To cheat, to browbeat and threaten, to boast and brag, are quite as unbecoming a million people as any one of them.

Why should America be first? Does a well-bred guest shoulder the others aside and run to the chief place at the table?

Does a real lady pride herself on not having anything to do with her neighbors?

Just because I am a white American I want every Negro to have as square a deal as I have myself, and a Mexican, an Indian, a Japanese or a Chinese to have all my advantages.

I want my country to be the Big Brother of the world, not the big bully.

I want our flag to mean justice and consideration for every foreigner within our shores, as much as for every native son.

I have a sincere love for America, an honest pride in her achievements, I respect and uphold her institutions, but I cannot understand why on that account I should despise a German, insult an Englishman or look down on a Frenchman.

I have a proper pride in my own family. The Cranes are good enough for me, and I think our men are as clever and our women as handsome as any breed you can name. But is that any reason why I should hate the Smiths, shoot the Browns and fight the Robinsons?

The right kind of self-esteem functions in courtesy, not in a vulgar struggle for precedence.

Hence, in the sense in which some use the term, I am not in favor of "America First."

But if you mean that America is to be first in helpfulness, first in cooperation, first in good manners, first in the

arts and ways of civilization, then I too am for

"America First."



Ireland's Enemies .

THE greatest enemies of Ireland are not the British whom they call tyrants, nor that portion of the American public who are anxious to see the English-speaking peoples at peace and in unity of purpose, and hence are sometimes called "pro British," nor the Protestants of Ulster, nor that part of the population of South Ireland who decline to cooperate with the Sinn Fein.

Ireland's most dangerous enemies are those deluded and passionate persons who imagine that their country can be in any way advantaged by the old and outworn fallacy of frightfulness.

Violence never got a man nor a cause anything in the end but humiliation.

The mob that came out of St. Patrick's Cathedral, in New York City, after mass, and proceeded to throw bricks through the plate glass windows of the club-house across the street because the British flag was then draped in company with the flags of the United States and France, did more to set back the cause of Ireland with the American people than all the pro British propaganda of a year.

They disgusted the law-abiding and alienated the sympathetic.

Likewise the mobs and miscreants who are burning buildings in English towns, and shooting down officers of the law in Ireland, those who put their trust in arson and assassination, these are they that are clogging the wheels of justice and postponing the day of Irish desires.

"Assassination," said Benjamin Disraeli, "has never changed the history of the world."

What all the world wants, including the better class of English, is to see Ireland enjoying peace, prosperity and such a degree of freedom as self-respect demands.

Any work toward that aim, if carried forward with respect for law and life, engages the sympathy of all mankind. And that sympathy is immediately turned into distrust by acts of violence.

Whatever be the merits of the case, and whatever be the outcome, no permanent and satisfactory conclusion can possibly be reached without the *cooperation* of Ireland and the rest of the British Empire.

The charge is made that the British government in Ireland is tyrannous, harsh and brutal. The proper defense against such a policy, if this be true, is not to be more brutal still, but it is to appeal to the justice of mankind, to protest with dignity and to agitate with self-restraint.

There is a great body of both Englishmen and Irishmen who are doing their utmost to solve the Irish question in a way that shall be fair and honest to both parties, and their efforts in this direction are continually thwarted by the stupid individuals on both sides who fancy that hate, incoherent vituperation and violence will help matters in any way.

Ed Howe sizes the issue up pretty well, saying:

"The English are probably willing to grant Ireland anything that will insure peace. But the Irish are unable to agree on a policy that will suit all of them. The Catholic Irish want independence. The Protestant Irish will not submit to this, saying they will not be dominated by the Catholics, who are in a majority. If I should be placed in John Bull's shoes, I know what I would do; pull out of Ireland, and let the Irish settle their own difficulties."

Did Germany Win the War?

THE question may well be asked, Did Germany win the war?

To be sure she capitulated, gave up her ships to the Allies and has been paying more or less indemnity. But putting yourself in the place of a Prussian Junker and realizing his hates and his wishes upon his enemies, you might fancy him not without a covert smile of satisfaction at certain eventualities.

First and foremost, he hated the Allies and wished nothing more than to see them fall out. And he has had the pleasure of seeing the good understanding of France and Great Britain more than once strained to the breaking point. He has seen the so-called "liberal" press attack the treaty of Versailles and the Concord of Nations with a bitterness and scorn almost equal to anything said of the Hun.

He has seen Clemenceau, Orlando and Wilson rejected. Lately Venizelos of Greece has gone down and the Hohenzollern's old friend Constantine invited to return to the throne.

Russia has been reduced to chaos and Poland to near ruin.

His old allies, the Turks, are having it pretty much their own way with the Armenians in the East.

An industrious and ardent propaganda is going on in the United States against England, and the Irish question is being played up for all it is worth, to make trouble.

Bad feeling is being stirred up between America and Japan.

Prophets of evil are screaming daily that the League is dead.

Every obstacle is being put in the way of republican Germany making headway, and honest Germans who desire to pull the fatherland out of the mire are being harassed at every step.

There's more than one way of skinning a cat, and the satisfaction the Prussian superman was not able to attain in the way of Weltmacht perhaps he has hope of getting in the spectacle of Niedergang.

He is doubtless keeping his eye just now on Washington with an expectation that is not wholly pessimistic.



A Capitalist's Views

OTTO H. KAHN is what you would call a capitalist. That is what those who think in class-terms would call him. Hence the mention of his name to the Trotzky-Lenin tribes of earth makes them at once see red and become incoherent.

Just as Debs's name mentioned at a gathering in the Bankers' Club is equivalent to a motion to adjourn.

Not that the proletariat folk hate Kahn; they don't know him. Anyhow, people do not hate people, they hate classes. If it weren't for the infernal class bug that gnaws our minds it wouldn't be so hard to love each other.

For each of us is interesting. Debs is. He is (as with all of us) much more interesting than his "cause."

Otto Kahn is interesting. I don't know him. Never had the pleasure. But he went out to a middle-west factory town the other day and talked to the men. His remarks were printed in the papers, whereby he became public and my meat.

His ideas are of interest because he speaks as one who all his life has been close to money. He is a fair sample of the mythical monster known to Socialist bad dreams as a capitalist.

As a matter of fact he is a human being, and appears to be a very engaging and forceful one.

Here are some of the things he said: Speaking of capital: "Somebody must be in charge of money. It won't

take care of itself. If the man in charge of money administers it properly, then he is a worthy steward and is aiding to make the world better." In other words, while waiting for the Socialist millenium we'd better be looking to the character of our rich men.

"The principle on which all concerned should deal with the labor question," he said, "appears to me plain. It should be the Golden Rule." This you will notice is not a proposal that we go forward to some new cure, but back to an old one. Hence it is revolutionary. For every reform has cried 'Back to this, that or the other!'"

And, remember, the Golden Rule might work. We've never tried it—on a large scale.

"We should recognize the democratic spirit in the tendencies of our day," is another of his utterances. It is a curious thing that most of the preaching of democracy comes from those we might suppose favorable to autocracy, and most of the urge to autocracy, force and violence comes from those one might presume to want democracy. 'Tis a mad world.

"City manager form of government is the true way out for American cities." A thought which is shared by all who think at all on the subject.

Mr. Kahn believes in art. "Art," he said, "can be as educational as universities, as nourishing as soup kitchens and as healing as hospitals." If you can get people "to love and understand what is beautiful and inspiring, and despise what is vulgar, cheap and degrading," you will have done much to cure the body politic of what ails it.

That is worth thinking of. There is a connection between dirty back yards and dirty politics, unclean houses and unclean hearts, vulgar looking furniture and vulgarly functioning brains. We might add that a thing does not have to cost a lot to be beautiful; it takes

what is scarcer than money, and that is taste.

It is good to see men like Mr. Kahn talking to workers. It would be good to see a worker addressing a meeting of men like Mr. Kahn. If we'd all talk more to each other and less about each other we'd be better off.



Immigration

THE National Committee for Constructive Immigration publishes a striking chart showing the sources of a century of immigration to the United States.

The amazing and somewhat disturbing thing shown is the increased proportion since nineteen hundred that come from Central, Southern and Eastern Europe.

Latest reports from observers in these regions testify to a vast desire of millions to escape war-torn Europe and get to prosperous America.

That they are not coming now in overwhelming numbers, "as doves to their windows," is due simply to the lack of transportation facilities and to the barriers set up by their governments.

The seaports of Europe are already crowded with eager souls awaiting their chance. The swarm will soon be upon us thicker than ever before.

Is this to be welcomed or dreaded? Do we need these people, or should we bar them out? These are questions we must answer right now.

To dump the myriads of Europe over here would put a severe strain on our institutions.

Every employer of labor is interested in the question. Also every laboring man and labor union, every politician, every churchman, every educator, in short, every one of us, for all are interested in keeping this America of ours strong, clean and intact.

It is safe to say that neither a policy of unrestricted immigration, nor one of complete exclusion, is believed in by the majority of our citizens.

Some sensible, carefully studied, just and scientific policy ought to be worked out.

The Committee mentioned above have done just this thing.

A bill known as the Welty Bill (H. R. 14196) is already before Congress and embodies an intelligent policy, which is fair to both Capital and Labor, and safe for America.

The bill is simple, constructive and practical. It will work.

It provides for only as many immigrants as we can assimilate, Americanize and set to work. It gives citizenship to all who qualify, but sets high standards of naturalization.

The bill has been prepared by the cooperation of a committee comprising one thousand leading American citizens, including,

Governors of States, Presidents and Professors of Universities, Economists, Members of Congress, Editors, Financiers, Manufacturers, Physicians, Clergymen, Farmers, Lawyers, Teachers, Librarians, Authors, and others.

Some kind of action on this matter must be taken by the next Congress. What shall it be?

If you are interested in this you can drop a line to Immigration Committee, at 105 East 22nd Street, New York City, and get full information.



What Now?

GENTLEMEN of the Senate, what now?

The country has elected a Republican President, and you have a comfortable working Republican majority in your body. You asked that the people entrust you with the responsibilities of the State, and they did it.

What will you do with it?

You have set aside the Democratic party and its leaders. The reins are in your hands. What now?

Some forty or more of the nations of earth gather, for the first time in history, to plan together for the welfare of humanity at large.

Imperfectly no doubt, blunderingly perhaps, and with a certain human element of selfishness possibly, these nations, fused into some sort of oneness in the crucible of war and the dangers that follow in war's wake, are addressing themselves to the race-wide problems of so organizing as to prevent war in the future and to reduce the gigantic armaments that are the seed of war.

What is to be our attitude toward this new movement?

Destiny has laid us an egg. Shall we hatch it or smash it?

The question has not the slightest thing to do with parties. All the party bitterness has been buried in the last election. After election there are no more Republicans, no more Democrats, we are all Americans.

And—what now?

Are we to defy the assembled nations at Geneva, and retort in proud aloofness to their courteous request for cooperation?

Or are we to ignore them, wrap ourselves in the panoply of our territorial isolation, and live a boastful hermit in a united world?

We are on this planet, you know, and can't very well get off. We will have to deal with neighbor nations in some way. We cannot prohibit trans-ocean travel nor international commerce.

Cooperation may be difficult, but isolation is impossible.

Do you take the result of the last election to mean that no lesson in world government shall be learned from the recent disaster, that no experiment in war prevention shall be tried, and that the nations shall slump back

into the pre-war rivalries and intrigues?

There is one question before your House, and will not down until you settle it. It is: What shall we do that it shall not happen again? What measures shall we take to save mankind from the horror of another war?

How to stop war—that, gentlemen, is a bigger question than any that can come up for your consideration.

If we are not to join the other nations in attempting its solution, is it not your duty to suggest some other way?

The common people of the country are not concerned with your jealousies, nor quibbles as to "a league" or "the league," but they do ask you to do something that may help the world turn from that ghastly path to destruction in which it has so long been going.

What now?

♦ ♦

The Pleasures of Teaching

THERE can be little doubt in the mind of thoughtful persons that teaching is the most important of all the professions.

There can be no continuity of civilization, no permanence of culture, no solidarity to racial or national advancement, unless each generation is carefully trained in all the best things which the outgoing generation has learned.

It is, therefore, with considerable dismay that accounts have been read in the press of the shortage of teachers, and of how very many of them are abandoning their calling for more lucrative occupation.

In one way we cannot blame them, when a plumber gets \$10 a day and a teacher \$3.

But against this pull of material self-interest we ought to do all we can to magnify the intellectual opportuni-

ties and the esthetic and spiritual attractions of the teacher's post.

The Institute for Public Service, to this end, offered a prize to the teachers that would write the best letters telling why they loved the profession.

I have had the privilege of looking over these letters. They are striking. For instance, Superintendent John Dixon, of Columbus, Wisconsin, writes:

"I like teaching because I like boys and girls, because I delight in having them about me, in talking with them, working with them, playing with them, and in possessing their confidence and affection.

"I like teaching because the teacher works in an atmosphere of idealism, dealing with mind and heart, with ideas and ideals.

"I like teaching because of the large freedom it gives. There is an unusual time margin of evenings, week-ends and vacations in which to extend one's interests, personal and professional.

"I like teaching because the relation of teacher to learner in whatever capacity is one of the most interesting and delightful in the world.

"Teaching is attractive because it imposes a minimum of drudgery. Its day is not too long, and is so broken by intermissions and so varied in its schedule of duties as to exclude undue weariness or monotony. The program of each school day is a new and interesting adventure.

"Teaching invites to constant growth and improvement. The teacher is in daily contact with books, magazines, libraries and all of the most vital forces of thought and leadership, social and educational. It is work that stimulates ambition, and enhances personal worth. There is no greater developer of character to be found."

The TRUE TEACHER is, and may well be, proud of the title, for his work is akin to that of the Master Builder,

the creation of a temple not made with hands.

Elizabeth Pardee, of New Haven, Connecticut, emphasizes the longer vacations which teachers have, as compared with those who follow other professions, and also that, compared with other callings, the business of teaching pays women quite well. She writes:

"Another reason for my preference for teaching is found in the fact that longer vacations are given than in any other profession. The teacher has time and opportunity to seek new scenes; to rest and relax; as to follow courses of study at some summer school, under inspiring and enthusiastic professors who re-arouse zeal and ambition. And in addition to the ten weeks' vacation in the summer (the usual business position affords three) there are the Christmas and Easter holidays that give time for pause and re-adjustment at just the seasons when one feels this need, tho people engaged in other lines of work are usually busiest at those times.

"Again: the compensation (under the salary increase given in almost all parts of the country recently) compares favorably with that offered to women in other professions. Experience has shown that the brilliant woman, here as elsewhere, wins recognition, financial and otherwise; and in no field is there greater opportunity for the development of initiative."

B. Witkowsky, of Brooklyn, New York, describes how, after he had left the teacher's desk for other work, the lure of his chosen calling drew him back. It gives a good picture of that distinctive charm that draws the true teacher to his work.

"I shut my desk and looked around the large, pleasant office where I had spent so many happy though busy and warm hours in that hot Washington of the summer of 1918 and asked myself

why I was giving it all up, why I was going back.

"I came to Washington and joined the ranks of those stenographers and typists summoned by Uncle Sam to handle the tremendous correspondence and clerical work which were as essential 'over here' to winning the war as soldiers, ammunition, food, clothing, etc., were effective 'over there.'

"I was done with teaching forever, with its small monetary return and resultant discomforts, its lengthy vacations when it was essential to toil in other fields to eke out a scanty existence. And now, in spite of it all, I am going back. Once again, I asked myself 'Why?'

"The answer came to me in a vision of flashing eyes, smiling lips and bright faces. They were the magnets drawing me back. To what? To feel the joy of teaching boys and girls, to see the light of understanding dawn in mischievous eyes, to feel the triumph of 'getting things over,' to hear once more the confidences of hopeful youth, to know again the joy of guiding offenders into the path of right. Small wonder that I missed these thrills in the commonplaces of office routine.

"And the small monetary return? What had become of that? I would return in spite of it, secure in the thought that the American people would finally recognize the importance of education and grant to the teachers a remuneration in keeping with the professional nature of their work.

"This importance has been recognized and an increase granted sufficient to make teaching a profession which offers leisure, opportunity for culture, for travel, for intercourse with the most brilliant minds in lecture hall, the most talented on stage and concert hall and a background of education which will enable appreciation and enjoyment. Are not these to be coveted?

"For the ambitious, advancement beckons on every side, along whatever line one may long to specialize, all fields are open with only one requirement—proficiency.

"To those whom circumstances have placed in need in a declining old age, whither all are bound, a pension soothes

the closing years which may be spent in well-earned and independent rest and repose.

"To enjoy all of these advantages I returned to take up teaching once more and never once have I regretted this step. Teaching is its own reward as all who have taught know only too well."

JAPAN, AMERICA AND THE FAR EAST

By Henry W. Taft

A GREAT political development is in progress in Japan. A growing liberal party is gradually but certainly increasing its hold upon the masses. The human material upon which it is working is far from being buried in ignorance, for the percentage of literacy among the Japanese is higher even than it is in this country. The compulsory education law is enforced rigorously, with the result that the attendance in the schools of those within the school age is general. While in some of the districts remote from the great centers of population the instruction of the poorer classes is not such as to give them more than a limited knowledge of reading and writing, there is, nevertheless, a great body of the common people who have sufficient knowledge to inform themselves by reading the newspapers, which they do with the most assiduous attention. There is thus in the making in Japan the kind of public opinion that we deem essential to secure civil liberty, and it is steadily and progressively influencing governmental action. The right of suffrage is being extended and the trend is irresistibly towards a popular democratic government.

It would be a mistake, however, to assume that there no longer exist the influences which in the past have contributed to give to the so-called military party its dominance in the political affairs of Japan; for that party undoubtedly continues to exercise a potent influence. But it is equally true that it asserts its power with more circumspection, with more regard for the views of other nations, and with a realization, perhaps subconscious, that imperialistic militarism, upon the model adopted in Germany, cannot long endure. The elder statesmen in Japan not only realize this but their views with reference to the present and future relations between Japan and this country were sensibly affected during the late war by the actual and potential military power of the United States. These conditions are working to make the chance of war between the two countries extremely remote, in spite of the irritation recently caused by the California land situation. As the Japanese people are proud and very sensitive, and as they are easily moved to resentment where their national honor is involved, a situation might arise where a government in power might, against their better judg-

ment, be forced by the people to assume a truculent attitude; but recent events have rendered this more and more improbable.

We need not much concern ourselves, therefore, about the danger of war with Japan; but it is very unfortunate that a condition of peace should be embittered by such a difference as that caused by the California land question.

It is, of course, not easy for the Japanese to understand our internal political and social conditions, or how they are affected by our temporary political controversies. But they know more about us than we do about them; for their young men coming to this country to be educated return to their native land with a better understanding of conditions in this country than Americans have of Japan, and they spread this knowledge among their fellow citizens. Our preoccupation, on the other hand, with our own diversified domestic interests makes us comparatively indifferent to what is going on in the Far East. And yet events are happening in China and Japan of vast importance to five hundred millions of people who are separated from us by an ocean which it now takes only ten days to traverse, and with whose political and economic development we must inevitably become more and more concerned.

If we consider the purely material side of our relations with Japan, we find ourselves the chief consumers of her products, purchasing annually half a billion dollars' worth of Japanese goods. On the other hand, if the commerce between the two nations were interrupted, the damage to the United States by the stoppage of our exports would be by no means negligible, for in 1920 we sold to Japan \$453,147,063 worth of goods, that is, nearly four times as much as we sold to China, altho China is probably six or seven times the size of Japan in population.

The commercial interdependence of Japan and America makes it especially important that we should not lightly permit some temporary or local interest like the California question to seriously impair our friendly relations.

Furthermore, we ought not to forget that Japan is politically the only self-governing country in the East. Hundreds of millions of people in India are held together and saved from probable anarchy by the helpful control of Western powers; but the East Indians are dependent races, even tho they are enjoying some of the benefits of Western civilization, and are being saved under the British rule from civil strife, and probably from greater desolation by famine and pestilence. The Philippines, if we were to release our hold upon them, would drift no man knows whither. The conditions in Siberia are little better than anarchy. China as a unified nation, on the model of the modern state, does not exist. Japan alone of the Oriental nations maintains a government representative of her people and is pursuing the arts of civilization under its effective protection. It is a serious question for the people of the United States to ponder whether, with our ideas of the advantages of self-government, of industrial progress, of law and order and of international responsibility, we ought to assume to interpose obstacles to the extension of the Japanese hegemony in Asia, so far as that is made necessary by Japan's natural economic and industrial growth and the demands of its people for food, raw materials and the opportunities for self-support. The question cannot be disposed of by broad and dogmatic denunciation of Japan's imperialistic and militaristic tendencies. We must, in our own interest and the wider interests of modern civilization, give to these subjects the attention and expend upon them the sympathy which their enor-

mous importance demands. And especially we should not forget them when a single State like California permits its local interests to imperil our friendly relations with the most powerful and most progressive nation in the Orient.

It would not be suitable in this article to enter upon a discussion of the legal aspects of the land laws discriminating against the Japanese, adopted on the recent referendum in California, or to consider whether they are in contravention of the Constitution of the United States. It will suffice to say that the laws of California have been so amended as to prevent a Japanese father of a minor child from being appointed its guardian, and to deprive Japanese citizens, either in their own right or as stockholders in corporations, from owning land or, except for short periods, leasing it. The new law is not directed in terms at the Japanese, but generally at persons who are not qualified to become citizens of the United States; and under the citizenship laws of the United States "white men and Africans" are eligible to citizenship but "Mongolians" are not mentioned, the Chinese and the Japanese being thus by implication excluded. It is this discrimination which operates to make the new California law apply to the Japanese; and that is the chief cause of complaint on their part, and especially because they are thus treated as inferior to all "white men and Africans."

It is urged that the effect of the referendum provisions is to deny to the Japanese the equal protection of the law, in that they discriminate among different classes of aliens, conferring upon one the protection of the law which it denies to another. It is also claimed that the provisions are in violation of our treaty with Japan which provides that Japanese residing in this country "may own or hire and

occupy houses, manufactories, warehouses, shops and premises, and lease land for residential and commercial purposes." But I do not believe that a satisfactory solution of our relations with Japan, so far as they are affected by the California land question, will be found in a decision upon a mere question of constitutional law. From the international standpoint the vital consideration is that a single state of the Union is insisting upon its own solution of a problem affecting its local, social and business interests, and, in the words of Gov. Stephens, "is very sensitive about any interference with or restraint—upon the sovereign right of the State to deal with its domestic's land problems," while it has little concern as to the manner in which that solution may affect the interests of the country at large.

It is this phase of the matter that ought to engage the attention of every American citizen.

I do not mean to be understood as saying that the position which the people of California have taken is not without justification, or that the Japanese who have settled in California are themselves without blame for the situation which has been created. The Japanese government might have anticipated, and perhaps have adopted measures to prevent, what has happened. The Japanese have selected a part of our country with a most salubrious climate and fertile land. They have made no effort to distribute themselves, and, with their prosperity and their increasing enjoyment of the advantages afforded them by the protection of the state laws, they have not conformed their customs and manner of living to those prevailing in America. On the contrary, they have concentrated themselves in limited areas, which has resulted in the establishment of communities in which have been retained Japanese social, domes-

tic and religious customs. This was sure, sooner or later, to result in prejudice and discrimination. Furthermore, by availing themselves of their rights under the letter of state statutes while ignoring their spirit they have invited new and discriminatory laws. Thus it is charged (I have no figures showing the extent of the practice), that in order to evade the disability as to land ownership, they have, under the legalistically correct advice of California lawyers, purchased land and had it conveyed to their minor children. They have then been appointed guardians of their children, thus becoming the practical owners of land they could not buy themselves. They have also formed corporations qualified under the California law to acquire title to land and have become the sole stockholders. By such methods as these they have been enabled to lawfully enjoy the benefits of land ownership, in spite of laws which were passed to prevent precisely that result. This procedure was certain to bring reprisals. If there is discrimination, the Japanese government and the Japanese people, in dealing with the question as an international matter, ought not to overlook these antecedent conditions.

We would not adequately deal with this phase of the subject if we did not observe that subjectively the Japanese are more intensely nationalistic than any other nation on earth, with the possible exception of France. They are not by nature a colonizing nation. Their love of country usually detains them in their native land. In their feelings for their nationals who are settled in other countries, the psychology of the Japanese people differs from that of the American people. They seem to be attached to the interests of their fellow countrymen wherever they are, and they are keenly sensitive to any affront offered to them by foreign nations. We Americans, on the other

hand, have comparatively little experience with American citizens who emigrate to other countries. The comparatively few who have gone to such countries as Mexico and the Orient have well understood that they would be expected to conform to the laws and customs of the countries to which they emigrate, and that our government would not lightly interfere to protect their interests. We do not quite understand how an American citizen can reconcile himself to permanently leaving his native country or becoming naturalized in a foreign land. It is a little difficult, therefore, for us to realize the intensity of feeling which has been aroused in Japan on account of the rights of Japanese citizens who are seeking the protection and advantages to be enjoyed under a foreign government. I mention this matter merely to show that the viewpoint of the two nations is, if not irreconcilable, at least such as to require it to be dealt with with some delicacy, and not in the heat of a political campaign.

It is undoubtedly true that the amount of land in California owned and worked by the Japanese is not large in comparison with the entire area of cultivable land in the State. Of 27,931,444 acres of farm land, the Japanese own 74,769 acres and lease 383,287; and the average farm in California is approximately 320 acres, while the farms of the Japanese average only 56 acres. The total of farm products in California, according to a report of Governor Stephens, was valued at \$507,811,881, to which the Japanese contributed \$67,145,730 or 13%. The Japanese produce 80% to 92% of certain products, like berries, celery and asparagus, and the American farmers monopolize such products as hay, grain, potatoes, grapes, beans, rice, cotton, corn, fruits and nuts. But these comparisons do not quite present the concrete conditions; for the Jap-

anese colonize in districts of limited area, notably the Sacramento Valley, and there by their industry, their economy and their frugal habits, they soon drive out the neighboring American farmers, who are unable to sustain the competition, largely because their standards of living materially differ from those of the Japanese.

But there is no doubt that in these and other matters gross exaggeration has caused groundless fears. I noticed an example of this in a recent article in the *World's Work*, where a writer comments upon the fact that, after the "Gentlemen's Agreement" in 1907, under which the Japanese agreed to discontinue the granting of passports to laboring classes, the number of Japanese arrivals fell from more than 30,000 in 1907 to less than 4,000 in 1909, but that after that they largely increased until in 1919 they numbered more than 16,000. But it is not stated that the 30,000 immigrants in 1907 included about 20,000 who went to Hawaii. The writer exhibits a table showing that the aggregate arrivals since 1908 have been about 120,000. If these were added to the Japanese population according to the census of 1910, which was about 40,000, the present Japanese population would be 160,000. As a matter of fact, however, the census which has just been completed shows that the Japanese population of California is 70,196, an increase of only 28,840 or 69.7% since 1910. Perhaps the writer in the *World's Work* did not intend to have the deduction made that all of the arrivals went to increase the resident Japanese population, but from his figures an uninformed reader would probably arrive at that conclusion. The fact is, however, that in the period mentioned in the *World's Work* the figures given include arrivals in Hawaii, and the *departures* are not deducted. The figures for arrivals, therefore, show only one side of the

account, and do not represent the net result of immigration into continental United States. These facts render the tabulation of the writer in *World's Work* of little value in determining whether the increase in the Japanese population in California is so great as to give just cause for apprehension. The figures of the census just taken show that California now has a population of 3,426,861 and a Japanese population of 70,196, or about 2%. In 1910 it was 1.7%. The rate of increase, being 1/30th of 1% per year, is not alarming. Furthermore, it appears that a very large part of the increase of the Japanese population consisted of women, no doubt many of them "Picture Brides," brought to this country to establish the families of the farmers who preceded them.

But, however exaggerated statements made in the heat of a political campaign may have been, the question is a real one to the Californians and the situation created in certain localities ought to be dealt with in justice to the citizens of the state. The Japanese are not seeking to abandon the "Gentlemen's Agreement" of 1907, or to have the bars against Oriental immigration lowered. But they are restive because they are not treated like other nations of the world, however backward the peoples of such nations may be. This complaint would be removed if our immigration laws were put upon a more scientific basis, and there is a good prospect that they may be. The necessity for this is being pressed upon us by the impending danger that we may be flooded by immigrants from Southern Europe and the Near East, and is already receiving the serious consideration of the committees of both houses of Congress.

Three alternatives have been proposed; first, that the law be allowed to remain as it is; second, that all immigration be prohibited for some limited

period of time; and, third, that a plan be adopted whereby the number of immigrants allowed to enter shall be made dependent upon the ability of our country to absorb, assimilate and Americanize them, without undue disturbance of our social and industrial conditions. This last proposal has been accompanied by a suggestion that a national commission be appointed to which shall be delegated powers to investigate conditions and to determine how many immigrants, not exceeding a maximum fixed by law, shall be permitted to land. The maximum limit which has been proposed is 10% of the *naturalized* natives of any nation already settled in this country. A further feature of any new legislation will probably be in conformity with the plank adopted by the Republican National Convention requiring that all aliens in this country register periodically, so as to enable the government to keep track of their activities and obtain reliable information as to the tendencies of different foreign peoples after they have settled in this country. It is also proposed that a higher standard for naturalization shall be adopted. If some such legislation were passed, comprehending in its terms Oriental, as well as European, peoples, the cause of complaint on the part of Japan that its people are being discriminated against would be removed.

I hope the pending diplomatic negotiations may contribute something to restore cordial feeling between the two nations. If these fail, however, the suggestion is worthy of consideration, that there be appointed an international commission which will attempt to find a solution of the troublesome question, having regard for Japan's national pride, for the vital

interests of California, and for the rights of the entire American people. Objections having force have been made to such a commission. But the controlling consideration in its favor, in my judgment, is that in no other way than by the report of an international body composed of eminent men, in whose membership California is represented, can a conclusion be arrived at which will have the necessary weight with both the people of California and the people of Japan.

So far as the general subject of immigration is concerned, that, of course, may be dealt with from the national standpoint, but the ownership and leasing of land is a matter usually regulated by state laws, and when national action is proposed, the interests of the state must not only be considered but the people of the state must be assured that their interests have received from an impartial body the attention which they deserve. It would, in my opinion, be within the competency of the treaty-making power of the United States to enter into a treaty with Japan which would render null and void a provision of the California statutes, or even of its constitution, with which it was in conflict, for the Constitution of the United States provides that treaties of the United States are to be "the supreme law of the land." But the national government has always hesitated to deal with the rights of states by the exercise of the treaty-making power, and it probably will not attempt to do so in the case of California.

(In his next and concluding article Mr. Taft will deal with the extension of the Japanese power on the Asiatic continent, the political conditions in China and the interest of the United States in these matters).



MEXICO AT THE CROSSROADS

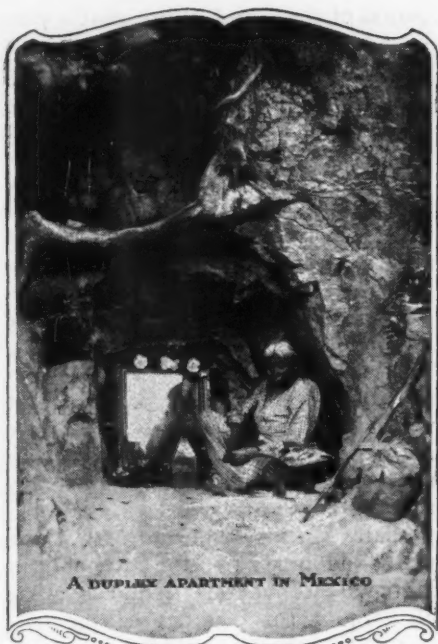


By Agnes C. Laut

MEXICO has literally been crucified by fine phrases. It is time to strip the mask of fine phrases away from the hideous realities hidden by them, to see exactly what is under the fine phrases, to get our feet down to the ground, on the rock bed of facts and to begin a program of reconstruction from the facts up, not from the phrases down. Mexico is, indeed, not unlike some poor woman with cosmetics hiding defects of complexion and increasing the corruption beneath the mask, when she should wash off the cosmetics and start at a reform of her organic health to produce a natural glow to put the cosmetics to the blush.

I never hear the fine phrases applied to present conditions in Mexico but I think of some poor fool with a breaking heart and a blotched skin futilely simulating, under a whitewash, what an inrush of health and happiness and prosperity would give her without any false mask.

Madero was going to reform the land conditions of Morelos, wrest large holdings from the rich and give each worker his home acres with the full toll of his own toil. It sounded fine on paper and on the street corners, where he addressed hungry hordes and set a fire flaming to the four corners of the land which he was powerless to quench till it burned and devoured both him and the hopes he had kindled. But how did it work out in fact?



A DUPLEX APARTMENT IN MEXICO

The hacienda owners were driven to foreign lands, exiles. Many were murdered. Their sons were slain in battle; their daughters outraged, or driven from their own land. The peons took possession. There were no more wages. The peons starved, or took to banditry and loot to stave off starvation. The sugar mills were destroyed by plundering bands. The machinery was carried off and sold for junk in Mexico City. At one fell swath, the peon's market for his labor was destroyed. Machinery which cannot be replaced under millions of dollars and mills which cannot be rebuilt in ten years were junked at five cents on the dollar. Fields which should be producing food reverted to cactus or pasture land for the bandits' horses. Starvation followed. Death from malnutrition followed; and the exiled owners unable to pay taxes after nine years of such chaos began to sell—to sell for \$2.50 an acre what had been

worth \$500 an acre. I say \$2.50 an acre because only yesterday an owner whose mills and holdings had been valued at fourteen millions came to me desperate to know if I could find a purchaser for him at \$14,000 cash. It was sell to a foreigner, or sell to the very leader of the band that had looted his property; and, of course, I could not find a foreigner purchaser, for foreign capital will not buy unless it is guaranteed permanent title, and title in Mexico under Carranza was by decree, not by constitutional law; so when I say \$2.50, I am understating the case a thousandfold. I put the figure at \$2.50 because, if you read the Mexican press, you will find countless properties for sale at that figure.

Yet, if foreigners could go in with stable titles—what? Such an inrush of foreign capital as would literally swamp Mexico with prosperity.

Now notice what actually happened! Forced by exile to sell, the owners of these huge holdings sold; but to whom? To the officers of the Carranza junta, who forced their soldiers to do the work on the ranches for nothing; so that the large land holdings went into the hands of a military oligarchy, who paid no wages at all; and the last condition of Morelos was worse than the first, all under the mask of fine phrases about giving the peon back his land. If the fine phrases had been sincere, those holdings could have been bought and could yet be bought to-day at these ridiculously low figures for distribution to the peons, and the peons could earn returns to pay for small farms in instalments.

Fine phrases! Obregon has pledged himself to redeem these phrases in facts; and never did such a golden opportunity exist for a leader to make good in fact, not phrases.

The same thing happened with Villa up in the Laguna Country of the North—a land comparable with the

richest cotton lands of Texas, or fruit lands of Arizona and Southern California. Villa not only put his peons on the land, but he stole horses and machinery enough to equip them; and the experiment failed, as in Morelos. It failed for two reasons. First, to succeed in intensive cultivation of fine lands, you must have a directing mind as well as laboring hands. You must have a mind to direct, to get loans from the bank till returns come in, to keep the middleman from skinning profits in the marketing of fruit, or beans, or cotton; and the peon hasn't that directing mind. It failed, in the second place, because as long as loot ran riot in the land it was easier and cheaper to get returns by loot than by work; and no peon was going to raise a crop which another peon might scoop by simply turning bandit by night. It is one of the things which no Lenin and no Trotzky and no Madero has ever explained why—if you knock the restraints of law into a cocked hat—one peon should not scoop the results of another peon's toil.

Still all had been done under the mask of fine phrases advocated by honest theorists who never saw a Mexican farm nearer than through a telescope. Madero was himself the son of a poor family; but he was not the member of the family who worked the land. He was distrusted by his old father, and did most of his farming expounding theories from a street corner. He paid with his life as the peons have paid by death from starvation; and one of the first things the revolutionists did, when his own fine phrases had fanned a hurricane of fire and blood, was to burn down Madero's beautiful home in his own home town. When Carranza attempted to stop the same process of stealing, his generals pulled their support from under him and he was murdered in their midst.

They stole the money bags from his belt, the socks from his dead feet, the clothes from his blood-stained body still oozing from assassin's bullet wounds. Fine phrases are a good deal more dangerous than T. N. T. unless they happen to have facts as a basis of rockbed truth.

Still worse and for almost identical reasons were land conditions in Oaxaca and Michoacan and San Luis Potosi, where not 10% of the land was under cultivation from 1914 to 1920 and you could not sell it at any price, tho the entire population of these states was and is yet on the verge of starvation, and late as October of 1919 literally mobbed a church delegation of travellers for apple peelings and sandwich crusts thrown aside as the visitors drifted about the town taking observations.

There is only one source of capital to resuscitate these dead lands of Mexico and so avert starvation; and that source is among the Allied Nations. The capital of the Allied Nations is now looking eagerly for investment, first to escape heavy war taxation, second to pay war debts; but two things frighten that eager capital away from Mexico. First, Mexico with a larger national income than she has ever had, is still quibbling over and defaulting on her national debts to foreigners, of over 570 millions. Second, the Mexican Constitution of 1857 guaranteed foreign title to property; the 1917 Constitution annulled that title; and any titles held to-day are held under decree which may be annulled to-morrow, or—as the Protestant Church property—under special favor which a whiff of caprice may annul to-morrow.

Clean up those two defects in Mexican laws and Mexico would to-morrow be inundated by foreign capital.

To say that such foreign capital would gobble up Mexican sovereignty,

is more fine phrasing based on an obvious lie put out to inflame hatred of the gringos. Because \$2,500,000,000 of American capital is invested in Canada, does any one fear the United States will gobble up Canadian sovereignty? On the contrary, Canada is gunning for more and more American capital.

So, getting our feet down on the rock-bed of fact and away from fine phrases, *I put down as the first step towards opening the Door of Hope for Mexico, the cleaning up of Mexico's defective laws on foreign title.*

If Mexico does not clean up these laws, she may howl "anti-intervention" and "cut the gringos' throats" at the top of her voice. The foreign nations will collect those 570 millions of foreign debts at the point of a bayonet; and that means War. If Mexico cleans up those defective laws, she will be swamped with prosperity and retain her sovereignty.

Is Mexico's fate, then, in her own hands?

Not if the United States compels Mexico to maintain a Government which annuls law and title and endangers the lives of all foreigners, of whom six hundred Americans have already been murdered for no other reason than that they were Americans.

In order to be perfectly fair, I want to put on record that the mining laws of Mexico are among the best in the world. I shall not go into details of this. It is a long technical story. But with the fairest mining laws in the world, only 40% of Mexico's workable productive mines were operated in 1920. The other 60% does not include abandoned prospects and holes in the ground and mines which it would not pay to operate. The other 60% include just as good mines as the 40% now producing.

It is a truism to explain that Mexico has the richest mines in the world.

Yet her mineral exports in 1918 totalled only \$34,716,000, a tenth of Canada's wheat crop in value, only two-fifths of what might have been exported. Mexico has copper beyond the dreams of avarice, 988 copper mines; and the world needs copper. Mexico has iron deposits to outrival the great Mesaba Range of Lake Superior; and the whole world is clamoring for steel to reconstruct war-ruined areas and to build new flotillas of ships and to replace timber as building material. Mexico has 5,804 silver mines; and silver the lower in price than in 1920 is yet at a high enough price to pay for production. Mexico has almost 2,000 gold mines; and the demand for gold is greater than ever before in the history of the world. Mexico has lead, has zinc, has coal, has mercury, has manganese, has oil, which is bound to supplant coal very largely; yet of her total mineral production—exclusive of oil—of 90 millions of dollars, or 180 million pesos, only a third was exported, and only two-fifths of the millions worked.

Why only a third exported? Why only two-fifths worked?

The mining laws are fair and four-square. Where is the trouble?

Mines are peculiar to themselves. You can't run away with a mine. You can only get out of it what is in it, by work. You can steal the bullion, but you can't steal the mine. It is known that one bandit leader had 30 millions of stolen bullion concealed in the hills; but he couldn't smuggle it across to the United States, and he couldn't get it out by sea; but naturally, if you are a mine owner, you know the mine can't run away and the bullion may; so your policy is safety first. You can afford to sit down on your mine and wait. You will operate just up to the requirements the law compels. Beyond that, you will reef down operations and wait. That is why 60% of Mexico's best mines are closed.

Then, there has been the terrible danger to human life; for bullion has been a lure to murderous, plundering bands; and time and again the operators have called their workmen out of Durango and Zacatecas rather than risk life. The toll of death among the foreign operators is a terrible one. Elton of Oaxaca was shot for no other reason than that a revolutionist coveted his mine. A mining engineer from Los Angeles had his ears and fingers cut off and was finally tortured to death for no other reason than that the bandits thought they could extort big ransom money. All that doesn't encourage mining, be the mining laws ever so good. It helps to explain why 60% of the productive mines were closed. Obregon has put the bandits out of business; but there are still childishly foolish socialistic laws as to operations of smelters. Here is one example. A law was passed forbidding the closing of industrial plants without paying workmen in advance two months' wages. When the war ended in 1918, the price of copper slumped to fourteen cents. An English operator was unable to sell his copper at any price. He found it back on his hands and wrote the Governor of the State requesting him to take over the operation of the plant, as the English Company could not pay any wages, let alone the two months' bonus for the privilege of facing ruin by closing down. But the State was in like case. Dead industry did not pay taxes into the Treasury. The Treasury could not pay that bonus of two months' wages; so it refused to take over the plant and practically annulled the law because, while the law was a fine thing on paper, it didn't work.

More fine phrases wearing a mask to cover ruin to 8,000 people, who worked in that mine and smelter.

But why were only a third of the minerals produced exported? Because

some of the bullion ran away with the bandits and the rest couldn't get transportation.

Of Mexico's thirty or more rail lines, only one ran with regularity from 1914 to 1920—the one from Laredo to Mexico City. The next most regular line was from Mexico City to Vera Cruz, and there was not one week from January 1st to October 30th, 1919, when some freight or passenger train on that line had not suffered depredations. The rolling stock of Mexico's National Railways can to-day best be described as junk. Stations are roofless. Box cars have lost doors and sides. Engines you can see, thirty in a row, rusting to the weather. During the week that one Carranza witness testified before the Senate Committee that travel was "safe in Mexico," the lines in the North, where Carranza was travelling, were dynamited seven times in five days. Yet forty millions of the revenues of the National Lines mysteriously disappeared in six years. Over 10,000 freight cars have been destroyed in the Mexican Revolution. Over 5,000 freight cars, 400 locomotives and 225 tank cars an American financial expert found lying up needing repairs. Mexico has 16,000 miles of rail lines.

What it will cost to rehabilitate these lines I do not know; but I do know the money for the total bill must come from one source only—the United States, which to-day is the banker of the world; and the banker of the world

will not extend the loan to rehabilitate Mexican transportation unless Mexico

- (1) Guarantees good and permanent title to foreign investment;
- (2) Remedies laws confiscating titles;
- (3) And reestablishes good relationship with the United States.

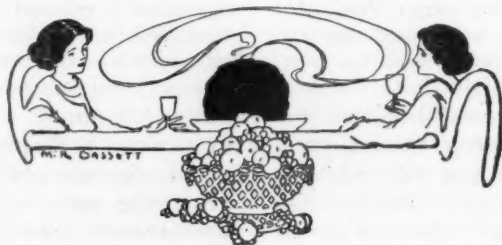
That over 90% of Mexico's population are clamoring to do just these things you will learn if you go to Mexico, or if you diligently read the Mexican press.

What hinders the remedy, then?

The fact that the Government of Mexico, representing less than one half of one per cent of the population, up to the fall of Carranza held itself in power by an anti-American policy, and that banditry representing less than 10% of the population grew fat on the looting of foreigners.

Help can come to Mexico only from the foreign pocketbook, but help will not come to Mexico if the Mexican Government continues to confiscate foreign property and to hurl insult in the face of the foreign investor, or to murder foreign nationals and steal their pay rolls and kidnap their consuls.

Mexico's fate depends on whether she can make good on Obregon's promises of reforms. If she can, her future is assured. If not, her nationality will perish of its own internal gangrene of anarchistic sentiment, and not from "foreign intervention," which has been the cry of Mexican bandits to divert a reckoning for their own crimes.



THE SUCCESS AND FAILURE OF PROHIBITION

By Wayne B. Wheeler, L. L. D.

National Attorney and General Counsel of the Anti-Saloon League of America

NATIONAL prohibition is not a hundred per cent success as some over-enthusiastic drys declare, nor is it a dismal failure as the wets proclaim. Prohibition is a growth rather than a status fixed by legislative enactment. This was true in the states; it is true to even a greater extent in the nation. It is enlightening to face the facts squarely both as to the weakness and strength of this new policy of government.

The saloon as an institution to encourage drinking of intoxicants is outlawed forever in the United States. Not even wet advocates, pleading for a beer and wine amendment, suggest its reestablishment. National constitutional prohibition has successfully made the prohibition issue one of "law and order." It was difficult to secure, but it is as difficult to repeal. A majority of one branch of the legislature in thirteen states can prevent its repeal. The dry forces control both branches of the legislature in over thirty states under state prohibition. The advantage of this situation is manifest.

The power of the organized liquor traffic as a national menace, corrupting the politics of the nation, is broken. The official investigation by the United States Senate Judiciary Committee revealed it as a disloyal, corrupt, boycotting, press-subsidizing, tax evading and vicious organization. The conclusions or findings are published in a public document. This force had dominated the politics of the nation for years. It will never again be able to exert its deadly influence in American politics. The first definite evidence of

its diminishing influence was seen in the election of the Sixty-seventh Congress. The liquor interests endeavored to defeat every candidate for Congress who voted for the Volstead Act. Two hundred and twenty members on record for this act were re-elected. A large number of others with similar views were elected for the first time. The wets will not be able to muster one hundred and forty-five votes on a roll call for a beer and wine amendment.

The decisions of the courts, sustaining the Eighteenth Amendment and the Federal Prohibition Code, are reassuring that the policy is legal as well as right. Never was there such a determined and unethical court attack made upon any law as upon national prohibition. In the prospectus to raise funds to fight national prohibition, the Association Opposed to National Prohibition said: "The members of the United States Supreme Court are extremely sensitive to public opinion. They must be made to feel the weight of public opinion that has been aroused all over the country by this attempt to prohibit; by constitutional amendment, the natural and inherent rights of free men in a free country. That sentiment can only be crystallized by the expenditure of a very considerable sum of money."

This effort to influence the court failed, but it was not the fault of the anti-prohibitionists. A great nation has demonstrated under prohibition that it is not dependent on the revenue derived from liquor for the running expenses of government.

The church and every agency for human uplift have been relieved of much of the wreckage caused by liquor heretofore left on its doorstep for care. This is constructive philanthropy.

The growing tendency of the press, freed from the subsidizing influence of liquor organizations, is to tell the facts about prohibition and derelict officers who will not enforce it. Relentless truthful publicity will strengthen prohibition and confound its enemies.

The decreased arrests for drunkenness and its allied evils are convincing. Drunkenness in former wet territory has decreased 60%; for all offenses about 40%. Boston is a fair illustration. In 1919, total arrests 88,593; in 1920, 47,395. There were 5,287 fewer total arrests for 1920 in Boston than for drunkenness alone in 1919.

Jails, alcoholic wards in hospitals, inebriate asylums and workhouses are gradually closing their doors or are abandoning a large part of their institutions for lack of inmates. The State Farm in Massachusetts decreased its population 44% this year. Arrests for truancy, delinquency and neglected children are declining rapidly. The Boston Police Department reported a decrease for delinquency of 1,063 in 1920, or 29%.

Deaths from suicide, alcoholism and accident have decreased about 60%. Applications for admission to insane asylums have diminished so rapidly that an expert recently declared that, if there was no other beneficial result, this alone would justify the effort and expense to secure prohibition. The necessities and some of the comforts of life are being supplied in multiplied thousands of homes heretofore in need. The home is having a chance to show its superiority as a substitute for the saloon.

The United States, by conserving the waste caused by liquor, is the best prepared financially of all the

nations in the world to meet the difficult reconstruction problems following the world war. Derelict public officials, schooled in corruption under saloon domination and still permitting a wave of crime in some places, are being uncovered and driven into a half-hearted action for law enforcement. The people in former wet centers, long the victims of misrule, are waking up to the fact that the government belongs to them, and not to scheming politicians and corrupt political organizations. The present unrest in these places, under the guidance of a clearer and more sober judgment, is gradually resulting in human betterment. These disturbing features are but the evidence of growing pains caused by progress.

The records of banks show an increase in savings deposits, which is largely attributed to prohibition. Real estate values have greatly increased. It is evidence of the thrift and prosperity of the people under prohibition. Former distilleries and breweries are being converted into useful industries employing a larger number of men. This is proven at Peoria, which was the greatest liquor distilling city in the United States, and in other places. Tramps are going to work and becoming instruments of production because there are no longer free lunches and the saloon stove. Slowly and surely every constructive agency in the government is being encouraged, and those influences that tear down and destroy health, happiness and prosperity are being discouraged or eliminated. In the face of these facts, prohibition, while not a hundred per cent success, is as much of a success as we could expect under existing conditions and the time allowed for its developments.

The failure of prohibition is local, and does not apply to the policy as a whole. No intelligent person expected prohibition to work uniformly and successfully at once in all parts of the

country. The failure of prohibition is its non-enforcement in certain places. It is caused by hostile or unorganized local sentiment, or by corrupt or indifferent public officials. The nation could not wait until every locality had a favorable local public sentiment before the prohibition law was enacted. The enforcement of law in places where it is not supported by public sentiment is a difficult task.

Ten states have shown their indifference or hostility to prohibition by failing to enact state law enforcement codes to help enforce the Eighteenth Amendment. These states have the same duty and obligation resting upon them that Congress had to enact the law. In such states the law has only about half a chance. The states are New York, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Vermont, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, Louisiana and California. Two states, California and Massachusetts, at the last election voted against a law enforcement code. This indicates the educational work yet needed in these states.

Certain public officials, prejudiced, indifferent or hostile to the law, are hamstringing law enforcement. Federal judges who construe the law laxly, or inflict ridiculously low fines, cripple enforcement. United States District Attorneys in some places require a standard of evidence before instituting action that is unjustifiable, and use it as a cloak for inaction. Were it not for the fact that the law provides not only for criminal prosecutions but equity proceedings and a prohibitive tax section, not dependent on local sentiment or officials, law enforcement would be a complete failure in many places.

The permit system for the withdrawal of nonbeverage liquors has been a stumbling block. Every person who transports, makes, sells or pre-

scribes liquor for nonbeverage purposes must secure a permit. The law specifically provides for a wholesale druggist or manufacturer of liquor to sell these liquors at wholesale. Permits for wholesale dealers, not manufacturers, and wholesale druggists have been issued. These permits have multiplied the opportunities for lawlessness, and a determined fight is being made against their reissuance for the coming year.

The law prohibits the making or distributing of any alcoholic preparation unless it is "unfit for beverage use." The rule used by the Department in determining this unfitness has been one dose of the medicament added to one fluid ounce of the preparation. In many instances this makes the liquid a little less palatable, but does not in any way prevent it from being used as a substitute for liquor.

Hundreds of patent or proprietary medicines and alcoholic preparations have flooded the market. Wine of Pepsin, Horke Vino, and a large number of other alcoholic preparations are being liberally used as a substitute for booze. The renewal of all applications for such preparations should be refused. The Department should also change its rule for issuing such permits and take into account the actual fact as to whether these preparations are used for beverage purposes, and realize that the drinker has a different standard in determining what is fit for beverage use from that of an abstainer.

The unprecedented withdrawals of liquor for nonbeverage use show that the present permit system must be better controlled. Formerly there was about 800,000 gallons of liquor a month used for nonbeverage use. Now it has reached the alarming amount of approximately four million gallons a month. Few people believe there is any occasion for such an amount.

The Law Enforcement Department has divided responsibility. The per-

mits are issued by state directors. The actual enforcement is done through the Federal supervisor of a district and his inspectors and agents. Many state directors, after issuing the permits, seem to think their work is done, and when the Federal supervisor attempts to prosecute violators of these permits, he finds that the officer granting the permit is inclined to defend his action rather than cooperate enthusiastically with the supervisor. It is difficult for the men making arrests for illegal transportation to get accurate information from the office where the permit is granted. The divided responsibility does not make for efficiency.

Political influence has been a great barrier to efficient enforcement. Many officers and agents in the Law Enforcement Department were appointed through political influences quite apart from any interest in prohibition. The incoming administration can increase the efficiency of the Department by retaining those whose records are unmistakably good, and remove the drones and derelicts who were put there by political influence.

There are over forty million gallons of liquor in about three hundred bonded warehouses. This liquor is held on warehouse receipts. The law does not prohibit the sale of these receipts, on the assumption that the purchaser must get a permit and show that he is purchasing it for legitimate purposes.

The continued theft of liquor from these warehouses, forged permits and various schemes used to withdraw the liquors, also the alarming fees that are alleged to have been paid to men of influence to secure permits for withdrawals, show that there is a necessity for more careful guarding of the situation at this point.

There is a strong demand for the government to take over the liquors, sell them for legitimate purposes, and

return the proceeds to the owners, less the expense of sale. This would eliminate the difficulty which arises from the undue influences for withdrawals, but it does not solve the problem of handling more effectively the manufacturing of these alcoholic preparations. This can best be done by requiring the liquor to be medicated or denatured before it is withdrawn to make these preparations. The Law Enforcement Department has power to do this by a regulation.

The indifference of citizens and the feeling that the Federal government must do the work is a menace to enforcement. The Eighteenth Amendment was never intended to relieve the states of responsibility. The states have many times more officers, and some of these spend more than a hundred times as much for police protection in the state as the Federal government.

The Federal government is responsible for enforcement of the law, in co-operation with the state, and should use its authority in those localities primarily where there is no state law, or where local officers are disloyal to the Federal Amendment.

These weak spots in the prohibition law and its enforcement will be strengthened by its friends, and not its enemies. If the organized force that secured prohibition should disintegrate, the whole prohibition structure would be in jeopardy. Re-apportionment of Congress comes before the next election, and the anti-liquor forces must be on guard. The work ahead is difficult. It is the constructive task that follows the destructive work in every successful reform. It can and will be done. Briefly stated, the failure of prohibition is confined to a few localities and is temporary. The success of prohibition is increasing, permanent, and eventually it is confidently prophesied, will be universal.

OBREGON: THE ONE-ARMED MEXICAN PRESIDENT

ALL the dominant characteristics of that Alvaro Obregon who became President in Mexico the other day are Irish. This is obvious from the profound blue of the eyes, from the suggestion of auburn when the sun plays upon the dark hair, from the volatile expression on the open countenance and from the fluency of his speech. Obregon has the rich, musical, Irish voice, and his singing is a treat. He is not so dramatic in gesture as he was before he lost his arm, but he retains the stagy presence and the laughing face, tending now and then to become grave and even severe. He seems unable to sit still for very long because he is naturally nervous.

Obregon derives his Hibernian traits from an ancestor who fled from Cork as far back as the days of Emmet, and the family name is really a localized form of O'Brien. Thus it happens that the chief of state is a Celt all over, and, if any doubt lingered, it would be settled by what Doctor E. J. Dillon says in *The Saturday Evening Post*, to say nothing of the impressions of Sophie Treadwell, in the *New York Tribune*, and the eulogies of the correspondent of the *Paris Matin*. French dailies, studying Obregon with care, liken him to Don Patricio Lynch and to O'Higgins, both Spanish-American adventurers who achieved immortality with Celtic traits. Obregon commends himself to almost every one because he wants to get things done, because he fights generously and heroically, and, while a figure in a cape and sword, is practical and sensible. His romantic attitude to life is an inheritance from his mother, perhaps, for she could handle a gun and pursue the bandit to his lair. She belonged to a good family which had come down to poverty because the rebellions with which it concerned itself proved fiascoes.

Alvaro Obregon is the youngest of an incredibly large family—eighteen or twenty children—and his relatives are scattered like a regiment all over the province of Sonora. They are a genial, generous tribe, dispensing a Celtic hospitality to all comers, spending strenuous days on a horse or in a

thicket, careless of to-morrow. As the last to arrive in so big a family, the little Alvaro was mothered by his grown sisters. He lost his father when he was yet too small to talk. He displays the gentleness in social life, the deference of manner and the sensitiveness to all impressions which characterize the man who got his training exclusively from women when he was young and unformed. He is quick tempered, but he is gentle, forgiving, free from malice, disposed to overlook an affront, and, if he finds that his quickness of temper has given pain, he makes amends charmingly. He has involved himself in many a quarrel but he has a gift for reconciliation. He can not hate and he is too good humored for revenge. His anecdotes of his own career, related to French journalists, show that he can enjoy a laugh at his own expense and he freely confesses his limitations, his errors, his tendency to make friends easily with dubious characters. Obregon has permitted the parasite type of adventurer to cling too closely to him, but he hates to say a rude word for the sake of getting rid of a nuisance. His Irish good nature has been much imposed upon in consequence. "I know," he admits of a certain questionable character, "that he is drunk to-day, but he will be so sorry for it to-morrow." All observers agree that Obregon would be the better for it if he picked his company more discreetly.

His disposition seems almost too merry for a one to the journalist who reports him for the *London Telegraph* and he is called "stocky" in build. He has sinews of steel, lungs of brass, legs that might out-kick a mule. It seems odd that one who, like Obregon, delights in the most violent exercise should ever display a tendency to corpulence. He looks fatter than he is because his chest is so very broad, but a close study shows how misleading is the idea of superfluous flesh on his powerful frame. He will strap one foot behind his back and, hopping over a floor, land on the left foot after a leap right over his bed. He can grip the lower limb of a tree with his one arm and hoist himself into the branches with ease

He has always been haunted by a fear of corpulence and when his weight exceeds a prescribed minimum he exercises not only with violence but in ways new and odd.

This self-discipline of Obregon's is mental as well as physical. He believes in training the memory, and some of his feats, as reported in the French press, are surprising enough. He can run his eye over a document swiftly and then repeat the text of it without an error. He recalls the names of people he has met but once casually even if he has not seen them for a year. His tricks with cards are said to be really feats of memory altho this is not apparently the explanation of his capacity to name the top card after a deck has been shuffled. If the cards have been dealt he can tell every player whether he holds an ace or not and that with eyes blindfolded. Obregon could easily pick up a living as a performer at county fairs for he can make coins disappear up his sleeve and emerge from his trowsers, besides working miracles with opera hats, not to mention similar triumphs of prestidigitation not ordinarily achieved by the rulers of nations. The London *Morning Post* observes that while Lloyd George and Woodrow Wilson have to play their tricks with mere words, Obregon can fool us with poker decks and pocket handkerchiefs, being thus a far more versatile statesman than the others.

Obregon's aptitudes were from his earliest youth not merely artistic and oratorical but inventive and mechanical. If a complicated agricultural machine broke down he could remedy it. He devised ingenious expedients for remote lighting plants in distress and he irrigated arid acres for planters threatened with drought. He was scarcely eighteen when his fame for practical wisdom made him a favorite with men of affairs. This unusual mechanical skill enabled him to earn a good living as a machinist, but to his own regret he could not afford a college course. He bought books on mathematics with his savings and worked far into the night over the calculus, taking the field with the dawn. His wages at this time went mostly for the purchase of technical books studied in the big engineering schools of this country, but he found their English a sore trial. When bandits were prowling near, Obregon slept

with his precious books under his pillow. Thieves were actually in the house on one occasion and Obregon heard them, but he would not be bothered chasing them from the ground floor. He knew where his books were and the robbers were welcome to everything else. His military education was obtained in the same slow and painful manner. Obregon is no mere bandit warrior in Villa's illiterate style. He is scientific in his tactics and well versed in the manuals of strategy. When he took command of his men in motley he cultivated the youths who had been at the academy in Mexico City and the elderly officers left over from the days of Diaz. All found him an apt pupil. The guerrilla warfare in which Obregon excels is systematized and scientific, altho the spectacle ordinarily presented by his camp is one of confusion and disorder.

His triumphs in the field have not been sensational but they were solid. Obregon does not shine in the theatrical aspect of war, but he knows how to conduct a campaign extending over months amid defeats and discomfitures. His season ends well for him. That is because he is so intimate with the character of the Yaqui and the Mayo, among whom his childhood was spent. The Sonora Indians realize that in Obregon they have a leader who understands their race. The people dominated by Obregon are savages, observes the *Paris Matin*, and if they be no such romantic and chivalrous savages as were dear to Chateaubriand, they are discerning and generous. The fact that a people with such good points—however childlike—can give their love and their obedience to Obregon is the best possible evidence of his genius for command. It is characteristic of Obregon that his followers by thousands witnessed the misfortune that cost him his right arm. A shell burst in front of him when he was campaigning against Villa. The case tore away the greater part of Obregon's right arm. He did not lose his wonderful self-control but, drawing forth an emergency bandage with his left arm, he superintended a dressing then and there. The wounded member had to be completely amputated that evening but Obregon was in the field three days later. It is often made a subject of reproach to Mexican commanders that they

are never themselves wounded in their campaigns and the fact that Obregon is one-armed proved a political asset of importance.

He seems to be the only member of his family to acquire wealth. Precisely how rich Obregon is has become a topic of discussion among his enemies, but there is no reason to suspect that his fortune is of doubtful origin or that it is disedifyingly large. He was already well-to-do when he was a little past thirty and to-day he is forty. He is the possessor of a ranch developed through his own enterprize and now, apparently, quite profitable. He has a substantial bank account. He owns shares in an important trading concern. He ascribed this prosperity to a trait which, he thinks, he possesses above all others—prudence. If he is an adventurer, he is not a reckless one. He made it a rule early in life to save a substantial proportion of all his earnings and his habits are to this day frugal. He will wear a coat until it

shines and he has been seen with patched shoes. He is without the convivial propensities that were so conspicuous in some Mexican presidents of the immediate past and he is accused of lack of respect for religion. He is certainly without piety as that word is defined in his own country, and his relations with the exalted ecclesiastics of the capital have been unpleasant. One of his heroes is Bolivar. He loves horses. He has a philosophy instead of a creed and in the course of conversation he was once heard to say that the quality which makes for success in life more than any other is patience. Sophie Treadwell, after much study of the Obregon personality, reaches the conclusion that he is really illusive. His character is always in a state of flux. He fears no question and answers it offhand. He seems frankness incarnate, but he conveys a paradoxical impression of subtlety, of being a multiple personality so cunningly integrated that one never detects an inconsistency.

A CONGRESSWOMAN ELECTED WITH WANT ADS.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, alive to-day, would have exclaimed "Bully!" and clapped his hands on reading that Miss Alice Robertson, of Muskogee, had been elected to Congress on the Republican ticket, in the Second District of Oklahoma, gaining the distinction of being the second woman to have a floor seat in the House of Representatives. The first Congresswoman was Jeanette Rankin, of Montana. Incidentally, it was through T. R. that Miss Robertson once was post-mistress of Muskogee, the first woman to be placed in charge of a first-class post-office in the United States.

The new Congresswoman from Oklahoma has the added distinction of having been a bitter opponent of woman suffrage and, writes Walter M. Harrison, in the *Evening Post Saturday Magazine* (New York), she took the ballot with misgivings when the State Legislature decreed it to the gentler sex. Last spring she said: "The men have thrust the vote on us and now I'm going to see whether they meant it," and

she filed her nomination papers for Congress forthwith. The laughter that advertized the action was led by the Democrats. She was a novice in politics, the proprietor of a cafeteria in the city of Muskogee, a woman-farmer with plenty of friends but no organization. Starting in the race against her were four male candidates; but when her picturesque campaign began to make headway two of them dropped out to avoid a division of the vote. When the primary was ended it was found that she had more votes than the remaining candidates combined and the complete returns in November destroyed a normal Democratic majority of five thousand votes and elected a Republican spinster by 273 votes.

Miss Robertson, we read, was born sixty-six years ago and within ten miles of Muskogee at an Indian mission, where her father labored for the betterment of tribal conditions, handing down his zeal to a daughter, who says she is more interested in improving the red men than in the League of Nations as proposed by President



A "BULLY" CONGRESSWOMAN WHO WOULDN'T BE BULLIED

Alice Robertson admits that she doesn't "know it all," but she is sure she is a Christian, an American and a stand pat Republican.

Wilson. In fact, she professes entire ignorance of international affairs and her mind is a blank when it comes to such things as recognizing Russia or having Ireland recognized as a Republic. Asked if she had any platform, she is quoted as answering: "Yes, a very definite one. First, I am a Christian; second, I am an American; and third, I am a Republican and a standpatter, too." In event of any question of war developing while she is in Washington she "will vote for a righteous war" if this country is threatened, and she "won't do any whim-

pering or whispering about it, either."

This new member of Congress was educated in Boston and at Elmira (New York) College, and specialized first in stenography and then in domestic science. She was the first stenographer in Indian Territory and in the early days when the Indian Commissioners foregathered at Fort Gibson it was Alice Robertson who recorded the hearings in shorthand. She made her home a school for Indian girls and, in addition to the three R's, taught them to cook and sew. As the village of Muskogee grew into a large town she turned her home into a boarding house and later established a cafeteria, the Sawolka (perpetual welcome), which she

still owns and manages and where she conducted her campaign during and between meals. Reports from Washington indicate that she will be made chairman of the committee that will have charge of the House restaurant where, once, in the dead, dead days beyond recall, "cold tea" was liberally dispensed to frock-coated statesmen.

An out-and-out patriot, Miss Robertson led the Red Cross work of Muskogee during the Great War with the same fervor that had marked her activity during the

Spanish-American scrimmage. No boy in khaki is recorded to have gone through Muskogee hungry. The Sawolka scouts were out with the basket to see that his belt fitted snugly. As a matter of fact, we are told, the cafeteria proprietress would have gone bankrupt if the wholesalers who were giving her credit had not called her in and told her that they would refuse to extend her accounts unless she transacted her business on a business basis.

Miss Robertson was behind the counter in her restaurant, wearing an apron in motherly fashion, opening telegrams and burying her face in successive floral testimonials, when interviewed for the *Evening Post Magazine*:

"How do you account for your election?" she was asked.

"I regard my election as a direct answer to prayers. God helping me and giving me strength, I am going to try and make good, and I am sure I will do so with so many good women praying for me."

The fact that the Congresswoman-elect pleads guilty to being an "old maid" does not signify that she is a man-hater. In fact, she says, she has always gotten along better with men than with women. "I'm going to have a man for a secretary in Washington," she said. "There'll be a lot of questions about my district's business that folks would rather talk over with a man, so I'll have a man representative with me. I've always done a man's work, carried a man's burden, and have had to pay the bills. I believe that must be why I never wanted to see suffrage for women. The suffragists used to have a great deal to say about taxation without representation. That's all nonsense, for when it comes to money matters every woman gets some man to advise her. The only woman in the United States who ever handled all her financial affairs without male assistance was Hetty Green and she wasn't a woman—she was a freak."

"Have you any particular measures you will work for in Congress?" was a logical question.

"I'll work for the interests of the women and children, the soldiers, and the Indians. I really haven't given much thought to what I will do when I go to Washington, because everybody told me I didn't have a

chance to get there. Above everything else, however, I will work for the soldiers. It makes my blood boil to think that there is not one bed for a sick or injured soldier in Oklahoma. The last Congress appropriated \$46,000,000 for hospital care. Thousands of soldiers in the State need attention and treatment. If they get so much as an examination they have to go clear to Houston, Texas. It's the rottenest thing I know of. It is a disgrace to the State of Oklahoma."

Miss Robertson did little active campaigning in the ordinary sense. She made a few speeches but no set addresses. Avoiding the stump, she did a lot of visiting, talking politics with Tom, Dick and Harriet and depending upon a quaint system of "want ad" political advertizing to further her campaign. Newspaper readers of Muskogee, Talequah, Okmulgee and other towns in the district acquired the habit of neglecting the front page to look among the "Help Wanted" and "Lost and Found" columns for such items as this:

"I spent some time yesterday in a beautiful spot where the sofkey pot bubbled over the log fire out in the open, where children played Indian ball, the boys with ball sticks eagerly trying to throw the ball over the bleached cow skull crowning a tall, slender pole centering on the ground, while girls scuttled to catch and return it, and men gravely gambled while women performed the simple domestic tasks that mark primitive life. It was the old-time Indian life, and the time seemed to have gone back fifty years. I did not ask for a vote. I do not know whether or not they are registered. But I learned that the old things had not passed away in this wonder land of ours."

This personally written small type advertizing had a distinct appeal and, next to being an American and a stand-pat Republican, Miss Robertson is proud of their authorship. To campaign hints that a professional press agent got them up she would indignantly "leave it to the readers if they sound as if they were dictated or of the rubber-stamp variety. I'm not any one but home folks, and I want to go to Congress, first, because a lot of men moved that I go and then because a lot of women seconded them." Miss Robertson neglected to add that, in being just "home folks," one of her ancestors was John Winthrop,

Colonial Governor of Massachusetts, and another was Timothy, father of Jonathan Edwards, of Puritan fame. Her parents were missionaries who settled in what was known as the Indian country before the Civil War. For translating the Bible into the Creek language her mother received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy and was one of the first American women to be so honored.

Hamlin Garland tells us of an interesting incident, not before published, in connection with Miss Robertson and her Indian

proteges. He and his brother, while in Muskogee years ago, received an invitation to drive with Miss Robertson. They took council between themselves as to what garments to clothe themselves withal. In view of the fact that all the other guests were to be full-blooded or nearly full-blooded Indians, they concluded that evening dress would be painfully conspicuous. They went in business suits and found every other guest of the evening irreproachably clad in evening dress.

CURZON: THE EXOTIC HEAD OF THE BRITISH FOREIGN OFFICE

THERE is a world of meaning in the circumstance that Viscount Curzon, who conducts the foreign affairs of Great Britain, looks so uncomfortable in his clothes. He is extinguished by his hat or, if he be found bareheaded, he is extinguished by his coat and trousers. So unusual an aspect of a great man's personality drew instant attention to Lord Curzon in Paris, where the *Action* and its contemporaries expound the psychology of it all. Lord Curzon, it appears, can not accustom himself to collars, to cravats and to waistcoats. They are alien to his antecedents, which are all Oriental. He can not "get" western civilization at all and he never liked it. The English are no less unintelligible to him than he is to the English and he reveals his mystification in the most artless manner. Thus, on one occasion, happening to cross a bridge, his eye was caught by the spectacle of a bathing party. It was made up entirely of men in the ranks of the British army. Lord Curzon watched the divings and the plunges of his countrymen for some time in silence. "Isn't it amazing," he observed to his companion at last, "that the skin of the lower orders should be so white?"

This anecdote has gone the rounds of London society only because it exposes the Curzon attitude so completely and, altho he finds space for it in his wonderful diary, Lieut.-Col. C. A. Court Repington does

think it a trifle malicious. The Curzon he sketches is exotic but irresistible, exclusive, aristocratic and out of touch with the crowd, yet a great man. With three types of humanity encountered by administrators, Curzon is always in touch. First of all, he can sympathize with the expert who raises difficulties. He understands the point of view of the indignant and energetic reformer who indicts a system in the newspapers. Finally, Curzon can accommodate himself to the bureaucrat under the sway of tradition and precedent. The genius for administration in Lord Curzon reveals itself also in his restoration of efficiency to immense bureaucracies overwhelmed by their own red tape. He does not bid a subordinate go and get that or come and do this. He is serenely inspirational at the summit of the system, patient, forbearing, winning the loyalty of every official by an unexpected revelation of gifts with which the British public, judging him from mere appearances, never credits him. Only within recent years, suspects Colonel Repington, have the undeniable talents of Lord Curzon been adequately realized.

Curzon's own impressions of government, as it is conducted in England, are made known to his colleagues with the melancholy resignation of his usual mood. If any project be afoot, he complains, the one man who ought to be a competent judge of it, who can speak with actual experience of the thing, is never listened to. He fears likewise that the English mind is a trifle too simple or too slow to learn a lesson in any

*The First World War: 1914-1918. Personal experiences by Lieut.-Col. C. A. Court Repington. Boston and New York. Houghton Mifflin Company.

other school than that of hard experience. He saw from the first that the plan of the London war office to secure five hundred thousand recruits for the British army in the United States was preposterous and impossible. This country had just entered the great war. Lord Curzon has traveled extensively in the United States. He knows something of the national temper. Nothing he could do or say prevented the despatch to Washington of a wild goose expedition conceived in such hopeless ignorance of the American character. Finding his powers of persuasion inadequate to this particular emergency, Lord Curzon sat patiently in his seat at the cabinet meetings and said no more. He has a gift for holding his tongue, as the labor leaders learned on one exciting occasion. Arthur Henderson was irritated by the persistence of Lord Curzon in resisting a trade union measure. The illustrious laborite pounded a table with his fist. "Do you want the working classes to get their rights constitutionally," shouted Henderson, "or do you want a bloody revolution?" Curzon sighed and sat silent. His mute surrenders have been attributed to aristocratic pride, but the truth is that he knows when he is beaten.

Those who are familiar with Lord Curzon's gifts as a master of anecdote would hesitate to accept as typical of him the lack of all sense of humor he can display officially. He is even accused of experiencing a malicious satisfaction in his own rare capacity for the mystification of the English public. When he was Viceroy of India, for example, it was noticed that at church he never dropped a coin in the plate. He ignored the plate ostentatiously. A vestryman had an idea. On a certain Sunday morning he did not extend to the gorgeous Viceroy, enthroned in church, the collection box presented to the common herd of worshippers. He provided a jewelled receptacle of shining gold and this he held up reverently to the august representative of the highest earthly authority recognized at Calcutta. Lord Curzon came out of his abstraction and dropped a gold sovereign pompously. Ever after, that jewelled salver was ceremoniously upheld in front of Lord Curzon

exclusively. The regality of the bow with which he acknowledged in church the special prayer for the ruler of the country added another touch to the impressiveness of public worship while he stayed on at Calcutta. His temperamental aptitude for earthly grandeur is so perfect that he can carry these things off superbly, especially as he has beautiful legs. In ribboned garters and gold slippers, with four pages holding the hem of his official robe, and a staff of office in one hand, Lord Curzon delivers an official address in tremendous tones. The loud and derisive laughter which hailed the public appearances of some Viceroys was subdued into a reverential hush. In an assemblage of the peers at Westminster for an opening of Parliament in state, Curzon moves with a grandeur that threatens to extinguish the sovereign. The whole effect, we are assured, resides in the art with which Lord Curzon manages his legs.

Curzon is accused of cherishing an exaggerated estimate of his own importance. These are the impressions of his enemies, a few of whom are powerful. One of them strove in vain to prevent his marriage with the lady who is now his wife by writing to her that Curzon was a spent man, conceited, out of touch with all that counts in English life. Curzon read the communication with explanatory comments of his own at a week-end party, which voted him the life of the affair. He is very fond of going down into the country with his friends for a few days and then he becomes altogether human and boyish. He can throw off the melancholy that broods over him in London only in the society of men who are witty and women who talk well. It is complained of Lord Curzon that he will not notice any person, however lovable, from the standpoint of character, who does not shine in conversation. If women can not make epigrams he votes them stupid and if men, however solid their ability, do not make him laugh, he ignores them altogether. The truth about the noble lord seems to be that he stifles in the stiff formalities of exalted office and he will go anywhere and see anybody who can amuse him. His long residence in the East has left him insufficiently squeamish on the subject of morals, and, when it was alleged against a certain diplomatist that he had been the death of three

wives, Curzon merely asked: "Whose wives were they?"

He retains in these days of his maturity a profound respect for feminine influence which seems at times to have in it an element of awe. Curzon is inclined to think that the secret history of the great war, the key to many episodes now involved in mystery, will be found embodied in the letters of some great man to some woman or other. The course of the tremendous conflict, he suspects, was shaped by women to an extent that will not be understood until the correspondence of this generation is given to the world by its sons and grandsons. The men who did the big things could not keep diaries from day to day for they were too busy and, moreover, Curzon told Colonel Repington he could think of but one statesman of eminence in his circle who might be deemed competent to compile a really valuable record of that sort.

This sense of the importance of women leads Curzon to suspect that precisely as literature and the arts have fallen completely under their sway, they will establish before many years a no less absolute sway in the political sphere. Whether he has risen, as so many fancy, by careful adjustment of himself to the influential women of his own circle and his own time, is a point left undecided by Colonel Repington. Lord Curzon has, at any rate, a profound acquaintance with the psychology of woman and he never takes the risk of offending her. He cultivates her with the patience of a man who would grow a rare flower and his tact is almost exclusively of the kind that women like. He concerns himself with music and flowers, it is hinted, only because music and flowers appeal to women. The gorgeousness of his official life and the beauty of its etiquette reflect this sense in him that the world in which he has to live is really a woman's world. He does not conceal his idea that the great social fact of our time is the transformation of a man's world into a woman's world. The enemies of Earl Curzon insist that he is afraid of women, that he would never dare to object to any policy they favored, good or bad. He can talk with every appearance of authority on such topics as dresses and dinners and fans and even complexions. He knows that tints are becoming to blonds and

what styles are safest for tall women with too slim figures. He enjoys immense popularity with hostesses from America who have set up socially in London with little equipment beyond a bank account. It is thought significant that both the first and the second of Earl Curzon's wives came from America.

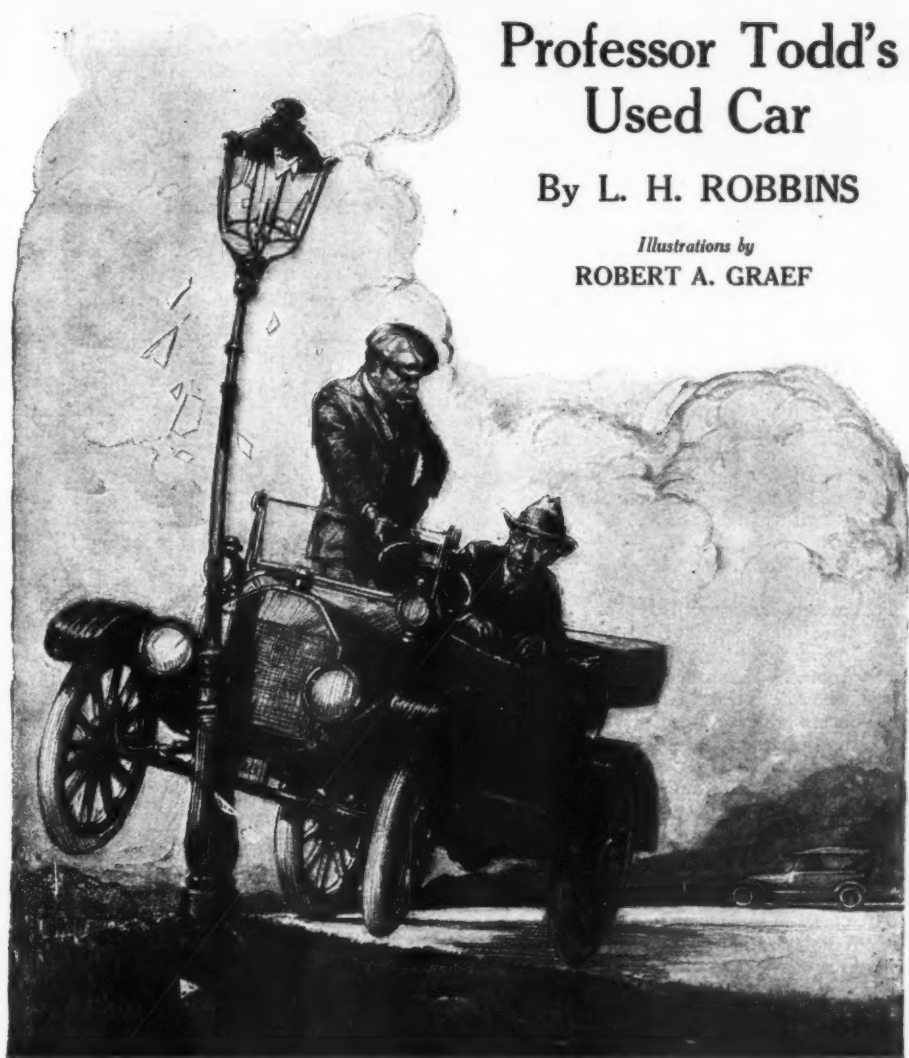
When in this country Curzon affects that note of quietness which is so characteristic of the British aristocrat. One would never suspect at such times the latent gorgeousness in his nature. He affects pale gray neckties, black shoes and gray sack suits. His linen may be spotless but it is not costly and he dispenses with the elaborate attendance to which he is accustomed at home. He scarcely opens his mouth—he, the brilliant raconteur at home! He treads American soil with the stealth of a mouse.

The many who infer from all this that Earl Curzon is a successful climber, and only that, never, according to Colonel Repington, get a peep behind the scenes of London life. To the constructiveness of the Curzon vision years ago, to his prophetic intuition, the British are indebted for the fact that they emerged from the world war with wider empire. Curzon long ago planned that imperialism in oil which must have brought an executive genius less daring than his own to disaster. He has, too, the insight of Balfour into naval strategy and the Asquithian faculty for lucid exposition, altho he is totally destitute of the fire and fury of Lloyd George on a platform. It may be true that Earl Curzon has a taste for the spectacular and for ostentatious appearances in public, but he has a no less amazing art of self-effacement, an unexpected gift for achieving his supreme results behind the scenes. They are results unattainable without the exercise of a perfect discretion and discretion is the essential Curzon trait. His simplicity of facial expression and his fashion of looking and acting like a man of no particular gifts are not affectations but weapons. He can accept defeat with patient resignation because he knows how to turn it ultimately into victory, a fact well exemplified in his famous fight with Kitchener. Curzon went down baffled then and his star was supposed to have set.

Professor Todd's Used Car

By L. H. ROBBINS

Illustrations by
ROBERT A. GRAEF



Fortunately for my radiator, the lamp-post into which he steered me was poorly rooted.

HE was a meek little man with sagging frame, dim lamps and feeble ignition. Anxiously he pressed the salesman to tell him which of us used cars in the wareroom was the slowest and safest.

The salesman laid his hand upon me and declared soberly: "You can't possibly go wrong on this one, Mr. Todd." To a red-haired boy he called, "Willie, drive Mr. Todd out for a lesson."

We ran to the park and stopped beside a lawn. "Take the wheel," said Willie.

Mr. Todd demurred. "Let me watch you a while," he pleaded. "You see, I'm new at this sort of thing. In mechanical matters I am helpless. I might run somebody down or crash into a tree. I—I don't feel quite up to it today, so just let me ride around with you and get used to the—the motion, as it were."

"All you need is nerve," Willie replied. "The quickest way for you to get nerve is to grab hold here and, as it were, drive."

"Driving, they say, *does* give a man self-

confidence," our passenger observed tremulously. "Quite recently I saw an illustration of it. I saw an automobilist slap his wife's face while traveling thirty miles an hour."

"They will get careless," said Willie.

Mr. Todd clasped the wheel with quivering hands and braced himself for the ordeal.

"Set her in low till her speed's up," Willie directed. "Then wiggle her into high."

It was too mechanical for Mr. Todd. Willie translated with scornful particularity. Under our pupil's diffident manipulation we began to romp through the park at the rate of one mile an hour.

WILLIE fretted. "Shoot her some gas," said he. "Give it to her. Don't be a-scared." He pulled down the throttle-lever himself.

My sudden roaring was mingled with frightened outcries from Todd. "Stop! Wait a minute! Whoa! Help!"

Fortunately for my radiator, the lamp-post into which he steered me was poorly rooted. He looked at the wreckage of the glass globe on the grass, and declared he had taken as much of the theory of motoring as he could absorb in one session.

"This is the only lesson I can give you free," said Willie. "You'd better keep on while the learning's cheap."

To free education and to compulsory education Mr. Todd pronounced himself opposed. Cramming was harmful to the student; the elective method was the only humane one. He put off the evil hour by engaging Willie as a private tutor for the remaining afternoons of the month.

I have met many rabbits but only one Todd. He would visit me in the barn and look at me in awe by the half-hour. Yet I liked him; I felt drawn toward him in sympathy, for he and I were fellow victims of the hauteur of Mrs. Todd.

In my travels I have never encountered a glacier. When I do run across one I shall be reminded, I am certain, of Mr. Todd's lady.

"So you are still alive?" were her cordial words as we rolled into the yard on the first afternoon.

"Yes, my dear." His tone was almost apologetic.

"Did he drive it?" she asked Willie.

"I'll say so, ma'am."

She looked me over coldly. When she finished,

I had shrunk to the dimensions of a wheelbarrow. When Todd sized me up in the warehouse only an hour before, I had felt as imposing as a furniture van.

"Put it in the barn," said Mrs. Todd, "before a bird carries it off."

I began to suspect that a certain little stranger was not unanimously welcome in that household. For a moment I was reassured but only for a moment.

"John Quincy Burton says," she observed, "that a little old used car like this is sometimes a very good thing to own."

"That is encouraging," said Todd, brightening. In his relief he explained to Willie that John Quincy Burton drove the largest car in the neighborhood and was therefore to be regarded as an authority.

"Yes," Mrs. Todd concluded, "he says he thinks of buying one himself to carry in his tool-box."

Willie was an excellent disciplinarian.

But by way of amends for the rigors of the training, Willie would take Mr. Todd after the practise

hour for a spin around the park.

At those times I came to learn that the collision I had had with a trolley-car before Todd bought me had not left me with any constitutional defect. I still had power under my hood, and speed in my wheels. But what good were power and speed to me now? I doubted that Todd would ever push me beyond a crawl.

YET I had hope, for when his relaxation from the tension of a lesson had loosened his tongue he would chatter to Willie about self-confidence.

"Some day, you say, I shall be able to drive without thinking?"

"Sure! You won't have to use your bean any more'n when you walk."

At night, when no one knew, Mr. Todd would steal into the barn and, after performing the motions of winding me up, would sit at the wheel and make believe to drive.

"I advance the spark," he would mutter, "I release the brake, I set the gear, and ever so gently I let in the clutch. Ha! We move, we are off! As we gather speed I pull the gear-lever back, then over, then forward. Now, was that right? At any rate we are going north, let us say, in Witherspoon Street. I observe a limousine approaching from the east

It wasn't much of a car and Professor Todd wasn't much of a man—meek, hen-pecked, submissive. But mastery of the car had important psychological results, as Mrs. Todd, for one, found out to her great surprise. The story is reprinted, by permission, from EVERYBODY'S. It is rated by the O. Henry Memorial Committee as one of the best humorous stories of the year.



At night, when no one knew, Mr. Todd would steal into the barn and would sit at the wheel and make believe to drive.

in a course perpendicular to mine. It has the right of way, Willie says, so I slip the clutch out, at the same time checking the flow of gasoline. . . ."

Thus in imagination he would drive; get out,

crank, get in again, and roll away in fancy, earnestly practising by the hour in the dark and silent barn.

"I'm getting it," he would declare. "I really believe I'm getting it!"

And he got it. In his driving examination he stalled only once, stopping dead across a trolley track in deference to a push-cart. But he was out and in and off again in ten seconds, upbraiding me like an old-timer.

S AID the inspector, stepping out at last and surely offering a prayer of thanks to his patron saint: "You're pretty reckless yet on corners, my friend." But he scribbled his O. K.

The written examination in the City Hall Mr. Todd passed with high honors. Willie, who was with us on the fateful morning, exclaimed in admiration: "One hundred! Well, Mr. Todd, you're alive, after all—from the neck up, at least."

In gratitude for the compliment, the glowing graduate pressed a bonus of two dollars into the panegyrist's palm. "Willie," he exulted, "did you hear the inspector call me reckless?"

I can scarcely think of the Todd of the succeeding weeks as the same Todd who bought me. He changed even in looks. He would always be a second, of course, but his frame had rigidity now, his lamps sparkled, he gripped the wheel with purposeful hands and trampled the pedals in the way an engine likes. In his new assurance he reminded me strongly of a man who drove me for a too brief while in my younger days—a rare fellow, now doing time, I believe, in the penitentiary.

No longer Todd and I needed the traffic cop's "Get on out of there, you cornsheller!" to push us past the busy intersection of Broad and Main Streets. We conquered our tendency to scamper panic-stricken for the sidewalk at the raucous bark of a jitney bus. In the winding roads of the park we learned to turn corners on two wheels and rest the other pair for the reverse curve.

One remembered day we went for a run in the country. On a ten-mile piece of new macadam he gave me all the gas I craved. It was the final test, the consummation, and little old Mr. Todd was all there. I felt so good I could have blown my radiator cap off to him.

For he was a master I could trust—and all my brother-used cars, whether manufactured or merely born, will understand what comfort that knowledge gives a fellow. I vowed I would do anything for that man! On that very trip, indeed, I carried him the last homeward mile on nothing in my tank but a faint odor.

II

MRS. TODD was one of those gentle souls who get their happiness in being unhappy in the presence of their so-called loved ones. She was perpetually displeased with Todd.

His Christian name was James, but she did not speak Christian to him. When she hailed him from the house she called him "Jay-eems"—the "eems" an octave higher than the "Jay."

He would drop the grease-can or the monkey-wrench to rush to her side.

"Look at your sleeves!" she would say. "Your best shirt!" Words failing her, she would sigh and go into a silence that was worse than words. He was a great burden to her.

Humbly he entreated her one day for an obsolete tooth-brush. "I want to clean spark-plugs with it," he explained.

"Next," she replied, icily, "you'll be taking your little pet to the dentist, I suppose."

From such encounters Jay-eems would creep back to the barn and seek consolation in tinkering around me.

He liked to take the lid off my transmission-box and gaze at my wondrous works. He was always tightening my axle-burrs, or dosing me with kerosene through my hot-air pipe, or toying with my timer. While he was never so smart as Willie about such things, he was intelligent and quick to learn; and this was not surprising to me after I discovered the nature of his occupation in life.

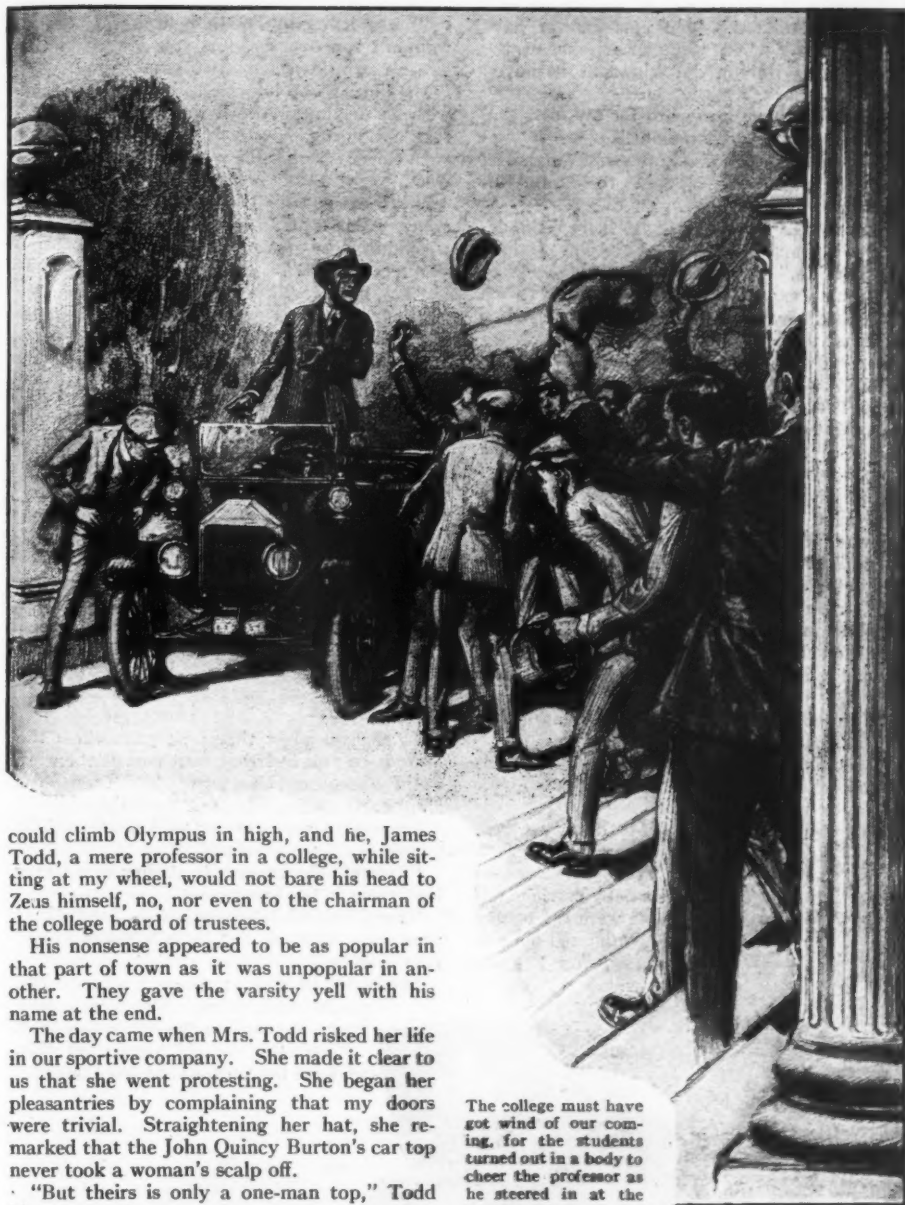
I had taken him to be a retired silk-worm fancier, a chronic juryman, or something of the sort. But shiver my windshield if he wasn't a professor in a college!

On the morning when first he dared to drive me to his work, the college must have got wind of our coming, for the students turned out in a body to cheer him as he steered in at the campus gate, and the faculty gathered on the steps to shake his hand.

A BALD-HEADED preceptor asked him if he meant to cyanide me and mount me on a pin for preservation in the college museum. The chancellor inquired if Todd had identified me. Todd said he had. He said I was a perfect specimen of *Automobilium cursus gaudium*, the most beautiful species of the *Golikellea* family. It was the nearest he ever came to profanity in my hearing. I suppose he got it from associating with Willie.

They demanded a speech, and he made one—about me. He said that my name was *Hilaritas*, signifying joy. He said among other flattering things, that I was no common mundane contraption, tho such I might seem to the untutored eye. In their studies of the Greek drama they had read of gods from the machine. I was a machine from the gods. In my cylinders I consumed nectar vapor, in my goo-cups ambrosia, in my radiator flowed the crystal waters of the Fount of Bandusia.

Three other items of his eulogium I remember: The breath of Pan inflated my tires, I



could climb Olympus in high, and he, James Todd, a mere professor in a college, while sitting at my wheel, would not bare his head to Zeus himself, no, nor even to the chairman of the college board of trustees.

His nonsense appeared to be as popular in that part of town as it was unpopular in another. They gave the varsity yell with his name at the end.

The day came when Mrs. Todd risked her life in our sportive company. She made it clear to us that she went protesting. She began her pleasantries by complaining that my doors were trivial. Straightening her hat, she remarked that the John Quincy Burton's car top never took a woman's scalp off.

"But theirs is only a one-man top," Todd hinted vaguely.

"Whatever you mean by that is too deep for me," she said, adding bitterly, "Yours is a one-boy top, I presume."

He waived the point and asked where she preferred to make her debut as an automobilist.

"Back roads, by all means," she answered.

As we gained the street a pea-green Mam-

The college must have got wind of our coming, for the students turned out in a body to cheer the professor as he steered in at the campus gate.

moth purred past, the passengers putting out their heads to look at us.

"Goodness!" she sighed. "There go the John Quincy Burtons now."

"We can soon join them," said Todd confidently.

She expostulated. "Do you think I have no pride?" Yet we went in pursuit of the John Quincy Burton dust-cloud as it moved toward the park.

"Since you have no regard for my feelings," said she, "you may let me out."

"No, no, Amanda, my dear. Why, I'm going to give you a spin to Mountain-dale!"

"I do not care to be dragged there," she declared. "That is where the John Quincy Burtons ride."

"Aren't they nice people? It seems to me I've heard you sing hosannas to their name these last twenty years."

THEY were nice people indeed. That was just it, she said. Did he suspect her of yearning to throw herself in the way of nice people on the day of her abasement? If he chose to ignore her sentiments in the matter, he might at least consider his own interests. Had he forgotten that John Quincy Burton was chairman of the board of trustees of the college? Would the head of the department of classical languages acquire merit in Mr. Burton's eyes through dashing about under Mr. Burton's nose in a pitiable little last-century used car that squeaked?

Todd gripped the wheel tighter and gave me gas.

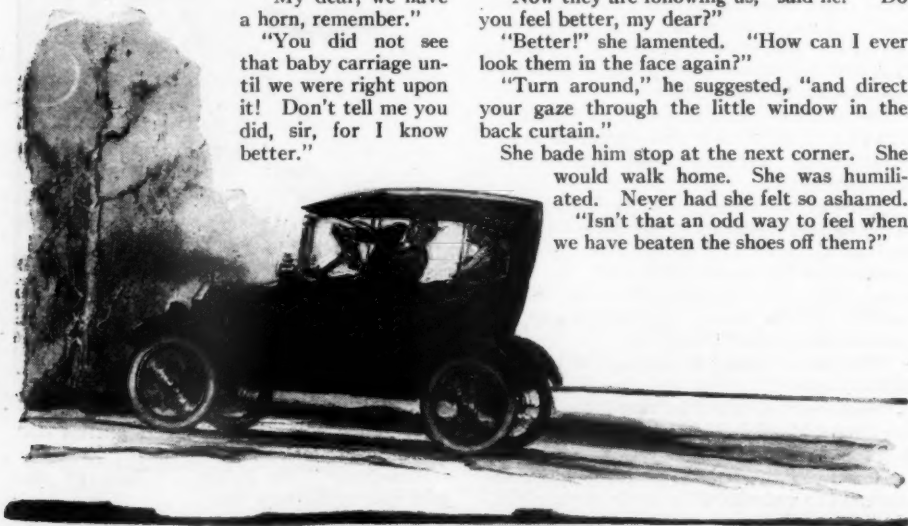
"You missed that storm sewer by an inch!" she exclaimed.

"My aim is somewhat wild yet," he admitted. "Perhaps I'll get the next one."

"Jay-eems!"

"My dear, we have a horn, remember."

"You did not see that baby carriage until we were right upon it! Don't tell me you did, sir, for I know better."



"I saw it," said Todd, "and I was sure it wouldn't run over us. As you see, it didn't. Trust a baby carriage, my love."

His humor, she informed him, was on a par with his driving. Also it was in poor taste at such a moment.

In time of danger, he replied, the brave man jests.

We were now in the park. We clipped a spray of leaves off a syringa bush. On a curve we slid in loose gravel to the wrong side.

"James Todd!"

"Yes, my dear?"

"Let me out! I decline to be butchered to make a holiday for a motormaniac."

"Don't talk to the motormaniac," said Todd.

She clutched a top support and gasped for breath, appalled at his audacity, or my speed, or both. In the straight reaches I could see the Burton Mammoth a quarter of a mile ahead. When it swung into the broad avenue that leads to the mountain, we were holding our own.

"You are following them—deliberately," said Mrs. Todd.

"Yet not so deliberately, at that. Do you feel us pick up, my dear, when I give her gas? Aha!" he laughed. "I agree with you, however, that the order of precedence is unsatisfactory. Why should we follow the Burtons, indeed?"

WE went after them; we gave them the horn and overtook and passed them on a stiff grade, amid cheers from both cars. But all of our cheering was done by Todd.

"Now they are following us," said he. "Do you feel better, my dear?"

"Better!" she lamented. "How can I ever look them in the face again?"

"Turn around," he suggested, "and direct your gaze through the little window in the back curtain."

She bade him stop at the next corner. She would walk home. She was humiliated. Never had she felt so ashamed.

"Isn't that an odd way to feel when we have beaten the shoes off them?"

"We can pull you and never know it. We like to travel in stylish company, Mrs. Todd and I."

"But they will think we tried to."

"So we did," he chuckled; "and we walked right past them, in high, while Burton was fussing with his gear shift. Give our little engine a fair go at a hill, my dear——"

"I am not in the least interested in engines, sir. I am only mortified beyond words."

She had words a-plenty, however.

"ISN'T it bad enough for you to drive your little rattletrap to college and get into the paper about it? No; you have to show it off in a fashionable avenue, and run races with the best people in Ashland, and scream at them like a freshman, and make an exhibition of me!"

His attention was absorbed in hopping out from under a truck coming in from a side street. A foolish driver would have braked and crashed. I was proud of Todd. But his lady was not.

"You have no right to go like this. You don't know enough. You will break something."

He had already broken the speed law. Unknown to him, a motor-cycle cop was tagging close behind us on our blind side.

"If you think this is going, my dear," said Todd reassuringly, "wait till we strike the turnpike. Then I'll show you what little Hilaritas can really do."

"Stop at the car barns," she commanded.

We crossed the car-barn tracks at a gallop. The cop rode abreast of us now. "Cut it out, Bill," he warned.

"You see?" she crowed. "You will wind up in jail and give the papers another scandal. Why didn't you stop at the car barns?"

"Because we are going to Mountindale," he explained cheerily; "where the nice people drive. Perhaps we shall see the John Quincy Burtons again—as we come back."

"If we ever do come back!"

"Or how would you like to have supper with them up there?"

She had gone into one of her silences.

III

WE settled down for the long pull over First Mountain. Todd slowed my spark and gave me

my head. Then he addressed the partner of his joy-ride in a new voice: "Amanda, my dear, you and I need to have a frank little understanding."

She agreed.

"For some years past," he began, "I have borne without complaint, even without resentment, a certain attitude that you have seen fit to adopt toward me. I have borne it patiently because I felt that to an extent I deserved it."

My floor boards creaked as she gathered her forces for the counter attack. He went on recklessly:

"In the beginning of our life together, Amanda, you were ambitious. You longed for wealth and position and that sort of thing, in which respect you were like the rest of men and women. Like most people, my dear, you have been disappointed; but unlike most of them you persist in quarreling with the awards of fortune, just as today you are quarreling with this plebeian cars of ours. As you speak of Hilaritas, so you speak of me. At breakfast this morning, for example, you reminded me, for perhaps the tenth time since Sunday, that you are chained to a failure. Those were your words, my dear—chained to a failure."

"Do you call yourself a dazzling success?" she asked.

"NOT dazzling, perhaps," he replied, "and yet—yes—yes, I believe I do."

"What I told you at breakfast was that Freddy Burton makes one hundred dollars a week, and he is only twenty-four—not half as old as you."

"Freddy Burton is engaged in the important occupation of selling pickles," Todd answered, "and



So we towed them over the mountain and left them at a red pump.

I am only an educator of youth. Long ago I reached my maximum—three thousand dollars. From one point of view I don't blame you for looking upon me as a futility. I presume I am. Nor will I chide you for not taking the luck of life in a sportsmanlike spirit. But I do insist—"

"At last!" she broke in. "At last I understand some pencil notes that I found yesterday when I cleaned out your desk. A minute ago I thought you were out of your head. Now I see that this—this frightfulness of yours is premeditated. Premeditated, James Todd! You prepared this speech in advance!"

BETWEEN you and me, she was right. I had heard him practise it in the barn.

He took her arraignment calmly. "Hereafter," said he, "please refrain from cleaning out my desk."

I heard her catch her breath. "You have never talked to me like this before; never!" she said. "You have never dared. And that is precisely the trouble with you, James Todd. You won't talk back; you won't speak up for your rights. It is the cross of my life."

From the sound, I think she wept.

"You are the same in the outside world as you are at home. You let the college trustees pay you what they please. You slave and wear yourself out for three thousand a year when we might have twenty if you went into something else. And when your building-loan stock matures and you do get a little money, you spend it for this—this underbred little sewing-machine, and lure me out in it, and lecture me, as if I—as if I were to blame. I don't know what has come over you."

I knew what had come over him. I knew the secret of the new spirit animating the frail personality of Professor Todd. And Willie knew. I recalled that boy's prophetic words: "The quickest way to get nerve is to grab hold here and drive." I worried, nevertheless. I wondered if my little man could finish what he had started.

He could. As we rolled down the mountain into the ten-mile turnpike where he and I had rediscovered our youth, he concluded his discourse without missing an explosion. I knew his peroration by heart.

"To end this painful matter, my dear, I shall ask you in future to accord me at least the civility, if not the respect, to which a hard-working man and a faithful husband is entitled. I speak in all kindness when I say that I have decided to endure no more hazing. I hope you understand that I have made this decision for your sake as well as for mine, for the psychological effect of hazing is quite as harmful to

the hazer as to the hazed. Please govern yourself accordingly."

He opened the throttle wide, and we touched thirty-five miles. I felt a wild wobble in my steering-gear. I heard Todd's sharp command—"Kindly keep your hands off the wheel while I am driving."

At the Mountindale Club Todd descended.

"Will you come in and have a lemonade, my dear?" he asked. There was a heartbroken little squeak in his voice.

"Thank you," she replied frigidly. "I have had all the acid I can assimilate in one pleasant day."

"May I remind you," said he, stiffening with the gentle insistence of a steel spring, "that I am not to be addressed in sarcastic tones any longer?"

The Mammoth slid up beside us. The stout John Quincy Burton at the wheel shouted jovially: "I tell you what, Todd, when our soberest university professors get the speed bug, I tremble for civilization!"

My owner grinned with pleasure.

"Mrs. Todd," said Burton, "after that trimming from your road-burning husband, I'll stand treat. Won't you join us?"

"Yes, Mrs. Todd, do be persuaded," Mrs. Burton chimed in. "After twenty miles with your Barney Oldfield you need nourishment, I'm sure. You and I can talk about his recklessness while he and Mr. Burton have their little conference."

If Todd had an appointment for a conference there at that hour with Burton, I am positive it was news to Mrs. Todd and me. I could feel her weight growing heavier on my cushion springs.

"Thank you for the invitation," she replied, "but I am so badly shaken up, I prefer to sit out here."

TO which her husband added, laughing: "She wouldn't risk having her new car stolen for anything."

It was twilight before we started for home, the Burtons pulling out ahead of us. At the beginning of the climb over the mountain the Mammoth stopped. We drew alongside.

"Out of gas, confound it," growled Burton, "and five miles from a service station!"

"I'd lend you some, only I haven't much myself," said Todd. "Got a rope?"

"Yes, but—"

"Oh, we can. We can pull you and never know it. Hitch on behind. We like to travel in stylish company, Mrs. Todd and I."

So we towed them over the mountain and left them at a red pump. John Quincy Burton's gratitude was immense.

(Concluded on page 128)

"THE EMPEROR JONES" IS HAILED AS A GREAT PLAY



"AIN'T I DE EMPEROR?"

Brutus Jones, after demanding a reply from the cockney trader, Smithers, continues nonchalantly, "Dere's little stealin' like you does, and dere's big stealin' like I does."

HAILED by the critics as "the most interesting play which has yet come from the most promising playwright in America," as "an extraordinarily striking and dramatic study of panic fear" and as "a great play," Eugene O'Neill's "The Emperor Jones" has been a meteoric event of the dramatic season. The idea around which the play is built is the fact that the exemplar of an inferior race will succumb to weaknesses against which even a weak member of a superior race may be proof. Properly speaking, it is not so much a great play, in our estimation, as a great episode set forth in one act of eight scenes. Staged by the Provincetown Players, it tells of an American negro, an ex-Pullman porter, who, by some chance or other, comes to an island in the West Indies, "not yet self-determined by white marines." In two years

Brutus Jones has made himself emperor. Luck has played a part in his apotheosis, but he has been quick to take advantage of it. Once a native tried to shoot him at point blank range, but the gun missed fire, whereupon Jones announced that he was protected by a charm and that only a silver bullet could "find him." When the play begins he has been emperor long enough to amass a fortune by imposing heavy taxes on the islanders and indulging in wholesale graft. Rebellion is brewing in the capital. It is late afternoon. As the curtain rises an aged native negro woman steals cautiously into the audience chamber of the palace, which seems to be deserted. Presently on the portico appears a cockney trader named Smithers, who has grown wealthy under the protection of the negro emperor, for whom he, nevertheless, enter-



"IS YO' SELLIN' ME LIKE DEY USETER FO' DE WAR?"

After asking this question, Brutus Jones, under the spell of hallucination, fires at the wraiths of an auctioneer and a Southern planter.

tains a secret vindictive grudge. From the woman Smithers learns that Jones is asleep and that treason is in the air. Afar in the jungle there comes the sound of the steady beat of a big drum. The islanders are mustering courage to depose the emperor by calling on the local gods and demons of the forest. Smithers goes to the doorway and whistles shrilly. The negress glides noiselessly from the room. Suddenly the emperor, Jones (the part is enacted by a genuine mulatto, Charles S. Gilpin, with extraordinary effectiveness), enters the audience chamber. He wears an ornate military costume, patent leather laced boots with brass spurs and a belt with a long-barreled, pearl-handled revolver in a holster. There is something not altogether ridiculous about his grandeur. Not spying Smithers at first and drowsily irritated at the interruption of his sleep, he shouts:

JONES: Who dare whistle dat way in my palace? Who dare wake up de Emperor?

I'll git de hide frayed off some o' you niggers sho'!

SMITHERS (*Showing himself—in a manner half afraid and half defiant*): It was me whistled to yer. (*As JONES frowns angrily*). I got news for yer.

JONES: Oh, it's you, Mister Smithers. What news you got to tell me?

SMITHERS (*Coming close to enjoy his discomfiture*): Don't you notice nothin' funny to-day?

JONES (*Coldly*): Funny? No, I ain't perceived nothin' of de kind!

SMITHERS: Then you ain't so foxy as I thought you was. Where's all your court? (*Sarcastically*) the Generals and the Cabinet Ministers and all?

JONES (*Imperturbably*): Where dey mostly runs to minute I closes my eyes—drinkin' rum and talkin' big down in de town. (*Sarcastically*.) How come you don't know dat? Ain't you sousin' with 'em most every day?

SMITHERS (*Stung, but pretending indifference—with a wink*): That's part of the day's work. I got ter—ain't I—in my business?

JONES (*Contemptuously*): Yo' business!

SMITHERS: Gawd blimey, you was glad enough for me ter take you in on it when you landed here first. You didn't 'ave no 'igh and mighty airs in them days!

JONES (*His hand going to his revolver like a flash—menacingly*): Talk polite, white man! Talk polite, you heah me! I'm boss heah now, is you forgettin'? (*The cockney seems about to challenge this last statement with the facts, but something in the other's eyes holds and coves him.*)

SMITHERS (*In a cowardly whine*): No 'arm meant, old top.

JONES (*Condescendingly*): I accepts yo' apology. (*Lets his hand fall from his revolver.*) No use'n you rakin' up ole times. What I was den is one thing. What I is now's another. You didn't let me in on yo' crooked work out o' no kind feelin's dat time. I done de dirty work fo' you—and most o' de brain work, too, fo' dat matter—and I was wuth money to you, dat's de reason.

SMITHERS: Well, blimey, I give yer a start, didn't I—when no one else would. I wasn't afraid to 'ire yer like the rest was—'count of the story about yer breakin' jail back in the States.

JONES: No, you didn't have no 'scuse to look down on me fo' dat. You been in jail yo'self more'n once.

SMITHERS (*Furiously*): It's a lie! (*Then trying to pass it off by an attempt at scorn*): Garn! Who told yer that fairy tale?

JONES: Dey's some things I ain't got to be tole. I kin see 'em in folkeses eyes. (*Then after a pause, meditatively.*) Yes, you sho' give me a start. And it didn't take long from dat time to git dese fool woods' niggers right where I wanted 'em. From stow-away to Emperor in two years! Dat's goin' some!

SMITHERS (*With curiosity*): And I bet you got yer pile o' money 'id safe some place.

JONES (*With satisfaction*): I sho' has. And it's in a foreign bank where no pusson don't ever git it out but me no matter what comes. You didn't suppose I was holdin' down dis Emperor job for de Glory in it did you? Sho'! De fuss an' glory part of it, dat's only to turn de heads o' de low-flung bush niggers dat's here. Dey wants de big circus show for deir money. I gives it to 'em an I gits de money. (*With a grin.*) De long green, dat's me every time! (*Then rebukingly.*) But you ain't got no kick agin me, Smithers. I's paid you back all you done for me many times. Ain't I per-tected you an' winked at all de crooked tradin' you been doin' right out in de broad day? Sho'



AMONG THE FEARS THAT ASSAIL THE FUGITIVE EMPEROR IS THE APPARITION OF A WITCH DOCTOR

Upon this grotesque apparition Brutus Jones wastes one of his precious bullets, after recovering from his fright.

I has—and me makin' laws to stop it at de same time! (*He chuckles.*)

SMITHERS (*Grimacing*): But, meanin' no 'arm, you been grabbin' right and left yourself, ain't you? Look at the taxes youv'e put on 'em. Blimey! You've squeezed 'em dry!

JONES (*Chuckling*): No, dey ain't all dry yet. I'se still heah, ain't I?

SMITHERS (*Smiling at his secret thought*): They're dry right now, you'll find out. (*Changing the subject abruptly.*) And as fer me breakin' laws, you've broke 'em all yerself just as fast as yer made 'em.

JONES: Ain't I de Emperor? De laws don't

JONES (*Severely*): Luck? What you mean—luck?

SMITHERS: I suppose you'll say as that swank about the silver bullet ain't luck—and that was what first got the fool blacks on yer side the time of the revolution, wasn't it?

JONES (*With a laugh*): Oh, dat silver bullet! Sho' was luck! But I makes dat luck, you heah? I loads de dice! Yessuh! When dat murderin' nigger, Ole Lem, hired to kill me, takes aim ten feet away and his gun misses fire and I shoots him dead, what you heah me say?

SMITHERS: You said you'd got a charm so's no lead bullet'd kill yer. You was so strong



THE "EMPEROR" REMOVES HIS SHOES TO FACILITATE HIS FLIGHT THROUGH THE JUNGLE

"Feet," he says, "it's time yo' git a rest. Yo' has got a long journey yet befo' yo'."

go for him! (*Judicially.*) You heah what I tells you, Smithers. Dere's little stealin' like you does, and dere's big stealin' like I does. For de little stealin' dey gits you in jail soon or late. For de big stealin' dey makes you Emperor and puts you in de Hall o' Fame when you croaks. (*Reminiscently.*) If dey's one thing I learns in ten years on de Pullman ca's listenin' to de white quality talk, it's dat same fact. And when I gits a chance to use it I winds up Emperor in two years.

SMITHERS (*Unable to repress the genuine admiration of the small fry for the large*): Yes, you turned de bleedin' trick, all right. Blimey, I never seen a bloke 'as 'ad the bloomin' luck you 'as.

only a silver bullet could kill yer, you told 'em. Blimey, wasn't that swank for yer—and plain, fat 'eaded luck?

JONES (*Proudly*): I got brains and I uses 'em quick. Dat ain't luck.

SMITHERS: Yer knew they wasn't 'ardly liable to get no silver bullets. And it was luck 'e didn't 'it you that time.

JONES (*Laughing*): And dere all dem fool bush niggers was kneelin' down and bumpin' deir heads on de ground like I was a miracle out o' de Bible. Oh Lawd, from dat time on I has dem all eatin' out of my hand. I cracks de whip and dey jumps through.

SMITHERS (*With a sniff*): Yankee bluff done it!

JONES: Ain't a man's talkin' big what makes him big—long as he makes folkses believe it? Sho', I talks large when I ain't got nothin' to back it out, but I ain't talkin' wild just and same. I knows I can fool 'em—I *knows* it and dat's backin' enough fo' my game. And I ain't gotta learn deir lingo and teach some of dem English befo' I can talk to 'em? Ain't dat wuk? You ain't never learned any word fer it, Smithers, in de ten years you been heah dough you' knows it's money in yo' pocket tradin' with 'em as yo' does. But yo' too shiftless to take de trouble.

SMITHERS (*Flushing*): Never mind about me. What's this I've 'eard about yer really 'avin a silver bullet molded for yerself?

JONES: It's playin' out my bluff. I has de silver bullet molded and tells 'em when de time comes I kills myself. I tells 'em dat 'cause I'm de on'y man in de world big enough to git me. No use'n deir tryin'—and dey falls down and bumps deir heads. (*He laughs.*) I does dat so's I can take a walk in peace without no jealous nigger gunnin' at me from behind de trees.

SMITHERS (*Astonished*): Then you 'ad it made—'onest?

JONES: Sho' did. Heah she be. (*He takes out his revolver, breaks it and takes the silver bullet out of one chamber.*) Five lead an' dis silver baby at de last. Don't she shine pretty? (*He holds it in his hand, looking at it admiringly as if strangely fascinated.*)

SMITHERS: Let me see. (*Reaches out his hand for it.*)

JONES (*Harshly*): Keep yo' hands wha' dey belong, white man. (*He replaces it in the chamber and puts the revolver back on his hip.*)

SMITHERS (*Snarling*): Gawd blimey! Think I'm a bleedin' thief, you would.

JONES: No. 'Tain't that. I knows you'se scared to steal from me. On'y I ain't 'lowin' nary body to touch dis baby. She is my rabbit's foot.

SMITHERS (*Sneering*): A bloomin' charm, what? (*Venomously.*) Well, you'll need all the bloody charms you 'ave before long, s'elp me!

JONES (*Judiciously*): Oh, I's good fo' six months yet fo' dey get sick o' my game. Den when I sees trouble comin', I makes my get-away.

SMITHERS: Ha! You got it all planned, ain't you?

JONES: I ain't no fool. I knows dis emperor's time is sho't. Dat why I make hay when de sun shine. Was you thinkin' I'se aimin' to hold down dis job for life? No, suh! What good is gittin' money if you stays back in dis ragged country? I wants action when I speands. And when I sees dese niggers git-

tin' up deir nerve to tu'n me out, and I'se got all de money in sight, I resigns on de spot and beats it quick.

SMITHERS: Where to?

JONES: None o' yo' business.

SMITHERS: Not back to the bloody States, I'll lay my oath.

JONES (*Suspiciously*): Why don't I? (*Then with an easy laugh.*) You mean 'count of dat story 'bout me breakin' from jail back dere? Dat's all talk.

SMITHERS (*Skeptically*): Ho, yes!

JONES (*Sharply*): You ain't 'sinuatin' I'se a liar, is you?

SMITHERS (*Hastily*): No, Gawd strike me! I was only thinkin' 'bout the bloody lies you told the blacks 'ere about killin' white men in the States.

JONES: How come de're lies!

SMITHERS: You'd 'ave been in jail if you 'ad, wouldn't yer then? (*With venom.*) And from what I've 'eard, it ain't 'ealthy for a black man to kill a white man in the States. They burn 'em in oil, don't they?

JONES (*With cool deadliness*): You mean lynchin'd scare me? Well, I tells you, Smithers, maybe I does kill one white man back dere. Maybe I does. And maybe I kills another right heah 'fore long if he don't look out.

SMITHERS (*Trying to force a laugh*): I was on'y spoofin' yer. Can't yer take a joke? And you was just sayin' you'd never been in jail.

JONES (*In the same tone—slightly boastful*): Maybe I goes to jail dere for gettin' in an argument ovah a crap game. Maybe I gits twenty years when dat colored man die. Maybe I gits in 'nother argument wid de prison guard who was overseer o' us when we're wukin' de roads. Maybe he hits me wid a whip an' I splits his head wid a shovel an' runs away an files de chain off my leg an' gits away safe. Maybe I does all dat an' maybe I don't. It's a story I tells you so's you knows I'se de kind of man dat if you evah repeats one word of it, I ends yo' stealin' on dis yearth mighty damn quick!

SMITHERS (*Terrified*): Think I'd peach on yer? Not me! Ain't I always been yer friend?

JONES (*Suddenly relaxing*): Sho' yo' has—and you better be.

SMITHERS (*Recovering his composure and with it his malice*): And just to show you I'm yer friend, I'll tell yer that bit o' news I was goin' to.

JONES: Go ahead! Shoot de piece. Must be bad news from de happy way you look.

SMITHERS (*Warningly*): Maybe it's gettin' time for you to resign—with that bloomin' silver bullet, wot? (*Finishes with mocking grin.*)



"LAWD JESUS!"

The one-time ruler, in rags, is overcome by the "little nameless fears" of the jungle and utters a prayer.

JONES (*Puzzled*): What's dat you say? Talk plain.

SMITHERS: Ain't noticed any of the guards or servants about the place to-day, I haven't.

JONES (*Carelessly*): Dey're all out in de garden sleepin' under de trees. When I sleeps, dey sneaks a sleep, too, and I pretends I never suspicions it. All I got to do is to ring de bell an' dey come flyin', makin' a bluff dey was wukin' all de time.

SMITHERS (*In the same mocking tone*): Ring the bell now an' you'll bloody well see what I mean.

JONES (*Startled to alertness, but preserving the same careless tone*): SHO' I RINGS. (*He reaches below the throne and pulls out a big, common dinner bell which is painted the same vivid scarlet as the throne. He rings this vigorously—then stops to listen. Then he goes to*

both doors, rings again, and looks out.)

SMITHERS (*Watching him with malicious satisfaction. After a pause*): The bloody ship is sinkin' an' the bleedin' rats 'as slung their 'ooks.

JONES (*In a sudden fit of anger flings the bell clattering into a corner.*) Low-flung wood niggers! (*Then catching SMITHERS' eye on him, he controls himself and suddenly bursts into a low-chuckling laugh.*) Reckon I over-plays my hand dis once! A man can't take de pot on a bobtailed flush all de time. Was I sayin' I'd sit in six months mo'? Well, I've changed my mind, den. I cashes in and resigns de job of Emperor right dis minute.

SMITHERS (*With real admiration*): Blimey, but you're a cool bird and no mistake!

JONES: No use'n fussin'. When I knows de game's up I kisses it goodby widout no long waits. Dey've all run off to de hills, ain't dey?

SMITHERS: Yes—every bleedin' man jack of 'em.

JONES: Den de revolution is at de post. "And de Emperor better git his feet smokin' up de trail. (*Starts for the door—rear.*)

SMITHERS: Goin' out to look for yer horse? Yer won't find any. They steals the 'orses first thing. Mine was gone when I went for 'im this mornin'. That's wot first give me a suspicion of wot was up.

JONES (*Alarmed for a second, scratches his head, then philosophically*): Well, den I hoofs it. Feet, do yo' duty! (*He pulls out a gold watch and looks at it.*) Three-thuty. Sundown's at six-thuty or thereabouts. (*Puts his watch back—with cool confidence.*) I got plenty o' time to make it easy.

SMITHERS: Don't be so bloomin' sure of it. They'll be after you 'ot an' 'eavy. Ole Lem is at the bottom o' this business an' 'e 'ates you like 'ell. 'E'd rather do for you than eat 'is dinner, 'e would!

JONES (*Scornfully*): Dat fool no-count nigger! Does you think I'se scared o' him? I stands him on his thick head more'n once befo' dis, and I does it again if he come in my way. (*Fiercely.*) And dis time I leave him a dead nigger fo' sho'!

SMITHERS: You'll have to cut through the big forest, an' these blacks 'ere can sniff and

follow a trail in the dark like 'ounds. You'd 'ave to 'ustle to get through that forest in twelve hours even if you knew all the bloomin' trails like a native.

JONES (*With indignant scorn*): Look-a-heah, white man, does you think I'm a natural born fool? Give me credit fo' havin' some sense, fo' Lawd's sake! Don't you s'pose I'se looked ahead and made sho' of all de chances? I'se gone out in dat big forest, pretendin' to hunt, so many times dat I knows it high an' low like a book wid my eyes shut. (*With great contempt*.) Think dese ignorant bush niggers dat ain't got brains enuff to know deir own names even can catch Brutus Jones? Huh, I s'pects not! Not on yo' life! Why, man, de white men went after me wid bloodhounds where I comes from an' I jes laughs at 'em. It's a shame to fool dese black trash around heah, dey're so easy. You watch me, man! I'll make dem look sick, I will. I'll be 'cross de plain to de edge of the forest by time dark comes. Once in de woods in de night, dey got a swell chance o' findin' dis baby! Dawn tomorrow I'll be out at de oder side and on de coast whar dat French gunboat is stayin'. She picks me up, takes me to Martinique when she go dar, and dere I is safe wid a mighty big bankroll in my jeans. It's easy as rollin' off a log.

At this juncture Jones becomes aware of the faint steady thump of the tom-tom, low and vibrating. Starting at a rate corresponding to normal pulse beat, its speed gradually increases without interruption. Smithers explains its meaning and also dilates on the ghostly gloominess of the jungle at night.

JONES (*With a contemptuous sniff*): I ain't no chicken liver like you is. Trees an' me, we'se friends, an' dar's a full moon comin' bring me light. And let dem po' niggers make all de fool spells dey'se a min' to. Does yo s'pect I'se silly enuff to b'lieve in ghosts an' ha'nts an' all dat ole woman's talk? G'long, white man! You ain't talkin' to me. (*With a chuckle*.) Doesn't you know dey'se got to do wid a man was member in good standin' o' de Baptist church? Sho' I was dat when I was porter on de Pullmans an' befo' I gits into my little trouble. Let dem try deir heathen tricks. De Baptist church done perdeckt me an' land dem all in hell. (*With more confident satisfaction*.) An' I'se got little silver bullet o' my own, don't forget.

SMITHERS: Ho! You 'aven't give much 'eed to your Baptist church since you been down 'ere. I've 'eard myself you 'ad turned

yer coat an' was takin' up with their blarsted witch-doctors, or whatever the 'ell yer calls the swine.

JONES (*Vehemently*): I pretends to! Sho' I pretends! Dat's part o' my game from de fust. If I finds out dem niggers believes dat black is white, den I yells it our louder'n some o' deir loudest. It don't git me nothin' to do missionary work for de Baptist church. I'se after de coin, an' I lays my Jesus on de shelf fo' de time bein'. (*Stops abruptly and looks at watch—alertly.*) But I ain't got de time to waste no more fool talk wid you. I'se gwin away from heah dis secon'. (*He reaches in under the throne and pulls out an expensive Panama hat with a multi-colored ribbon band and sets it jauntily on his head.*) So long, white man! (*With a grin.*) See you in jail sometime, maybe!

SMITHERS: Not me, you won't. Well, I wouldn't be in yer bloody boots for no bloomin' money, but 'ere's wishin' yer luck just the same.

JONES (*Contemptuously*): You're de frightenedest man evah I see! I tells you I'se safe s'f I was in New York City. It takes dem niggers from now to dark to git up de nerve to start somethin'. By dat time, I'se got a head start dey never kotch up wid.



"THE COMING AMERICAN DRAMATIST"

Eugene O'Neill again scores a triumph with "The Emperor Jones," an event of the dramatic season.

SMITHERS (*Maliciously*): Give my regards to any ghosts yer meets up with.

JONES (*Grinning*): If dat ghost got money, I'll tell him never ha'nt you less'n he wants to lose it.

SMITHERS (*Flattered*): Garn! (*Then curiously*.) Ain't yer takin' no luggage with yer?

JONES: I travels light when I wants to move fast. And I got tinned grub buried on de edge o' de forest. (*Boastfully*.) Now say dat I don't look ahead an' use my brains! (*With a wide liberal gesture*.) I will all dat's left in de palace to you—an' you better grab all you kin sneak away wid befo' dey gits here.

SMITHERS (*Gratefully*): Righto!—and thanks to yer. (*As JONES walks toward door in rear cautiously*.) Say! Look 'ere! You ain't goin' out that way, are yer?

JONES: Does you think I'd slink out de back door like a common nigger? I'se Emperor yit, ain't I? An' de Emperor Jones leaves de way he comes, an' dat black trash don' dare stop him—not yit, leastways. (*He stops for a moment in the doorway, listening to the far off but*

insistent beat of the tom-tom.) Listen to dat roll-call, will yo? Must be mighty big drum carry dat far. (*Then with a laugh*.) Well, if dey ain't no whole brass band to see me off, I sho' got de drum part of it. So long, white man. (*He puts his hands in his pockets and with studied carelessness, whistling a tune, he saunters out of the doorway.*)

The time of the second scene is nightfall at the end of the plain where the jungle begins. A somber monotone of wind, lost in the leaves, moans in the air, accentuating the otherwise brooding, implacable silence. Jones enters, walking rapidly. He stops as he nears the edge of the jungle, peering about as if in search of some familiar landmark. Apparently satisfied that he has his bearings he throws himself on the ground, dog-tired, and soliloquizes at great length, becoming gradually terrified as he fails to find his caché of food. Nevertheless he plunges resolutely into the forest.



"WELL, THEY DID FOR YER RIGHT ENOUGH, JONESY, ME LADI!"

Thus Smithers pronounces an uncereemonious obsequy over the body of Brutus Jones who has fallen a victim to silver bullets.

The third scene discloses the depth of the forest three hours later. Except for the beating of the tom-tom, which is a trifle louder and quicker, there is silence broken every few seconds by a queer clicking sound. Gradually the figure of the negro Jeff is discerned crouching in the background, shaking dice. Heavy plodding footsteps are heard approaching along the trail. Jones continues his monolog in a voice pitched slightly higher and strained in an effort to overcome his nervousness:

JONES: De moon's rizin'! Does yo' heah dat, nigger? Yo' gits mo' light from dis out. No mo' buttin' yo' fool head agin' de trunks an' scratchin' de hide off yo' legs in de bushes. Now yo' sees whar yo'se gwine. So cheer up! From now on yo' has a snap! *(Steps to the rear of the triangular clearing and mops his face on his sleeve. He has lost his Panama hat. His face is scratched, his brilliant uniform shows several large rents.)* What time's it gittin' to be I wonder? I dassent light no match to find out. Phoo! It's wa'm an' dat's a fac'! *(Wearily.)* How long I been makin' tracks in dese woods? Must be hours an' hours. Seems like fo'evah! Yit can't be, when de moon's jes' riz. Dis am a long night fo' yo', yo' Majesty! *(With a mournful chuckle.)* Majesty! Dere ain't much majesty 'bout dis baby now. *(Attempted cheerfulness.)* Never min'. It's all part o' de game. Dis night come to an end like everything else. An' when you gits dar safe an' has dat bankroll in yo' hands, yo' laughs at all dis. *(Starts to whistle but checks himself abruptly.)* What yo' whistlin' fo' yo' po' dope? Want all de worl' to heah yo'? *(Stops talking, to listen.)* Heah dat ole drum. Sho' gits nearer from de sound. Dey're packin' it along wid 'em. Time fo' me to move. *(Takes a step forward then stops, worriedly.)* What's dat oder queer cicketty sound I heah? Dar it is! Sound close! Sound like—sound like—fo' God sake, sound like some nigger was shakin' craps! *(Frightenedly.)* I better beat it quick when I gits dem notions. *(Walks quickly into the cleared space then stands transfixed as he sees Jeff. Then in a terrified gasp.)* Who dar? Who dat? Is dat yo', Jeff? *(Starting toward the other, forgetful for a moment of his surroundings and really believing it is a living man that he sees. In a tone of happy relief.)* Jeff! I sho' is glad to see yo'! Dey tole me you done died from dat razor cut I gives you. *(Stopping suddenly bewildered.)* But how you come to be heah, nigger? *(Stares fascinatingly at the other who continues his mechanical play with the dice. JONES'S eyes begin to roll wildly, he stutters.)*

Ain't yo' gwine—look up—can't you speak to me? Is you—is you—a ha'nt? *(Jerks out his revolver in a frenzy of terrified rage.)* Nigger, I kills yo' dead once. Has I got to kill you agin? You take it den. *(He fires. When the smoke has cleared away, JEFF has disappeared. JONES stands trembling, then with a certain reassurance.)* He's gone, anyway. Ha'nt or no ha'nt, dat shot fix him. *(The beat of the far off tom-tom is perceptibly louder and more rapid. JONES becomes conscious of it—with a start, looking back over his shoulder.)* Dey'se gittin' near! Dey'se comin' fast! An' heah I is shootin' shots to let 'em know jes whar I is. Oh, Gorry, I'se got to run. *(Forgetting the path he plunges wildly into the underbrush in the rear and disappears into the shadow.)*

In the next scene, two hours later, the moon is fully up. Under its light a dirt road through the woods glimmers ghastly and unreal. Jones stumbles in. His uniform is ragged. He regards the road with surprize, his eyes blinking in the moonlight. He is trying to reassure himself that his fears of ghosts are foolish. Spectrally a negro convict chain gang enters. Some carry picks, others shovels. They are followed by a white prison guard armed with a rifle and carrying a whip. Jones, who has been staring at the sky, unmindful of their noiseless approach, suddenly observes them. He tries to run but stumbles and falls. His voice catches on a choking prayer:

JONES: Lawd Jesus! *(The prison guard cracks his whip noiselessly—and at that signal all the convicts start to work on the road. They swing their picks, they shovel, but not a sound comes from their labor. The prison guard points sternly at JONES with his whip, motions him to take his place among the other shovellers. JONES gets to his feet in a hypnotized stupor. As he shuffles, dragging one foot, over to his place, he curses under his breath.)* God damn yo' soul! I gets even wid yo' yit, some time. *(Suddenly the guard approaches him angrily, raises his whip and lashes JONES viciously across the shoulders. JONES bellows, tugging at his revolver.)* I kills yo', yo' white debil, if it's de last thing I evah does! Ghost or debil, I kills you agin!

There follows a slave-market scene in pantomime, with Jones as a young cotton picker being auctioned off. The bidding is lively, the crowd interested. Jones is filled with the courage of desperation. He addresses the phantom audience:

JONES: What yo' all doin', white folks? What's all dis? What yo' all lookin' at me fo'? What yo' all doin' wid me, anyhow? (Suddenly convulsed with raging hatred and fear.) Is dis a auction? Is yo' sellin' me like dey useter fo' de war? (Jerking out his revolver just as the auctioneer knocks him down to one of the planters, glaring from him to the purchaser.) An' you sells me? An' you buys me? I shows yo' I's a free nigger, damn yo' soul! (He fires at the auctioneer and the planter with such rapidity that the shots are almost simultaneous. As if this were a signal the walls of the forest fold in. Only blackness remains and silence broken by JONES as he rushes off, crying with fear—and by the quickened ever-louder beat of the tom-tom.

There remains, after this shot, only the silver bullet in his revolver as Jones hurries onward. The tom-tom beats more loudly, more quickly, with a more insistent triumphant pulsation. Other phantasmagoria are introduced to make the night more hideous to the fleeing emperor, and he finally fires the silver bullet at a witch-doctor apparition and collapses. Lem, a native chief with imperial ambitions, enters with a squad of island warriors, followed by the cockney trader, Smithers. One of the warriors, a guide, with an exclamation points to the spot where Jones had entered the jungle. Lem and Smithers come to look. The latter, after a glance, mutters in disgust:

SMITHERS: That's where 'e went in right 'nough. Much good it'll do you. 'E's miles orf by this an' safe to the coast, damn 'is 'ide! I tole yer you'd lose 'im, didn't I? Wastin' the 'ole bloomin' night beatin' yer bloody drum an' castin' yer silly spells! Gawd blimey, wot a pack!

LEM: We cotch him. You see. (Makes a motion to his soldiers who squat down on their haunches in a semi-circle.

SMITHERS: Well, ain't yer goin' in an' 'unt 'im in the woods? What the 'ell's the good o' waitin'?

LEM (Imperturbably—squatting down himself): We cotch him.

SMITHERS (Turning away from him contemptuously): Aw! Garn! 'E's a better man than the lot o' you put together. I 'ates the sight o' 'im but I'll say that for 'im. (A sound of snapping twigs comes from the forest. The soldiers jump to their feet, cocking their rifles alertly. LEM remains sitting with an imperturbable expression, but listening intently. The

sound from the woods is repeated. LEM makes a quick signal with his hand. His followers creep quickly but noiselessly into the forest, scattering so that each enters at a different spot.)

SMITHERS (In the silence that follows, in a contemptuous whisper): You ain't thinkin' that would be 'im, I 'ope?

LEM (Calmly): We cotch him.

SMITHERS: Blarsted fat'eads! (Then after a second's thought, wonderingly.) Still an' all it might 'appen. If 'e lost 'is bloody way in these stinkin' woods 'e'd likely turn in a circle without 'is knowin' it. They all does.

LEM (Peremptorily): Sssh! (The reports of several rifle shots sounds from the forest, followed a second later by savage exultant yells. The beating of the tom-tom abruptly ceases. LEM looks up at the white man with a grin of satisfaction.) We cotch him. Him dead.

SMITHERS (With a snarl): 'Ow d'yer know it's 'im, an' 'ow d'yer know 'e's dead?

LEM: My men's dey got um silver bullets. Dey kill him shore.

SMITHERS (Astonished): They got silver bullets?

LEM: Lead bullet no kill him. He got um strong charm. I cook money make um silver bullet, make um strong charm too.

SMITHERS (Light breaking upon him): So that's wot you was up to all night, wor? You was scared to put after 'im till you'd molded silver bullets, eh?

LEM: Yes. Him got strong charm. Lead no good.

SMITHERS (Slapping his thigh): Haw! Haw! If yer don't beat all 'ell! (Recovers himself, scornfully.) I'll bet you it ain't 'im they shot at all, you bloomin' looney!

LEM (Calmly): Dey come bring him now. (The soldiers come out of the woods, carrying JONES's limp body. There is a little reddish purple hole under his left breast. He is dead. They carry him to LEM, who examines the body with great satisfaction.

SMITHERS (Leaning over LEM's shoulder, in a tone of frightened awe): Well, they did for yer right enough, Jonesy, me lad! Dead as a 'erring! (Mockingly.) Where's your high an' mighty airs now, yer bloomin' majesty? (Then with a grin.) Silver bullets! Gawd blimey, but yer died in the 'eight o' style any'ow! (LEM makes a motion to the soldiers to carry the body out. SMITHERS speaks to him sneeringly.) An' I s'pose yer thinks it's yer bleedin' charms and yer silly beatin' the drum that made 'im run in a circle when 'e'd lost himself, don't yer? (But LEM makes no reply, does not seem to hear the question, walks out after his men. SMITHERS looks after him with contemptuous scorn.) Stupid as 'ogs, the lot of 'em! Blarsted niggers!

NOVELISTS WHO BALK AT WRITING SCENARIOS

THE duty of novelists to assist in the betterment of the film drama, the effects of the invasion by the screen industry on the field of legitimate dramatic production, and the powerful influence on the public mind exerted by the astonishing diffusion of photo-plays have been pretty well discussed in the United States. The debate, in virulent form, has just reached England—this time on the major theme of why more of the celebrated British novelists do not write for the screen.

It has been provoked by the statement of Jesse L. Lasky, the American producer, that "the motion picture is challenging the position long held by the printed word as the chief medium for the dissemination of thought." This statement was incorporated in an open letter to the London *Daily Express* in which the American "interloper" asked whether, in view of the growing importance of the motion picture industry, authors of such prominence as Shaw, Wells, Kipling, Romain Rolland and d'Annunzio could afford to restrict their output to the "comparatively select circle of book lovers." "Have they not a greater responsibility to discharge?" asked Mr. Lasky. "To them was given the ability to interpret humanity; therefore do they not owe it to themselves and to their Creator to see that all mankind gets the benefit of these gifts?"

Arnold Bennett's reply, while brief, is succinctly in defense of the printed word and indicates no fears about its being overshadowed by the camera. He finds it difficult to persuade himself that "in an incredibly short time the influence of the film will outstrip that of books and plays."

Shaw concedes that the influence of the screen plays is growing, but adds that the reluctance of authors to write scenarios could easily be overcome by proper inducements in the shape of money. His letter reads in part:

"Mr. Lasky is, of course, quite right—the film is a magnificent opportunity for imaginative fiction. He might have gone so far as to say that the screen is a better medium for

popular romance than the printed page, especially with paper at its present price. The only thing the screen cannot give is dialog and the customary psychological expatiations on what the characters think and feel.

"Now, many—I had almost ventured to write most—novelists cannot write what a playwright would call dialog at all; any actress can do better by making faces, and as to the psychological essays, they are only padding, and unmitigated tosh at that. But why does not Mr. Lasky crush all opposition by simply conning figures? Novelists, with the few dazzling exceptions that every one thinks about, are a needy and consequently intimidated folk.

"Mr. Lasky has nothing to do but say how much, at a moderate estimate, he can afford to pay an author in advance of royalties for a promising scenario and how much a successful one might eventually bring in to its inventor and he will get hundreds of scenarios from our artists as soon as they can get them down on paper.

"If the film companies would offer a quarter as much to any novelist for a scenario as they eagerly pay to an American producer to spoil it and spend £50,000 in the process, it would not be necessary to write letters to the papers asking novelists to come forward; rather would it be advisable to engage extra police to stem the rush."

The Incorporated Society of Authors, Playwrights and Composers of Great Britain has flung its hat into the ring by demanding that the motion picture promoters make a plain statement of their financial intentions. Recent cases have been brought to the attention of the society, writes G. Herbert Thring, its secretary, of film producers endeavoring to persuade novelists to sell their film rights for a lump sum. This, he contends, is not a return commensurate with the size of the audiences awaiting such plays. If the producers were willing to make their contracts with the novelists on a time limit, giving them the right to bargain with a new company after the one first buying it had finished with it, he concludes, the novelists might talk business.

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes vehemently scouts the idea that cinema scenarios will ever take the place of good novels, and she cannot

imagine Dickens making a scenario of one of his novels. W. L. George does not think that the choice "entirely imposes itself between the cinema and the novel, except that it is possible that the cinema will more and more absorb the dramatic themes, while the novel grows more descriptive and analytical." The cinema, he points out, has plenty to learn from the novel in the matter of subtlety and "the novel has much to learn from the cinema in vigor and directness." Acutely Max Pemberton observes that one cannot read a photo-play in bed. "Wit is not grinning through a horse collar; and audiences of culture and first-rate intelligence demand talk and color in drama." He is fearful of the ultimate effect of the movies on the national eye-

sight. By no means so fearful is a leading British motion picture producer, Adrian Brunel, who foresees the time when scenarios will be published and widely circulated, and "will be just as readable to the general public as the plays of Shaw, Ibsen and Galsworthy are to-day."

Of interest, in this connection, is the announcement that Rudyard Kipling has agreed to the picturization of certain of his stories and poems under his personal supervision. Up to the present time the works of Kipling are represented in motion pictures by Pathé productions of "The Light That Failed" and "Nauláhka," the success of which has encouraged the film folks to exploit the work of Kipling on a much more ambitious scale.

WHY AMERICA LACKS BIG PLAYWRIGHTS

IS it because we are "the least individualistic, the most intolerant, the most regimented and intellectually timid people on earth" that we are so lacking in playwrights of the first order? One person's answer is as good as another's, but Walter Prichard Eaton, writing in the *Theatre Magazine*, maintains that our playwrights are reflections of ourselves and that the chief trouble with the American theater, as at present organized, is that "it produces almost exclusively for the greatest common denominator and gives no honors to the man who hitches his wagon to a star and hangs on." No dramatist, or producer, he complains, is satisfied with making a living; he must make a fortune. In other branches of art, the artist who aims high is encouraged and is the more highly thought of the higher he aims. But in our theater the artist who aims high is distinctly and persistently discouraged.

Mr. Eaton's observations are inspired by the award of the Pulitzer prize to Eugene O'Neill for his naturalistic tragedy, "Beyond the Horizon," or rather by the fact that it was such an outstanding work of dramatic art last season as to leave no or little room for choice. Admitting that a larger number of Americans attend the

theater than of any other people, this critic is forced to admit that our native drama, in spite of its prosperity, as a rule "lacks the dignity, the depth, the finish, the intellectual weight or sparkle, not alone of Continental drama but even of English drama." Altho we started the twentieth century on more or less even terms with England, yet England can now boast (with the aid of the Irish) a Shaw, a Barrie, a Drinkwater, a Jones, a Galsworthy, a Bennett, a Dunsany, a Yeats, a Synge, a Masefield, an Ervine, a Stanley Haughton as the product of two decades. What can we offer in comparison?

"We have O'Neill, whose 'Beyond the Horizon' can stand the comparison with Ervine's 'Jane Clegg,' or with Masefield's 'Nan.' We have Jesse Lynch Williams, whose 'Why Marry,' which won the Pulitzer prize two years ago, showed the brilliant wit, the style, the intellectual force, characteristic of first-class comedy. We have in the Tarkington of 'Clarence' (tho not in the Tarkington of the earlier hifalutin plays), a humorist of unique and racy flavor. We have in Clare Kummer a farce writer of genuine whimsy. A little earlier we had Fitch and William Vaughn Moody. Nobody can deny that Fitch was a dramatist of some distinction, when at his best; and Moody, had he lived, would surely have taken a very high rank. As genuine a poet as Masefield, a

better poet than Drinkwater, in 'The Great Divide' he showed a genius for the stage superior to that of either. Among our Yiddish writers on the East Side we have two or three exceptional dramatists, such as David Pinski—but doubtless it is not fair to count them. They do not write in our language. This is a small list to match against Great Britain's, to be sure, but it shows that we are not without the capacity to produce fine dramatists, and the success of their plays in our theater shows that a public and not always a small public, does exist for such work."

What, then, is the trouble? So far as the play-going public is concerned, Shaw really was first hailed in America, and "John Ferguson" and "Jane Clegg" had to come to New York for recognition. But the high artistic tradition of English letters, the tradition which forces an author to write his best, to be honest with himself and with his vision, to make no compromise with mob or manager, goes over into the theater there and, Eaton maintains, is not allowed to go over into the theater here. Nonetheless, Masefield can hardly be said ever to have been a popular success in the English theater; Galsworthy until his latest play, "The Skin Game," was never a popular success; Shaw for years had to get his plays produced by stage societies and probably has had ten times the popular success in America; Dunsany and Synge and Yeats never wrote for the English theater at all, but for the Abbey Theater in Dublin. Ervine's dramatic success with the public remained to be achieved in New York and it remains to be seen whether Drinkwater can duplicate the success of "Abraham Lincoln." At the same time, as the *Theatre Magazine* critic points out, the American theater produces for the American metropolis and:

"Unlike Paris and London, New York does not have a tradition, a homogeneous life of its own. The old New York traditional life is dead today on Broadway. The Parisian dramatist, even the London dramatist, is writing for a public largely of his own race and backgrounds, to whom a hint means volumes. The New York dramatist, if his hint goes beyond the immediate concerns of Broadway, gets no response. That is why the superficially clever Cohan is *par excellence* the dramatist of New York. He has found the heart of what slight communal life there is.

"In England, Stanley Haughton wrote 'Hindle Wakes' for Manchester. Synge wrote 'Riders to the Sea' for Dublin; Galsworthy wrote 'Justice' for his countrymen to view in the seat of their government, with the Houses of Parliament not far off. Shaw wrote all his plays as the gadfly stinging the Briton where he lives. If Tarkington could write for a Hoosier theater, if a dramatic Robert Frost were working in a New Hampshire theater, if various dramatists could quite forget the necessity of creating that kind of entertainment which will please enough of the floating population of New York to pay the vast theater rentals there, and concentrate solely and entirely on the problem of making significant by truthful portrayal the lives of his immediate neighbors (who would find him out in any falsity, you may be sure!), the story of our drama would be a different one."

There is no hope, however, of this being done by dramatists who measure success only by the dollar rule, and "those budding writers, for the stage as well as the page, who would hold high the ancient standards either succumb to the prevalent atmosphere or retire in disgust into their ivory towers." When one of them is encouraged by the right group of understanding people to do the wagon-to-star hitching act and hang on we get "Beyond the Horizon."



FROM a gastronomic point of view, Brahms was a much less estimable man than Liszt. In her autobiography, just published, Liza Lehmann (whose "In a Persian Garden" made her famous throughout America) tells a harrowing tale about Brahms's table manners. While she was visiting Clara Schumann (widow of the great Robert), Brahms also came. He didn't take the slightest interest in the young Englishwoman or her singing; but for this, she writes, "I was very thankful; for, truth to tell, his rather coarse and bluff manners made me shrink into my shell; and when, one morning at breakfast, he gobbled up a whole tin of sardines and made assurance doubly sure by drinking the oil from the tin at a draught, he, so to say, finished me off as well as the sardines! Liszt had a delightful habit of dropping in for his favorite dish of bacon and eggs, and while they were being prepared he often used to rhapsodize in an inspired manner."

H. G. WELLS' VIEWS ON BOLSEVIK RUSSIA CHALLENGED

HALF a century ago, the bitterest battles in the world of thought were fought over questions of theology. Then it was "justification" or "predestination" and fine points connected with Christian faith that held men enthralled. Now the emphasis seems to have shifted to sociology, and we find in the books, magazines and newspapers of the day a greater and greater amount of space devoted to the discussion of economic themes. The *New York Times*, for instance, has lately been running as the leading feature of its Sunday issue a series of articles by H. G. Wells on "Russia in the Shadow." These articles set out to give an account of a visit to Bolshevik Russia, but were soon involved in the discussion of fundamental social theories. Side by side with the articles, the *Times* has been printing rebuttals of Wells' arguments written by Henry Arthur Jones, English playwright, and by John Spargo, anti-Bolshevik Socialist. The entire discussion is stimulating and has aroused widespread interest.

The impression that Mr. Wells conveys is curiously contradictory. He lays emphasis on the utter collapse of the Russian cities under Bolshevik domination, but he also shows us creative forces at work. He paints for us rulers who are at once astute and ignorant. He mocks Karl Marx, yet would have us believe that one of the memorable experiments of the ages is going forward in Russia under Marx's inspiration. He speaks of the clutter and confusion resulting from confiscation of private property, and he says that the Communists "never anticipated that they would have to deal with such things, just as they never really thought of what they would do with the shops and markets when they had abolished shopping and marketing;" but he refuses to attribute the present economic desolation of Russia to the Soviet Government. It is, he tells us, "the only possible government in Russia at the present time."

Desolate Russia, Mr. Wells declares in his first article, is not a system that has been attacked and destroyed by something vigorous and malignant. "It is an unsound

system that has worked itself out and fallen down." He proceeds:

"It was not the Communism which built up these great impossible cities, but capitalism. It was not Communism that plunged this huge creaking bankrupt empire into six years of exhausting war, it was European imperialism. Nor is it Communism that has pestered this suffering and perhaps dying Russia with a series of subsidized raids, invasions and insurrections, and inflicted upon it the atrocious blockade. The vindictive French creditor and the journalistic British oaf are far more responsible for these deathbed miseries than any Communist."

In order that there shall be no chance of a misunderstanding, Mr. Wells reiterates this point in his second article:

"Ruin—that is the primary Russian fact at the present time. The revolution, the Communist rule, is quite secondary to that. It is something that has happened in ruin and because of ruin."

"It is of primary importance that the people in the West should realize that. If the great war had gone on for a year or so more, Germany and then the Western powers, would probably have repeated with local variations the Russian crash. . . ."

"For all I know, Western Europe may be still drifting, even now, toward a parallel crash. I am not by any means sure that we have turned the corner. War, self-indulgence and unproductive speculation may still be wasting more than the Western world is producing, in which case our own crash of currency, failure and universal shortage, social and political collapse, and all the rest of it is merely a question of time. . . . It falsifies the whole world situation, it sets people altogether astray in their political actions. To assert that the frightful destitution of Russia to-day is to any large extent the result merely of Communist effort; that the wicked Communists have pulled down Russia to her present plight, and that if you can overthrow the Communists' theory one and everything in Russia will suddenly become happy again. Russia fell into its present miseries through the World War and the moral and intellectual insufficiency of its ruling and wealthy people (as our own British State, as presently even the American State, may fall). They had neither brains nor conscience to stop warfare, to stop waste of all sorts, and to stop

taking the best of everything and leaving every one dangerously unhappy, until it was too late. They ruled and wasted and quarreled, blind to the coming disaster, up to the very moment of its occurrence, and then the Communist came in."

Czarism, in brief, perished in 1917 because it was "brutishly incompetent." When it fell, there was no alternative government. For generations the chief energies of Czarism had been directed to destroying any possibility of an alternative government. Bad as it was, there was nothing to take its place. As a result, the Russian Revolution, when it came, turned Russia into a debating society and a political scramble.

Over the confusion Kerensky gesticulated in attitudes of finest liberalism. Through it loomed various adventurers, "strong men," would-be leaders, Russian monks and Russian Bonapartes. What remained of the social order collapsed.

Through this fever went representatives of Britain and France, "blind to the quality of immense and tragic disaster about them, intent only upon the war," badgering the Russians to keep on fighting and to make a fresh offensive against Germany.

From end to end of Russia and in Russian-speaking communities throughout the world "there existed only one sort of people who had in common general ideas upon which to work, a common faith and a common will, and that was the Communist Party." They were and are a very small part of the Russian population, according to Wells. "At the present time," he says, "not one per cent of the people in Russia are Communists. The organized party certainly does not number more than 600,000 and has probably not many more than 150,000 active members." Nevertheless, because it was in the hour of crisis the only organization which gave men a common idea of action, it was able to seize the reins. Mr. Wells continues:

"It was and it is the only sort of administrative solidarity possible in Russia. Those ambiguous adventurers who have been and are afflicting Russia with the support of the Western powers—Denikin, Kolchak, Wrangel and the like—stand for no guiding principle and offer no security of any sort on which men's confidence can crystallize. They are essen-

tially brigands. The Communist Party, however one may criticize it, does embody an idea and can be relied on to stand by its idea. So far it is a thing morally higher than anything that has yet come against it. It at once secured the passive support of the peasant masses by permitting them to take land from estates and by making peace with Germany. It restored order after a frightful lot of shooting. In the great towns for a time everybody found carrying arms without authority was shot. This action was clumsy and bloody, but effective. To retain its power this Communist Government organized extraordinary commissions with practically unlimited powers and crushed out all opposition by a Red terror.

"Much that that Red terror did was cruel and frightful. It was largely controlled by narrow-minded men, and many of its officials were inspired by social hatred and fear of counter-revolution, but, if it was fanatical, it was honest. Apart from individual atrocities it did on the whole kill for a reason and to an end. Its bloodshed was not like the silly, aimless butcheries of the Denikin regime, which would not even recognize, I was told, the Bolshevik Red Cross; and today the Bolshevik Government sits, I believe, in Moscow as securely established as any Government in Europe, and the streets of Russian towns are as safe as any streets in Europe."

In a later article Mr. Wells is careful to explain that in spite of his sympathetic interpretation of Bolshevism he is far from being ready to identify himself with Bolsheviks. "I disbelieve in their faith," he asserts, "I ridicule Marx their prophet, but I understand and respect their spirit." If Russia is to be saved, he adds, the great nations of the world will have to deal with the Bolshevik Government. There is no other government in Russia that they can deal with, and there is no way of dealing with it, in Wells' view, except through some national or international trust.

Mr. Wells' conclusions are sharply challenged by John Spargo and by Henry Arthur Jones. To Mr. Spargo, in particular, the Wells version of recent Russian history is peculiarly lame. Mr. Spargo is himself a historian of the Russian Revolution. He has written three books on Bolshevism. He regards it as the greatest failure in history.

"My quarrel," says Mr. Spargo, "is not with H. G. Wells, the keen and conscientious reporter, but with H. G. Wells the muddled social theorist, the misguided philosopher." He goes on to give his own

version of the development of the Russian Revolution.

When Czarism collapsed, the first need of Russia, according to Spargo, was the creation of a stable government, liberal where the old was despotic and tyrannical, competent where the old was incompetent, just where the old was unjust. It was no time for factionalism and party strife. In the conditions then existing in Russia, "factionalism was madness and treason."

A Provisional Government was formed and brought the country to the election of a Constituent Assembly by the most democratic electoral law any nation has yet known. Then the Bolsheviks appeared. They denied democracy. They broke up the Constituent Assembly. They established the dictatorship of the proletariat. Mr. Spargo says:

"I submit to H. G. Wells and to his and my readers that by their destruction of the Russian peoples' organs of self-government the Bolsheviks made inevitable a whole series of disasters. They made inevitable the reign of anarchy and looting which Mr. Wells cites as apparent justification of the terror. They made inevitable, too, the civil strife, the revolts and insurrections which now figure in Mr. Wells' account as independent causes of the present misery. Just as the Bolsheviks brought the revolution of 1905 to disaster, so they sabotaged the democratic forces of the nation which were creating a truly popular government."

Taking up the argument where Mr. Spargo leaves it, Henry Arthur Jones pours scorn on Wells' contention that the present condition of Russia is the result not of Bolshevism, but of "capitalism," "European imperialism," and "an atrocious blockade." He says:

"You allow that capitalism built the great cities of Russia. Under communism their population has shrunk to about half its former numbers, is still diminishing, and is living in progressive misery and starvation. Further, the Communist Government is seeking to trade with England. Now that it has almost destroyed its own capital it is begging capitalist England to bring it capital to start its industries again."

With regard to imperialism, Mr. Jones asks Wells to tell what imperial State has

governed its helpless people with such ruthless tyranny as that exercised by the present rulers of Russia. He continues:

"Under what imperial State has there been anything approaching such famished misery and universal impoverishment as you have lately witnessed? I ask you to explain by your theory how it is that now imperialism has been removed these terrible conditions are progressive; that they increase in severity and horror in the degree and according to the length of time that the Russian people are removed from the consequences of imperial government, and as they pass under the rule of the present government and live under the operation of Communist laws? Ponder this question, my dear Wells."

As for the blockade, without pressing the argument that it was necessary to stay the tide of Bolshevism from flooding Europe, it can hardly be maintained, Mr. Jones argues, that the privations and hunger caused by the blockade have been at all comparable with the privations and hunger caused by the Communist law which forces the peasants to deliver food at regulated prices, thus robbing them of incentive and of the reward of their labor at the same time.

Mr. Jones justifies the representatives of Britain and France who went through revolutionary Russia intent on winning the war, and he recalls that Wells in 1917 was as active as any one else in appeals to carry the war through to a successful conclusion. He justifies, too, the attitude of French investors in Russian bonds, and holds at low value the "honesty" which would repudiate just debts. He asserts that Bolshevism is responsible for the greater part of Russia's misery, and his final thrust is this:

"If I am not usurping your prerogative, I will myself make a prophecy about the future of Russia.

"Russia will return to tolerable conditions of life, to order, health, security and prosperity in the measure that she returns to and obeys those first abiding principles of social conduct and civilized government which are always and everywhere in operation; which fortify and preserve a State if they are obeyed; which disintegrate and destroy a State if they are disobeyed."

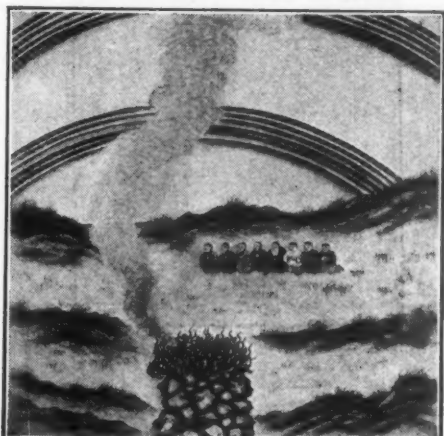
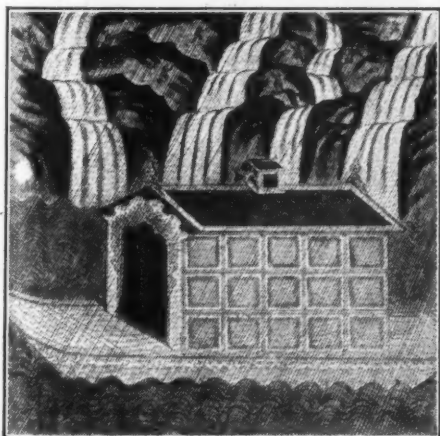
NOAH'S ARK AND CHRISTIAN PARABLES THROUGH CHINESE EYES

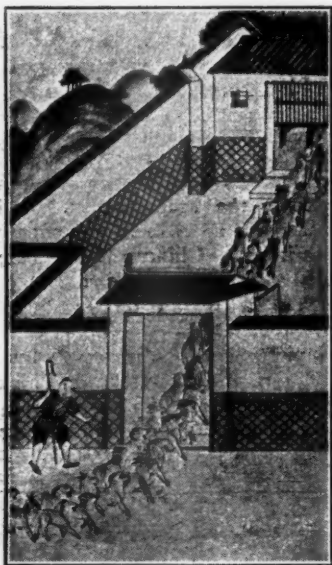
IN a remote interior village of North Fukien Province, there dwelt a Chinese artist. He had never seen automobiles or airplanes, but he knew the words of Confucius and Lao-Tsze, and he lived with simple dignity as his father and grandfather had done before him.

One evening he strolled out after his day's work and entered a tiny church established in honor of the Christian God. A young missionary was talking. For the first time the Chinese artist heard some of the Biblical stories which have held the people of the West enthralled for two thousand years,

and when he returned to his home he began to make pictures of the story of Noah and the Flood, and of the parables of the Lost Sheep and of the Prodigal Son. He had never heard of Palestine. He portrayed Noah's ark as a Chinese house-boat; he changed the lost sheep into a lost goat; and he put a pigtail on the prodigal son.

These pictures were discovered by Dr. Mary W. Griscom, formerly of Philadelphia, and are published by her in *Asia*, the handsome American magazine dealing with the Orient.





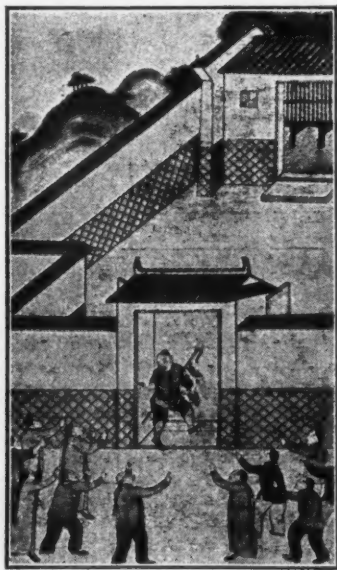
THERE ARE NO SHEEP IN SOUTH CHINA, SO THE ARTIST CONVERTS THE PARABLE OF THE LOST SHEEP INTO ONE OF THE LOST GOAT.



IN THIS PICTURE THE MISSING GOAT, WITH EARS BACK, ON MISCHIEF BENT, IS WICKEDLY TROTTING DOWN THE ROAD, MAKING FOR TOWN.



THE LOST GOAT IS HERE SHOWN RESCUED BY HIS MASTER FROM THE PERILS OF BRAMBLE AND WATERFALL. THE LANDSCAPE IS CHARACTERISTIC OF FUKIEN.



ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. THE GOATHERD IS CHEERED BY HIS FRIENDS AS HE CARRIES HIS CHARGE SAFELY INTO THE FARMYARD.

A CHINESE ARTIST'S CONCEPTION



THE PRODIGAL SON IN THIS PICTURE IS CLAMORING FOR HIS INHERITANCE. THE FATHER STROKES HIS BEARD DOUBTFULLY.



NOW WE SEE THE DISSOLUTE YOUTH IN AN OPIUM DEN, WASTING HIS SUBSTANCE ON RIOTOUS LIVING. HIS PIPE IS BEING FILLED BY THE CRAFTY PROPRIETOR.



"AND HE WOULD FAIN HAVE FILLED HIS BELLY WITH THE HUSKS THAT THE SWINE DID EAT; AND NO MAN GAVE UNTO HIM."



IN THIS PICTURE THE PRODIGAL SON IS WELCOMED TO THE PATERNAL HOME WITH FEASTING AND MUSIC. THE FATTED CALF IS A CHICKEN.

CAN THE PURITAN SUNDAY BE RESTORED?

EVEN before the passage of the Prohibition Amendment it was predicted that restrictive legislation would be carried further. Steps are already being taken to fulfill this prediction. At the present time a national movement of considerable force is directed toward the establishment of strict Sunday laws by federal legislation. If the men and women who are supporting the movement are successful in their efforts, interstate commerce on Sunday will be forbidden; post offices will be closed on Sunday, and Sunday amusements and outdoor sports will be outlawed. The newspapers display apprehensions for which there seems to be no apparent reason. During recent weeks they have been full of arguments for and against the proposed legislation, and the comment appearing has been almost uniformly hostile to the revival of "blue laws." Yet "there are indications," the *New York Times* says, "that the legislation will finally succeed, at least in part;" and the *New York World*, which is leading the fight against the new movement as it led the fight against Prohibition, utters the warning: "Unless its opponents prepare to organize and resist the legislation that is proposed, it is almost certain to be enacted into law before the Sixty-seventh Congress has finished its course."

The legislation referred to would not at first require an amendment to the Constitution. As incorporated in a tentative "Sunday Observance Bill," it avows its purpose to express "national determination to honor the Sabbath day and keep it holy, as God commands," and makes five kinds of activity on Sunday unlawful, as follows:

"1. Hereafter it shall be unlawful for any person in the employment of the United States to work or carry on his ordinary vocation on Sunday.

"2. It shall be unlawful for any person or corporation to operate on Sunday any freight or passenger train or mail train, or any other train or part of a train, in the carrying on of interstate commerce, trade or traffic of any kind.

"3. It shall be unlawful for any post-office to be open on Sunday or to deliver mail on Sunday; it shall be unlawful for any mail to be carried or delivered on Sunday by any employe of the United States, whether in city or country.

"4. It shall be unlawful for any newspaper or other paper or publication published or purporting to be published on Sunday to be received, carried or delivered as mail to any agency of the United States, in any post-office or over any route under the jurisdiction of the United States.

"5. It shall be unlawful for any person or corporation engaged in interstate commerce or carrying on any business or vocation under the laws or with the permission or license from the United States or any of its agencies to do or carry on any ordinary vocation or business on Sunday."

Back of this bill are men of the type of Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts, of the International Reform Bureau at Washington, D. C., and Dr. E. C. Dinwiddie, described as the Anti-Saloon League's most active agent in Washington. In New York City the fight is being led by Dr. Harry L. Bowlby, General Secretary of the Lord's Day Alliance.

Dr. Bowlby is a Presbyterian of the old type. His organization claims the affiliation of sixteen Christian denominations. He is bent on retrieving what he calls "the American Sabbath," and he is quoted in the *New York Times* as saying:

"Our program or slogan is a return to a more sensible and sane observance of our American Christian Sabbath and to secure one day's rest in seven for every honest toiler, this day to be the same wherever possible. It is the purpose of the Alliance to continue to work to the end that there shall be guaranteed to every worker this day's rest.

"We are against commercialized recreation of every form on Sunday. We intend to abolish the commercialized Sunday moving picture. We are with Billy Sunday in his opposition to Sunday baseball. We are against the so-called sacred concerts because we do not believe that they are sacred. We are opposed to the commercialization of Sunday wherever it appears. We believe that the almighty dollar is the tongue that is speaking when the managers talk of the good they can do for the

public. Above all things we think that the church, the Sunday school and the home should have the right of way on Sunday.

"We are against the cheap excursions, and already we have appealed to the railroads to put a stop to them. We think that instead of these things Sunday should be given over to restful contemplation."

Dr. Bowlby's position, while widely commented on, is far from being a popular one. It excites the ire of organizations ranging all the way from the International Sporting Club to the Freethinkers' Association, and is attacked by clergymen of several denominations.

More than 75,000 former service men, students in Knights of Columbus schools throughout the country, are protesting against the proposed passage and enforcement of Sunday blue laws, according to an announcement made recently at the Knights of Columbus national headquarters in New York. These men, we are told, are already fighting Bolshevism, and now they are "uniting the anti-Red drive with the anti-blue drive."

Opposition to the "Sunless Sunday" propaganda has also been expressed by posts of the American Legion. It is expected that the national organization of ex-service men will make an official protest against a religious ban on sports, motion pictures, mail and train service, and news papers on Sunday.

Bishop Joseph F. Berry, presiding officer of the Board of Bishops recently in session in Atlantic City, asserted his conviction that such extreme measures as are being proposed along the line of Sabbath observance by the Lord's Day Alliance are "more likely to retard than to help the attainment of such an observance of the first day of the week as millions of reasonable, right-thinking Christians have in mind." He added:

"It is, in my opinion, questionable whether this is a matter for federal legislation through Congressional action at this time. It may, and possibly will, reach Congress. But I doubt very much that Con-

gress will attempt to regulate the observance of Sunday by statute.

"It seems to me that this whole question is a matter for State regulation. I think that it will be found that this is the sentiment of the State branches of the Lord's Day Alliance in Pennsylvania and elsewhere. It is very probable some of them will question the right of the body of that organization to raise the issue nationally without their approval, with a view to action by Congress."

The Rev. Dr. William T. Manning, rector of Trinity Church, New York, is equally convinced of the unwisdom of an attempted restoration of the Puritan Sabbath. He pleads, in a much-quoted sermon, that the church should encourage wholesome games and sports on Sunday, and that pastors should participate whenever possible. He argues further:

"I object to any revival of the Puritan Sabbath, in the interest of Sunday observance and in the very name of religion itself. A great deal of the present-day laxity is a reaction against the exaggerated severity of those times. The Puritan idea of Sunday was always a mistaken one, and it never represented a consensus of the opinion of the Church. It never represented more than the peculiar views of a relatively small class of Christians."



"NOW, WILL YOU BE GOOD?"

—Kirby in New York World.

FEDERAL CONTROL URGED TO MEET THE CRISIS IN EDUCATION

MUCH has been heard during recent months of the "crisis" in American education. Teachers, pupils, schools and the general educational situation have all been painted in the blackest colors. The war revealed an amazing percentage of illiteracy in America. It is still declared that approximately one out of every seven among us is illiterate, and that one out of every four can neither read an English newspaper nor write an intelligent letter. Fifty per cent of our school children are said to be physically unfit, and sixty per cent untrained beyond the sixth grade. There are 650,000 teachers in this country, and 300,000 of them have not completed a high-school course. As a result of low salaries, thousands of teachers have deserted the schools. Last summer the average salary of the teacher throughout the entire country was about twelve dollars a week.

Teachers in New York State and in other parts of the country are now enjoying higher pay, but their salaries have not yet reached what educational experts regard as the necessary figure. Philander P. Claxton, U. S. Commissioner of Education, names \$2,000 as the right average salary for teachers in the elementary and secondary schools of the United States. This is three times as much as the average for the year 1917-18 and more than one and a half times as much as the average for the year 1919-20.

All kinds of remedies for the acknowledged shortcomings of our educational system have been proposed. At the present time there is much discussion of the Smith-Towner bill introduced into Congress, and of other plans which look toward federal control of American education. "We are the only nation of first-class importance lacking a national department of education," says Josephine Hammond in the *North American Review*.

The Smith-Towner bill, which is being as bitterly attacked as it is ardently defended, creates a Department of Education at Washington, with a Secretary of Education who shall be a member of the

President's Cabinet, and proposes an annual appropriation to the States of \$100,000,000, to be used in the advancement of education. This money is to be distributed on a fifty-fifty basis. The States, that is to say, must raise at least as much as they receive. Each State participating in the benefits extended must require a legal school term of at least twenty-four weeks' compulsory education between the ages of seven and fourteen, and the English language as the basic language of instruction in the common schools.

This is a big plan and it involves centralization of education in America on a scale that has hardly been dreamed of until now. Discussion of the Smith-Towner bill rages, pro and con, in the educational world. Several participants refuse to indorse this particular bill but pledge their allegiance to some kind of federal control or of "federal focus," as Josephine Hammond puts it. The National Education Association and a large number of other national and local organizations are in favor of the Smith-Towner bill. One of its most active champions is George Drayton Strayer, Professor of Educational Administration at Teachers College, Columbia University. On the other hand, President Hadley, of Yale, President Hibben, of Princeton, and Dr. John H. Finley, until recently New York State Commissioner of Education, have declared their opposition to the bill, and Roman Catholics everywhere are exerting themselves to defeat it.

In a leading article in the *Educational Review* in advocacy of the bill, Dr. Strayer points out that federal departments are now, more than ever before, emphasizing educational features. The Army and Navy advertise the educational opportunities which they offer to young men who enter the service; the Department of Agriculture undertakes a very important part in the development of education throughout the nation; the Treasury Department is concerned with education as it has to do with thrift; and the Federal Board for Vocational Education, an independent administrative unit, seeks to stimulate the States

in the development of this part of their educational service.

The Bureau of Education at Washington has had its own place in our administrative structure, and "everyone knows," Dr. Strayer says, "that able men have been at the head of this bureau;" but "it is equally well realized that they have been unable to develop the Bureau to the place of leadership which it should occupy in the nation just because it is a minor bureau in the Department of the Interior," and "it is literally true that less than one per cent of the money expended by the national government in supporting or encouraging education throughout the nation is administered by the Bureau of Education." What is needed, in Dr. Strayer's view, is a National Department of Education presided over by a cabinet minister who thinks in terms not of some other department or interest, but, rather, in terms of the complete educational program to be developed. The argument proceeds:

"If we are to think nationally at all, surely we ought to be able to think nationally when we consider the problem of training boys and girls for citizenship. The weakness of our scheme of education, whether with respect to the removal of illiteracy, the Americanization of the foreign born, the development of a program of physical education, or the training of teachers in one part of the country, is weakness which affects the whole country. It is a sound doctrine which proposes that the wealth of the nation be put back of the education of all of its children. It would be as ridiculous to think of attaching the cost of providing an army or navy to the individual States as it is to think that the support of education is to be thought of as wholly a State affair. In recent years our national government has come into our States and localities and taken from them their most fruitful sources of revenue, while leaving them the most expensive functions of government. For this reason, as well as for the more fundamental reason stated above, the nation should participate in providing the funds necessary for developing our public school system."

The opposition to the Smith-Towner bill is probably best expressed in a letter written to Dr. Samuel P. Capen, of the American Council of Education, by President Hadley, of Yale, and in articles of the Rev. Paul L. Blakeley, of the editorial staff

of the Roman Catholic weekly, *America*.

Dr. Hadley objects to the enormous appropriation which the bill contemplates at a time when economic conditions are so unsettled; he objects to the creation of a new cabinet minister; and he objects, above all, to what he calls the "Prussian" spirit of the bill. As he puts it:

"The concentration of educational supervision in a national capital has always worked badly, and there is no reason to suppose that the United States would prove an exception to this general rule. French education when controlled from Paris has tended to ossify, and only as they have given independence to different districts and different parts of the system has there been any progress made. All the great pieces of progress of the last century were done in opposition to the national incubus of a centralized bureau. In Germany the case was even worse. When I was in Berlin during the winter of 1907-8 I saw a good deal of the inside working; and the degradation of German thought was largely due to the fact that through the establishment, first of Berlin University and second of other centralized Prussian authorities, the politicians had become able to throttle free thought. I regard the Smith-Towner bill as a long step in the Prussianizing of American education."

Father Blakeley, who has been pounding away at the bill in issue after issue of *America*, takes a similar attitude. The objectionable feature of the bill, as he sees it, is its "creation of an educational bureaucracy." Nothing more un-American, he holds, has ever been proposed on the floor of Congress, and "no measure has ever been defended with equal brazenness." He continues:

"If all Americans who abhor the very thought that the schools of the country may pass under the control of a clique of politicians at Washington will at once instruct their servants in Congress, the most utterly damnable bill that ever found a willing political sponsor will hang higher than Haman. We have just fought one war, or think we have, for the continuance of the rule of the people. If now we remain inactive in face of the political lobbying which is trying to force the Smith-Towner bill through Congress, we may some day realize that it might have been better had we lost that war. In that case we should not have been obliged to cherish the delusion that we are a free people. The principle of the Smith-Towner bill establishes bondage and calls it freedom. If we must have slavery, let us at least reject hypocrisy."

A PORTRAIT MORE THAN FOUR THOUSAND YEARS OLD

IN the archives of the University Museum Nippur collection at Philadelphia has lain for nearly a quarter of a century a small tablet bearing the likeness of Ibi-Sin, last King of the Chaldean city of Ur. It is now revealed, in an article in the *Museum Journal*, as one of the important archeological finds of our time. The author of the article, Dr. Léon Legrain, is a young Sumerian scholar who was recently appointed curator of the Museum's Babylonian section.

This tablet, it seems, dates back two hundred years before Abraham rose to leadership of the tribes of Israel. It is part of a

lump of clay that once did service as postage-stamp and address-tag for a basket of gold shipped from the temple of Ur to the most sacred shrine of the god Enlil at Nippur.

The seal from which the impression was made is described by Dr. Legrain as a masterpiece of the engraver's art. "Only the best lapidary in the royal city could cut a seal of such refinement and perfection." The whole design, including the minute inscriptions, had to be cut into a hard material such as onyx, agate or lapis lazuli, used for making seals in ancient Babylonia. The illustration is two and a quarter times larger than the original design.



THE OLDEST PORTRAIT IN THE WORLD

This clay tablet, showing Ibi-Sin, King of Ur, in the act of presenting a vase filled with precious ointment to the High Priest of the god Enlil at Nippur, is said to be the oldest definite portrait in existence. It did service as postage-stamp and address-tag in the days before Abraham rose to leadership in Israel.

EDUCATION THAT NEITHER INSTRUCTS NOR TRAINS

NOT through observing the speech and gesture of the babe of three does one become a champion of the cause of infant education. The deepest needs of the young child, disguised as they are by its energy and zest, are often not superficially evident. They are obscure to the child himself. They are totally unsuspected by the parent. Olivia Howard Dunbar, writing in *The Dial*, thinks one comes to perceive what is due to babyhood by long, sad consideration of the case of the average adult:

"Diagnosis of this adult, or rather of his mental state, has been pretty thoroughly made. It is conceded that the most lamentable habit this has revealed is that of surrender to herd psychology. His amiable incapacity to think or act for himself in any real sense has been made tragically plain. Cases are also rare in which legitimate development in one or more directions hasn't been arrested or distorted. These facts are no longer to be questioned. But if the serious conditions that they correspond to can be remedied to any extent, then the effort to do this surely becomes 'the one supremely important undertaking.' The only debatable point is whether the educator's solicitude should be directed toward the human being at birth, or whether he can afford to wait a brief interval. Roughly speaking, it is clear that human development is past control at twenty. It is perhaps almost equally clear that it is past control at fifteen. What is beginning to be seen is that in the essential sense the same is true of ten—and that if we are honestly concerned to promote the really free and complete development of human beings, the attempt to do this must begin practically in babyhood. The argument is thoroughly logical in itself, and unhappily for childhood, the world is full of evidence to support it. If infancy were not inarticulate and weak, it would never have waited for a chance handful of elders to contrive its revolution for it. Infancy must always have known better."

Consider, from his own point of view, the life of a four-year-old in any sheltered home:

"Consider what a base level he occupies in the domestic hierarchy, how officially he is buttoned and swathed, pushed and pursued, forced and forbidden, how to an almost intolerable degree he is made the buffer for adult emotion, even as adult mood and adult convenience

determine practically the entire arrangement of his life. Consider how his desires and impulses are derided, his tastes ignored, his will thwarted. Consider the cases in which he is the helpless victim of a nurse-maid one hasn't the patience to characterize."

It is a knot of manifold humiliations in which the young child is caught. There is a genuine if belated interest in his rescue. It is of peculiar importance to note the characteristics of such schools as the desire for this rescue has called into being:

"Any possible hostility the new schools disarm by calling themselves 'experimental' and by honestly meriting the term. System has not so far gripped them and even 'method,' that fetish of the pedagogue, is a word used only in occasional discreet whispers. If the children who spend their days in these animated little laboratories learn much, their teachers learn of course a great deal more, and even the fortunate parents indirectly profit.

"Individualistic and independent of each other as experimental schools are and should be, their approximately common derivation brings them nevertheless within a single group, and it is in their resemblances rather than their differences that their revolutionary character consists. A modern school may acknowledge in place of the 'system' it has discarded an abstract purpose, merely. In place of 'equipment' it may boast only of an atmosphere. And even if there is any uncertainty, which there usually isn't, as to just what it will do for a child, and how, there is at least no uncertainty whatever as to what it won't do—that is, as to what ancient sins it won't commit. A school of this type doesn't make it its first business to seal up the approaches to experience. It doesn't 'instruct' little children, it doesn't 'train' them, it doesn't 'discipline'—and these are perhaps the three words that summed up the former educational code. This means, of course, that the philosophy of 'education through play' is put into practice, that authority is to a greater or less extent discarded in favor of libertarianism. It may even be taken for granted that there will be no artificial cleavage between the interests of girls and boys, and no discrimination in favor of the children of the well-to-do. Furthermore, the lowest age limit is sinking rapidly. One school that now accepts children at two hopes in time to take them at six months."

PSYCHOLOGY BASED UPON DREAMS

A MAN dreams and in his agitated sleep it happens that the back of his neck comes in contact with the iron bar at the head of his bed. At once, in consequence of this metallic sensation, he beholds with kaleidoscopic swiftness the whole French revolution—Mademoiselle de Sombreuil draining the cup of human blood to save the life of her aged father, Andre Chénier on the cart, the tribunal, the scaffold and himself upon the fatal plank. The impression is so vivid that he awakes and finds his head resting upon the iron bar of his bed.

Here we have a familiar illustration, says the Paris *Revue Scientifique*, of the physical cause underlying what may be termed the texture of the dream. It is an illustration suggested by the work of the eminent French psychologist, Professor Albert Kaploun, on the psychology of the dream life. His inferences are based upon observations verified and controlled in the most exact manner. His minute personal observations extend over a period of five years. He comes to the topic from three points of view, looking first into belief, then into perception and finally into judgment as parts of a single dream-process. The psychology of dreams would seem to require several new classifications of mental processes which we have as yet too hastily assimilated with those of the waking state.

Professor Kaploun separates the wakened attention from other attributes of the mind. There is an interrogative attitude of the mind which, he says, maintains or preserves acquired knowledge. These acquired kinds of knowledge are within us in a subconscious or latent state, but ever ready to emerge in the mind when they are appropriately stimulated. The mind can concern itself with but one subject or object at a time. It is inferred from this that the mind has a "point" which marks—as if it were an indicator or arrow in a moving state—each of the objects or subjects with which it is concerned. This "mind point" is mobile and

it is this mobility which leads us to suppose that the consciousness contains at every instant a multiplicity of things or facts. This multiplicity exists, but it is successive. The function of the mind seems to be to establish the relation of the elements scattered through consciousness with the central object of thought at a particular moment.

In the consciousness during the waking state we have to recognize the central ego, a permanent thing, independent in its operation, which is not extinguished even during sleep. Besides this central ego there is the automatic ego. The rôle of the automatic ego is to watch reality unconsciously as a passive spectator of it. It thus produces "affective" reactions and in the waking state adapts our thoughts, sentiments and actions to this reality. It seems certain that in the waking state these two egos are united, blended. In sleep it seems no less certain that they become separated. Hence the sleeper has but a vague consciousness, a vague perception of the real. The subconscious work of the automatic ego emerges indirectly in his superconscious mind. If it does so from the lower to the upper consciousness it does so in a transposed state. If the tension of the automatic ego becomes too powerful, union of the two egos is effected and the sleeper wakes.

During sleep the automatic ego supplies some kinds of knowledge to the dreamer, but they are very incomplete. Tension being relaxed, the system of reality disappears to give place to the irrational world of the dream. The imagination now forms and develops at its own sweet will those illusory or half real things among which we can scarcely distinguish one from another. Every dream thing is a matter of thought, just like every real thing. This dream world is distinct from the real and is sufficient unto itself. Notions of time and space are reduced or abolished. Images predominate, clothed in gleaming hues. Perceptions are transposed by the reaction of the central ego.

A CHEERFUL VIEW OF HARDENING OF ARTERIES

ONE technical name for hardening of the arteries is "arteriosclerosis," which means a toughening of the fibers of which the blood vessels are made up. This implies that the disease is really a change in structure. As a matter of fact, hardening of the arteries is rather a change in behavior than a change in structure. The change in behavior is much more important to the person who has the disease than the change in structure. If, says Doctor Louis Faugères Bishop, the distinguished authority on the heart, the muscle of a man's heart should turn to stone it would feel hard when it was touched or held. When you "put up" your muscle, as the children say, it also feels hard but with a different quality of hardness. Indeed, the muscle of a boy who has trained himself becomes hard when he chooses to make it so. The hardening of the arteries is much like this, except that when muscular contraction in their case has gone on for a long time, the arteries become tough and brittle.*

"The fact that hardening of the arteries is chiefly a misbehavior gives us hope that much can be done for it. If we hold the old-fashioned view that hardening of the arteries is due to a deposit of lime salts, turning the arteries into structures resembling the stems of clay pipes, we are driven to taking a gloomy view of the health prospects of one who has hardening of the arteries. The fact is, however, that no such condition exists except as a freak of nature in some very old people; those whom I have seen in this condition have generally been eighty or ninety years old, and perhaps at that time of life ought not to have been worried about it.

"The hardening of the arteries that is like the hardening of the muscle in the boy's arm is due to a contraction of the arteries because they are irritated by poisons circulating in the blood, or to nervous causes, or to poor heart action. The disease can be hopefully treated by diet and exercise and other appropriate means. The usual cause of this hardening is a disturbance of the relation of the person to his food. It does not mean necessarily that the food itself is poisonous, but that the person affected is out of joint with the food."

* HEART TROUBLES: THEIR PREVENTION AND RELIEF. By Louis Faugères Bishop, M. D. New York and London: Funk and Wagnall's Company.

It is as though some fine morning a man goes down to his office and everybody there gets on his nerves. The chances are that the people in his office are just as nice as they ever were but he himself has gotten out of bed on the wrong side. People develop hardening of the arteries because their systems are in a condition to be irritated and damaged by the good and healthy foods that at other times would have been perfectly proper for them. The foods to which people ordinarily develop this relationship are the nitrogeous foods containing sulphur—the foods which come from eggs, fish and meat.

Hardening of the arteries may be functional or organic. Organic hardening of the arteries consists of a deposit in the artery of hard fibers or of lime-like chalky lumps. In this way the arteries are rendered stiff and perhaps even brittle, and at the same time they become elongated and twisted. Sometimes they can be seen in this condition on the temples and in other parts of the body. It is a common occurrence with the advance of age. It also happens in younger people from errors in diet, from infectious diseases, and from kidney and heart trouble. It leads to high blood pressure, to increased work on the part of the heart, and tends to a gradual wearing out of the body; or, one of the blood vessels may rupture and cause apoplexy. Thus organic hardening of the arteries is a serious matter, and one in which care is exceedingly important.

Functional hardening of the arteries is due to the contraction of the muscular middle coat of the vessels. It may occur as a passing affection, as when the arteries contract to help out the weakened heart, or when there is some demand for high blood pressure; or, it may be a more or less permanent condition, leading to a thickening of the muscular coat and causing high blood pressure, and finally leading to organic hardening.

This functional hardening of the arteries is detected by feeling the pulse and finding the radial artery small and hard; it is also inferred when the blood pressure is found to be high.

Functional hardening of the arteries is a matter of high importance in all heart patients, in all kidney patients and in many forms of chronic diseases, because it is the point where many diseases cause harm. At the same time it is capable of being prevented and cured, chiefly by hygienic measures. It is not usually realized by the laity that even organically hardened arteries may be rendered harmless to the

patient. Hardening of the arteries can not last long without producing heart disease and usually kidney disease. "A person with hardened arteries who does not have treatment can not continue long without developing heart disease. But with a well-regulated life and proper attention to diet, there is no limit to the years in which one can maintain every outward appearance of health."

STEINACH'S SURGERY OF REJUVENATION

STEINACH, the Viennese physician, achieved international renown a few years ago when he transformed males into females and females into males, using small animals for purposes of experiment. There have been hints that these transformations were not permanent. In the interval that has elapsed since the results of the Steinach surgery were first proclaimed, there has been abundant opportunity to test his results. They have been amply confirmed, according to Doctor Erich Ebstein, in the *Illustrirte Zeitung*. The Steinach operation consists in castrating rats and guinea pigs and implanting ovaries or

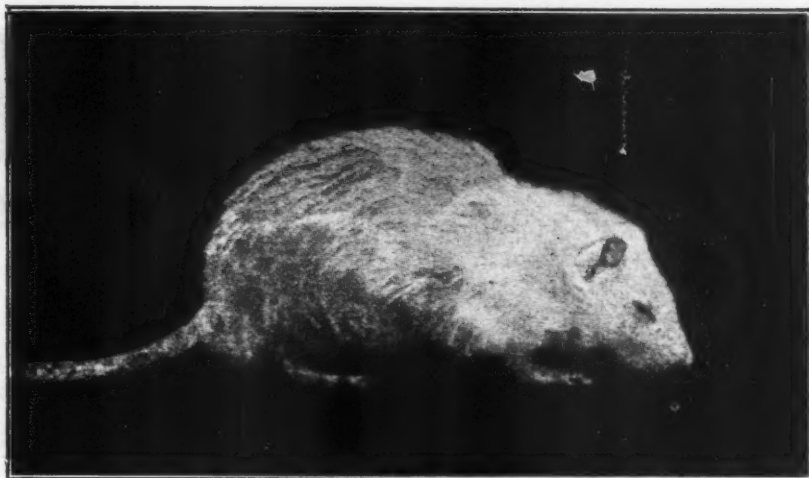
testicles, as the case may require. If the operation proves a success, the creature assumes all the secondary sexual characters of the normal animal of the appropriate sex. The male has become female and remains as such in a state of health. The female turns male and displays the natural traits of its new character with vigor. If the operation is not a success, the creature operated upon becomes neuter, without special sexual characteristics.

Steinach announces his belief that the differences in sex characters between male and female do not reside from the anatomical standpoint in organs devoted to



A MASCULINE MADE FEMININE

The Steinach operation is in its original form a process of transforming the female into the male and the male into the female.



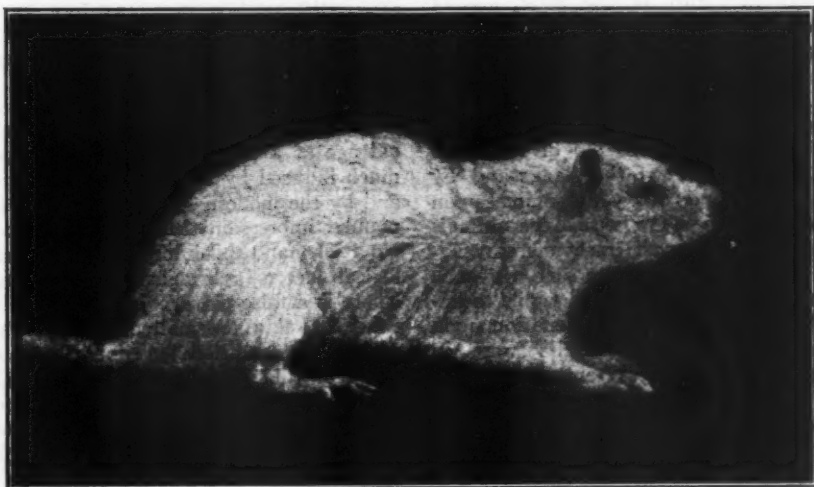
THE PATRIARCH

Senile, tottering, enfeebled and neglected, this aged rat has none of the vigor and the vehemence that characterized the prophets of old when a hundred years of human experience left one still juvenile, still fresh.

functional uses but in certain cells—Leydig cells or Lutein cells. These cells set up a secretion which determine the sex characters of an individual. These cells are really glands. Whether an individual be in a state of vigor or debility depends upon the state of these glands. Sometimes we

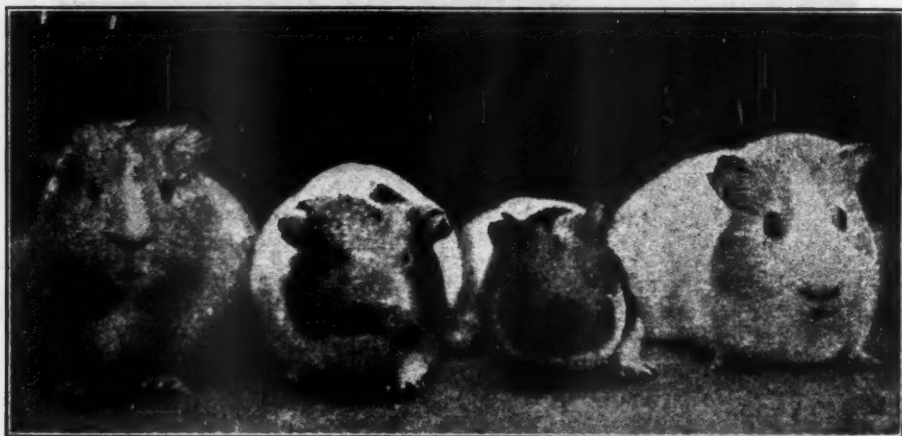
see a person advanced in years who has more strength and more vitality than one who is half his age. The difference is due to the state of the glands to which Steinach thus directs attention.

Steinach asked himself if it were possible, through a special treatment of these



THE JUVENILE

It is the same rat, the same patriarch whose enervated and somnolent imbecility moved us just now to pity but the wonderful surgery of the Austrian genius has taken the weight of the rat's years away from him as if it were a ball and chain on a convict's leg.



SOME HAVE GROWN YOUNG SURGICALLY

The sweet little guinea pig has been made young—the one at the left—and beside him is a male actually transformed into a female and showing the sweetness and gentleness of the sex.

glands, to renew the vigor of youth in the aged or in the debilitated. The thing called youth may be the effect of the freshness of these glands. Steinach renewed his experiments upon the rat. Many generations of rats had to be studied with infinite care from the day of birth to advanced senility. The aged male rat is betrayed by his bristly coat and by the falling out of his hair, the sinking of the head, excessive curvature of the back, loss of weight, weakness of muscle and the like. The eyes blink or remain half closed and there is a loss of interest in the surroundings. The pugnacity is all but gone.

The eminent surgeon experimented upon these old rats with the aid of Roentgen rays, with ligatures of the glands and by grafting the glands of a young animal upon an old one. In a few weeks the animals operated upon showed traces of rejuvenation. A little over two years ago Steinach encouraged one or two of his pupils to undertake this surgery of rejuvenation upon human subjects. The results were in many instances no less remarkable than those obtained with rats. There was a renewal of physical vigor, a diminution of the trembling of the hands, a finer bearing, more alertness mentally. It was observed that the rats thus operated upon had their lives prolonged considerably beyond the normal longevity for their species. How long these effects may endure in the case of

human beings is yet to be determined, because this form of surgery is of too recent origin to draw sweeping inferences. Certain it is that the gland surgery practiced upon the rat attains results no less striking when applied to aged men and aged women. Repeated experiments seem to confirm the theory of Steinach that sex characters do not reside where they have hitherto been assumed to reside but in the glands which give forth a secretion known now by the name of Boux, after the brilliant physiologist whose theories first gave Steinach his clue.

In interpreting facts like this, adds our German expert, we must remember that old age as a physical condition has been much induced by the stress of civilization and by the modern fear of it. There is a popular impression that man begins to be old at fifty and this impression is a psychological factor in bringing old age about. There is a false old age just as there is a condition akin to smallpox which is not smallpox, a condition like tuberculosis, and not real tuberculosis. Has the Steinach surgery attacked not old age but that condition which is so nearly like it in the lower animals as to be mistaken for it? Again, are the rejuvenated really made young or do they lay aside a sham old age? The symptoms of age nowadays are not symptoms of senility but of physical strain locally. Intellectual old age is rare.

UNSUSPECTED SENSE OF HOME AMONG BIRDS

IT might be supposed by the uninitiated that birds are afforded an infinite variety of places in which to make their place of residence. If I were a bird, the average man thinks, I would make my home here or there wherever it seemed best to me. The truth, according to the able entomologist, Doctor J. Thienemann, is quite otherwise. The birds seem hard put to it to find a place wherein to set up their housekeeping. The great migrations of birds, taking place twice a year, seem in the light of recent investigation to be subject to clearly defined limitations from the domestic standpoint. Birds are evidently drawn by an instinct as yet little suspected to the same place season after season for the purpose of constructing the nests. Indeed, they appear to evince a remarkable preference for the place of their birth, obeying in this a law to which most human beings are also subject.

Not until the practice of "ringing" the legs of birds had been persisted in for some time did this propensity among them become clear through the accumulation of a mass of facts bearing upon it. It is always the same stork, year after year, that returns to the accustomed part of the stream and the farm yard or garden. The same starlings return annually to their accustomed places on the roofs. As for the swallows, their sense of home is amazing. Experienced "ringers" have put their aluminum tokens about the legs of swallows season after season, and year after year the same birds come back to the same spots on the same trees and even to the identical nests they left, if those have survived the wintry blasts. Professor Thienemann proceeds in the *Illustrierte Zeitung* (Leipsic):

"Even the birds in their tender youth come back to settle in the place of their birth or in the immediate vicinity. Thus the stork population of any particular region is invariably perpetuated by young specimens born in the circle and not through the agency of newcomers from outside. This circumstance is of great importance in the practical work of protecting bird life. If, for instance, in any given region the old breeding birds are decimated or

dispossessed, it may be a long while before a new feathered population enters from without. The old birds are gone. Young ones are not hatched out. How is the deficiency to be made good? The old birds in the neighboring spots always remain true to their first nesting places."

There are exceptions, but they are occasional—even rare. Thus in the Lüneburg woods a stork carefully marked not long after its birth there was some years later discovered quite far off in East Prussia. A Dutch starling was found later in Finland. But it may be laid down as a general rule that migratory birds always return to the place where they first nested. Otherwise there could be no perpetuation of the so-called local breeds which can be readily distinguished from the other specimens of their species by coloration or even by their anatomical aspect. Of the migratory birds whose tendency to return without fail to the original nesting place is established beyond cavil the most conspicuous include sea swallows or terns, gulls, lapwings, green plovers, woodcocks, pigeons, hawks and many others. Furthermore, birds which are not migratory display a propensity to stick with pertinacity to the region, even if it be a restricted one, in which they were brooded. Occasionally a young bird may be found with a roving propensity, even if its species be not at all migratory, but this propensity seems to be overcome with the advance of the period of maturity and the creature clings to its first home with obstinacy. "There is much about bird life, then, of which we remain in the densest ignorance, as is shown by these facts regarding the love of home. It is no less obvious from the established home instinct that birds must be intimately related to one another as individuals and inbreeding must be more intense than was suspected until now."

This inbreeding among birds tends to enlighten us on the subject of consanguinity. It has been held that matings to be biologically sound must take place outside the group. It seems an established fact that among birds mating is within a group—a group restricted.

DETECTIVE WORK OF THE CHEMIST IN CASES OF MURDER

CASES of murder by poisoning may pass undetected owing to the absence of suspicion; but once the aid of chemical analysis is invoked, there is much less prospect of escaping detection than there was even ten years ago. It is true that murder nowadays is a weapon of the man of science turned criminal, as the police records show, but such a murder must hit upon some new expedient and make use of a discovery all his own if he is likely to escape. Some of the difficulties to be overcome by the chemist in establishing the fact of murder are set forth in *Chambers's Journal*.

Since the poison may come from the animal, vegetable or mineral kingdom, it is quite likely that the samples sent the chemist-detective may be exhausted before all his tests are made. Then there may be more than one poison present. It is not sufficient to prove that such and such a poison was present. The chemist must also show its presence in sufficient quantity to cause death. In India thousands of deaths are caused by atropine, obtained from a plant known as the nightshade, or belladonna. Hindoo murderers seem to have attained a miraculous skill in taking life by means of atropine. Personal enemies, political rivals and others whose power is too great are frequently removed by its aid. Its deadly efficiency in softening the brain makes atropine distinct from every other poison of its class.

In searching for atropine the analyst has the choice of several chemical tests, but he usually chooses the delicate and modern physiological test. Some animal—usually a rat—is taken, and a tiny portion of the mysterious residue, dissolved in water, is applied to its eyelid. If in the water there is only one part in every 130,000 atropine, the rat's eyes will commence to dilate in a most remarkable manner. Indeed, poisoning by atropine can usually be identified by the same sign in the eyes of the victim, for the dilation will continue long after death, and cannot be effectively interfered with by any other drug known.

The search for every other kind of vege-

table alkaloid poison is prosecuted in the same way, by soaking the stomach and its contents in alcohol and obtaining a residue. This residue, steeped in ether or chloroform, yields into the liquid any alkaloid poison it contains, and the ether or the chloroform, being mixed with a solution of gold or platinum salt, gives up the alkaloid in a solid form. Then there remains a particular test for each possible poison. To find strychnine, for instance, a small part of the residue would be placed on a porcelain plate along with an equal quantity of chromate of potash. A drop of strong sulphuric acid is added, and then, if strychnine is really present, the whole mixture at once turns a rich blue, changing rapidly to purple, and then to red. The chief difficulty in proving strychnine-poisoning lies in the minute quantity that suffices to cause death. Half a grain has proved a fatal dose, and this quantity spreads to every organ and tissue in the body.

A poison that not so long ago was a favorite with murderers is known as morphia. Here the difficulties of the detective-chemist are decidedly less, for without great effort he can detect the presence of even one twenty-thousandth part of a grain. The usual residue having been obtained, an addition of iodic acid is made. Then, should morphia be present, the whole at once turns blue when a little starch paste is added. Or chloride of zinc may be added and the mixture, when heated, produces a beautiful and lasting green color. Apart from vegetable poisons, acids are the next in favor with murderers, but the advances in chemistry within recent years have caused such poisons to be avoided by clever criminals, altho they remain a favorite with suicides. Acids invariably leave traces that may be distinguished without difficulty and for this reason they trouble the analytical chemists but little. On the continent of Europe metallic poisons are much used by murderers and arsenic seems to be their favorite. The defect of this drug, from the murderer's point of view, is that if it be taken in sufficient doses it preserves the body. A woman poisoned by

arsenic was exhumed after eleven months and the body was found quite unchanged. In England a common use for arsenic is in poisonous flypapers and a single case of murder by this means well illustrates the methods adopted in detection of the crime.

The victim died after thirteen days, apparently from a severe attack of stomach derangement. For this trouble his doctor had treated him, with every appearance of success, and death was quite unexpected. But it afterwards transpired that his wife had been soaking "fly-papers" in water, and then mixing the water with her husband's food and medicine.

So the analysts were asked to find out definitely whether or not there was sufficient arsenic in the man's body to have caused death. This they attempted by soaking small portions of the body in acid, and afterwards adding to the solution hydrogen sulphate. This yielded a yellow substance which, when heated, partly disappeared, leaving behind only a few bright metallic beads. But three metals in the

world would have given such a result—cadmium, antimony and arsenic. The next step, therefore, was to prove that cadmium and antimony did *not* cause the phenomenon. Cadmium was eliminated first. A quantity of the acid in which pieces of the dead body had been soaked was poured into a receptacle, and boiled. In it was placed a piece of copper, and the copper immediately became covered with a gray film. It was dried, placed in a glass tube, and heated, when a ring of crystals appeared. Cadmium could not have produced such a result, so it was eliminated.

The final test was now approached. A few pieces of zinc were placed in a flask, and vitriol was added. This gave off hydrogen gas, which was tested and proved pure. Then a portion of the body-soaked acid was added to the zinc-and-vitriol flask, and the hydrogen-gas was lit. Over the flame a fragment of porcelain was held, and a black spot of arsenic soot was quickly deposited. Since antimony could not have given such a result, arsenic was proved beyond all possible doubt.

DOES THE INSECT BELONG TO OUR WORLD?

AFTER a careful study of the work of that famed entomologist, Fabre, Maeterlinck wrote that the insect does not belong to our world. That idea seems to have impressed Doctor C. L. Bouvier, the French entomologist, who inclines to take Maeterlinck's poetical view that all insects enjoy a psychic life of their own. Other animals and even the plants, despite their mute lives and the great secrets they enfold, seem not to be such total strangers, for we still feel in them, notwithstanding their peculiarities, a certain terrestrial fraternity. They may surprise or even amaze us at times but they do not completely upset our ideas. Something in the insects, however, seems to be alien to the habits, morals and psychology of our globe. One is tempted to wonder if the insects have not come from some planet more energetic than our own, more insensate than our own, more atrocious, more infernal.

Altho Maeterlinck's idea is poetical, it seems to find favor with so eminent and serious a scientist as Bouvier. There is a mystery here, he believes, and his studies of the psychic life of the insect are a result. Bouvier has the feeling that the psychic evolution of the insects must be no less original than their structure, and that "they never differ so greatly from us as when they seem to resemble us most closely." Is the insect an intruder into Nature, an unwelcome guest, a factor in the world never originally contemplated in the scheme of evolution, the great enemy? Bouvier seems inclined to adopt that view. His trend of thought has led to a reaction against him; but so conservative a master of entomology as Professor W. M. Wheeler asserts in *Science* that Bouvier will have to be taken seriously. Bouvier reveals himself as "a sane and catholic Neo-Lamarckian. He takes the position that insects must not be regarded as simple "reflex

state, has been shown to increase crime, suicide, insanity and revolution. Professor Huntington, a high authority on climate, shows that physical efficiency is highest at the mean annual temperature of San Diego, Gibraltar, Palermo, and Jerusalem, while mental efficiency is highest at an average temperature of forty degrees.

"Primitive civilization has been said to depend chiefly upon the heaping up of material wealth, created almost entirely by manual labor, performed by practically all the population, chiefly tillers of the soil, including often the women. There were some few thinkers—a handful of priests to design the Pyramids and a few artists, nobles, judges and overseers, but the dull, toiling *fellahtn*, on whose efficiency nearly everything depended, comprized almost all the population. But a modern civilization, like that of our Empire State, requires mental rather than physical labor from a very large proportion of the population, while even the so-called handicrafts, such as housekeeping, farming and auto-driving, demand a more active mentality than the tillage or even handicrafts of primitive civilization. And the priest-scientist, the judge and the foreman have become leaders, wielding powers greater than ever before for the progress or ruin of the community, to which their ideas are all-important. Altogether, modern civilization would seem to depend more upon clear thinking, initiative, will and self-control (in useful directions), and primitive civilization more upon physical toil, bodily energy. The change has been gradual, depending on the progress of civilization."

Highly significant from this standpoint is the fact that within each nation civilization has moved coldward in progressing. In practically every country culture has appeared first along the warm edge and progressed coldward as it developed.

Greek civilization began in Crete and ended in Constantinople. The leadership of Italy passed from Sicily through Rome to Milan, and that of Spain from Cadiz to Madrid and Barcelona. German culture began along the Rhine and spread gradually east-northeast, perpendicularly across the isotherms. The nations which are exceptions prove the rule. These are the countries north of the isotherm of 50° F., 10° C., which traces the ridge of contemporary civilization. This very significant line runs from Astoria, Oregon, past Puget Sound, thence to Omaha, Des Moines, Indianapolis, south of Cleveland and Buffalo, a little north of New York, to Dublin, past Liverpool and London, to Rotterdam and Paris, along the Rhine valley to Munich, south of Vienna, across Hungary and Rumania to Odessa and Astrakhan, to cross Japan midway between Tokyo and Hakodate.

Within each country south of this ridge "isotherm"—a line passing through points on the earth's surface which have the same temperature—and north of 70° F., the banner of civilization has passed from south to north; while in each country north of the ridge, civilization has always been highest along the warm edge of that country. When civilization has advanced still further, its ideal isotherm will become a colder one. Doctor GilFillan comes to this conclusion:

"Scandinavia has in recent decades shown great cultural activity, as if preparing to lead the world next. Russia is rousing herself from a sleep of ages. In 1914 the most virile architecture was that of the apartment houses of Berlin. In 2000 it will perhaps be found in Detroit and Copenhagen, in 2100 in Montreal, Christiania and Memel."

THE TEN GREAT DISCOVERIES OF THE NEW PHYSICS

NO less than ten great discoveries have resulted from the new physics within the past twenty years and they are described by that eminent physicist Professor R. A. Millikan.* This new physics, he says, is the physics of atomism, based upon the theory that this world does indeed

consist in every part of it of matter in violent motion. Up to within seven years there were not a few distinguished scientists who withheld their allegiance from

*Proceedings of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution.

these atomic and kinetic theories of matter. This atomism is the first established fact of the new physics.

The second advance is the proof of the divisibility of the atom, a proof which grew out of the discovery of the X-rays. The third is the discovery of radio-activity. The fourth discovery is that of the so-called atomicity of electricity—the proof that the thing we call electricity is built up out of a definite number of specks of electricity, all exactly alike, and that what we call an electrical current consists simply in the journey along the conductor of these electrical specks, which we may call with perfect justice definite material bodies.

The fifth great discovery of modern physics is the bringing forward of evidence for the electrical origin of mass. This led directly to the sixth of these discoveries—that of the nucleus atom.

"Nature takes a helium atom which is going with a speed of 18,000 miles per second, and nature shoots that atom right through a glass wall without leaving any hole behind, and without in any way interfering with the structure of the molecules of the glass. This obviously means that the positive nucleus itself must be extraordinarily minute. Indeed, the fact that the negative electron actually shoots through those hundreds of thousands of atoms without ever going near enough to any constituent of those atoms to knock any one of them out, and the fact that the positive nucleus of helium, viz., the alpha particle, shoots through even more molecules without being deflected at all from its course, causes one to wonder whether there is anything at all that is impenetrable in the atom."

The seventh great discovery, the discovery of the nature of X-rays, did not merely tell us approximately how many electrons there are in the nucleus, but it told us exactly how many there are.

The discovery of crystal structure by the study of X-rays, due to Laue in Munich and Bragg in England, is number eight on this striking list. We analyze light by a grating which consists of a series of equally spaced lines on a reflecting or transmitting surface. "With such a device we can split light up into a spectrum, but we can not thus split it up unless the width of the grating space is comparable with the wave length of the light. In the case of X-rays,

we had no knowledge of gratings whose grating spaces were anything like as small as the wave length of X-rays, in fact such gratings were unknown until Laue had the bright idea of using the regular arrangement of the atoms in a crystal for a grating to see whether that would not do the work, and it did the work marvelously well."

The results of this discovery are rather insignificant in comparison with those of the ninth—the discovery of the relations between the elements and the extension of our knowledge of the radiations emitted by different substances.

"If you take the highest frequency emitted by a given atom, and if you lay down on a table a length which is equal to the square root of this frequency, and if on top of that you lay down the square root of the frequency of the atom which has the next lower frequency, and so if you continue to lay down, with one group of ends together, the measured square root frequencies of all the elements that you can study, then what have you got? You find that you have a flight of stairs, with perfectly definite equal treads; that is, the frequencies change by definite steps as you go from element to element."

The last of the ten great discoveries of modern physics is that of "quantum" relations in photo-electricity, in X-rays and in optical spectra. Here, confesses Professor Millikan, we come to a field that has yet to be explored, which we do not yet understand. Some things are already known about it that are new:

"For example, it is an extraordinarily interesting fact that when light of the X-ray type, or, indeed, light of any frequency, falls upon, say, a lithium or sodium surface, or upon almost any surface, it has the property in some way of taking hold of a negative electron in one of the atoms of that surface and of hurling that electron out with a perfectly definite speed, a speed which we can measure and which we find to be exactly proportional to the frequency of the light. That is an extraordinary phenomenon, and it is one that we explain on a kind of quantum theory, which I will not attempt to enter into here because of the fact that we have not yet worked it out fully, so that I can not give you anything very definite about it."

This brief survey brings us, Professor Millikan says, to the "very utmost boundaries of our present knowledge."

THE CALCULATED INDISCRETIONS OF MARGOT ASQUITH

THE new autobiography of Margot Asquith* involves some of the most important names in the English-speaking world during two generations, and is being as bitterly attacked as it is ardently defended. When serial publication of the memoirs was started, Mr. Asquith is said to have seen an article in a newspaper at his breakfast table and to have asked his wife about it. She told him that she was getting £13,000 for her memoirs. "Good heavens, Margot," exclaimed the former Premier, "I hope they're not worth all that!"

The autobiography appeared in book form in London early in November, and on the day of its publication Winston Churchill wrote a two-column review for the *Daily Mail*. Rarely has the world been asked to enjoy so unique a revelation. Where is there another woman who can boast not only of having married a prime minister of England but of having her marriage register signed by three more prime ministers? What other woman of our time has persuaded Tennyson to read his poems to her, inspired Gladstone to write a poem about her, and has been greeted by Henry James as "the very Balzac of diarists?" The period covered by the autobiography is from the 'sixties of the last century until the present year. King Edward and the Prince of Wales, Morley and Balfour, Lord Rosebery and the Marquis of Salisbury, Jowett and Huxley, the Duchess of Devonshire and Lady Randolph Churchill, are a few of the figures who move through these pages. It was a period when Americans bought hundreds of thousands of copies of Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Robert Elsmere," one of whose characters, Rose, Jowett recognized as Margot Tennant (now Margot Asquith). Others have fixed on Margot as the heroine of Benson's "Dodo," and everyone knows that she was Sir William Watson's "Woman with a Serpent's Tongue."

Mrs. Asquith's book has been attacked in the London *Morning Post* under the caption "Margot in Blunderland." In the

eyes of the London *Times*, the book is a scandal. It would be easy to fill columns with the scathing comments of English critics on the book's looseness and vulgarity. Dr. Leonard Huxley objects to an account of his father's manners and conversation at Oxford in the Jowett days. Lady Gwendolen Cecil, daughter of Lord Salisbury, has corrected the date of a reported interview with her father. Two passages in the memoirs, one describing the English Cabinet room when war began on the night of August 4, 1914, another dealing with Robert Louis Stevenson in Switzerland, have been eliminated from the version printed in America. But allowing for these and similar faults, the book is one of extraordinary interest. Its indiscretions—if indiscretions they are—are calculated.

Mrs. Asquith recalls that when Morley was writing his life of Gladstone Balfour said to her: "If you see John Morley, give him my love and tell him to be bold and indiscreet." On this she makes the comment: "A biography must not be a brief either for or against its client and it should be the same with an autobiography. In writing about yourself and other living people you must take your courage in both hands." She had thought of putting as a motto on the title-page of her book, "As well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb," but finally selected a quotation from Blake: "Prudence is a rich, ugly old maid wooed by incapacity." Margot has never wooed prudence.

Her childhood was free and full of color and spent chiefly on the family country estate in Scotland. She associated with shepherds, fishermen and poachers, as well as with her own set, and she spent long days out of doors equipped only with a book, pencils, cigarets and food. Her sister Laura (afterwards Mrs. Alfred Littleton) was for awhile nearer to her than any other human soul. "We read late in bed, sometimes till three in the morning, and said our prayers out loud to each other every night."

There was talk of the Tennant girls as "fast"; but "we hardly knew the meaning of the word," Margot says. To be sure,

* MARGOT ASQUITH: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. In Two Volumes. Doran.

she and her sister received men in their bedrooms, but "we wore charming dressing-jackets and sat up in bed with colored cushions behind our backs, while the brothers and their friends sat on the floor or in comfortable chairs round the room." If parents insisted upon retiring punctually at eleven, "it was unthinkable that men and women friends should not be allowed to join us."

One of the joys of Margot's childhood was pony-riding, and she tells us that riding and writing have been the greatest pleasures of her life. She celebrates the hunting-field. She exults in the motion of a horse. Her pages devoted to the chase have a wildness all their own.

Laura died in her first child-birth, and this tragedy, we learn, had more effect on Margot than any other event in her life except her own marriage and the birth of her children. In reaction from her grief, she went into the slums of London and tried to help working girls. Her custom was to spend a lunch-hour with factory-workers three times a week. This led her into a fist fight when one of her girl friends got into a row in a bar-room. She tells the story with gusto, just as she tells of the efforts of society women to snub her and of her first meeting with the Prince of Wales, who was later to become King Edward VII.

"One night, when I was dining *fête-à-fête* with my beloved friend, Godfrey Webb, in his flat in Victoria Street, my father sent the brougham for me with a message to ask if I would accompany him to supper at Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill's, where we had been invited to meet the Prince of Wales. I said I should be delighted if I could keep on the dress that I was wearing, but as it was late and I had to get up early next day I did not want to change my clothes; he said he supposed my dress would be quite smart enough, so we drove to the Randolph Churchills' house together.

"On my arrival at the Churchills', I observed all the fine ladies wearing ball-dresses off the shoulder and their tiaras. This made me very conspicuous and I wished profoundly that I had changed into something smarter before going out.

"The Prince of Wales had not arrived and, as our hostess was giving orders to the White Hungarian Band, my father and I had to walk into the room alone.

"I saw several of the ladies eying my toilet, and, having painfully sharp ears, I heard some of their remarks:

"Do look at Miss Tennant! She is in her nightgown!"

"I suppose it is meant to be 'ye olde English picture!'" I wonder she has not let her hair down like the Juliets at the Oakham balls!

"Another, more charitable, said:

"I daresay no one told her that the Prince of Wales was coming. . . . Poor child! What a shame!"

"And finally a man said:

"There is nothing so odd as the passion some people have for self-advertisement; it only shows what it is to be intellectual!"

"At that moment our hostess came up to us with a charming *accueil*.

"My father and I were much relieved at her greeting; and while we were talking the Prince of Wales arrived. The ladies fell into position, ceased chattering and made subterranean curtsies. He came straight up to me and told me I was to sit on the other side of him at supper.

"The supper was gay and I had remarkable talks which laid the foundation of my friendship both with King Edward and the Duke of Devonshire. The Prince told me he had had a dull youth, as Queen Victoria could not get over the Prince Consort's death and kept up an exaggerated mourning. He said he hoped that when I met his mother I should not be afraid of her, adding, with a charming smile, that with the exception of John Brown everybody was. I assured him with perfect candor that I was afraid of no one. He was much amused when I told him that before he had arrived that evening some of the ladies had whispered that I was in my nightgown and I hoped he did not think me lacking in courtesy because I had not put on a ball dress. He assured me that on the contrary he admired my frock very much and thought I looked like an old picture."

An entirely different side of Margot's character is brought out in her account of her intellectual friendship with John Addington Symonds, the historian of the Italian Renaissance and the biographer of Michelangelo, Shelley and Walt Whitman:

"I was nursing my sister, Pauline Gordon Duff, when I first met John Addington Symonds, in 1885, at Davos.

"I climbed up to Am Hof [Symonds' country home] one afternoon with a letter of introduction, which was taken to the family while I was shown into a wooden room full of charm-



From the Autobiography of Margot Asquith

"THE VERY BALZAC OF DIARISTS"

So Henry James has described Margot Asquith, whose new memoirs reveal many secrets and offer unforgettable pictures of notable figures in the English-speaking world during two generations.

ing things. As no one came near me, I presumed every one was out, so I settled down peacefully among the books, prepared to wait. In a little time I heard a shuffle of slippers and some one pausing at the open door.

"Has she gone?" was the querulous question that came from behind the screen.

"And in a moment the thin, curious face of John Addington Symonds was peering at me round the corner.

"There was nothing for it but to answer:

"'No, I am afraid she is still here!'

"Being the most courteous of men, he smiled and took my hand; and we went up to his library together.

"Symonds and I became very great friends.

"After putting my sister to bed at nine-thirty, I climbed every night by starlight up to Am Hof, where we talked and read out loud till one and often two in the morning. I learnt more in those winter nights at Davos than I have ever learned in my life. We read 'The

Republic' and all the Plato dialogs together; Swift, Voltaire, Browning, Walt Whitman, Edgar Poe and Symonds' own 'Renaissance,' besides passages from every author and poet, which he would turn up, feverishly to illustrate what he wanted me to understand.

"Symonds' conversation is described in Stevenson's essay on 'Talks and Talkers,' but no one could ever really give the fancy, the epigram, the swiftness and earnestness with which he not only expressed himself but engaged you in conversation. This and his affection combined to make him an enchanting companion.

"The Swiss postmen and woodmen constantly joined us at midnight and drank Italian wines out of beautiful glass which our host had brought from Venice; and they were our only interruptions when Mrs. Symonds and the handsome girls went to bed. I have many memories of seeing our peasant friends off from Symonds' front door, and standing by his side in the dark, listening to the crack of their whips and their yodels yelled far down the snow roads into the starry skies."

Margot was the leading spirit of that informal social and literary group known as "The Souls," of which Mr. Balfour, one of its

best-known members, has said: "No history of our time will be complete unless the influence of 'The Souls' upon society is dispassionately and accurately recorded." Jockeys, actors and ambassadors were welcomed at the gatherings of this curious coterie which, on certain occasions, became the meeting ground of politicians of opposite parties who, before the appearance of "The Souls," seldom if ever met. It was there that Gladstone and Randolph Churchill had a historic meeting. Lord Curzon, who later became Viceroy of India and, later still, head of the Foreign Office, was poet laureate of the group. There were Godfrey Webb, "a man in a million, the last of the wits;" St. John Brodrick "one of the rare people who tell the truth—some people do not lie but have no truth to tell;" Lord Pembroke and George Wynd-

ham, "the handsomest of the Souls"; Lionel Tennyson, second son of the poet; Harry Cust, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*; Lady Brownlow, "a Roman coin;" Violet Rutland, "a Burne-Jones Medusa;" Guy Windsor, "an Italian Primitive;" Milly Sutherland, "a Scotch ballad;" Lady Desborough, who "had eternal youth and was alive to everything in life except its irony;" and many more. The organization was a protest against the fashionable set of those days which centred around the Prince of Wales and had Newmarket for its headquarters. "We did not play bridge or baccarat," Mrs. Asquith records, "and our rather intellectual and literary after-dinner games were looked upon as pretentious." She continues: "What interests me most on looking back now at those ten years is the loyalty, devotion and fidelity which we showed to one another and the pleasure which we derived from friendships that could not have survived a week had they been accompanied by gossip, mocking or any personal pettiness. Most of us had a depth of feeling and moral and religious ambition which are entirely lacking in the clever young men and women of today."

Mrs. Asquith's greatest gift is her intellectual sympathy. Her life has been full of what, for want of a better term, we can only call mental liaisons. Lord Rosebery was reported engaged to her at one time and Arthur Balfour at another. The latter, in denying the report, declared: "I rather think of having a career of my own." Mrs. Asquith devotes pages of her book to an analysis of Balfour's character. She calls him "a self-indulgent man of simple tastes" and speaks of his "Puck-like pleasure in watching the game of party politics not in the interest of any particular party, nor from *esprit de corps*, but from taste." She tells us, more specifically:

"Balfour was blessed or cursed at his birth, according to individual opinion, by two assets: charm and wits. The first he possessed to a greater degree than any man, except John



From the Autobiography of Margot Asquith.

MR. AND MRS. ASQUITH SOON AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE

Mr. Asquith was a widower with five children when he married Margot Tennant. Their marriage register was signed by himself and by three former Premiers of Great Britain—Mr. Gladstone, Lord Rosebery and Arthur J. Balfour.

Morley, that I have ever met. His social distinction, exquisite attention, intellectual tact, cool grace and lovely bend of the head made him not only a flattering listener but an irresistible companion. The disadvantage of charm—which makes me say cursed or blessed—is that it inspires every one to combine and smooth the way for you throughout life. As the earnest housemaid removes dust, so all his friends and relations kept disagreeable things from his path; and this gave him more leisure in his life than any one ought to have.

"His wits, with which I say that he was also cursed or blessed—quite apart from his brains—gave him confidence in his improvisings and the power to sustain any opinion on any subject, whether he held the opinion or not, with equal brilliance, plausibility and success, according to his desire to dispose of you or the subject. He either finessed with the ethical basis of his intellect or had none. This made him unintelligible to the average man, unforgivable to the fanatic and a god to the blunderer."

Margot's friendships with Lord Morley and with Dr. Benjamin Jowett, Master of Balliol College, Oxford, dominate these pages. "I shall always think Lord Morley the best talker I ever heard and after him

I would say Symonds, Birrell and Bergson. George Meredith was too much of a *prima donna* and was very deaf and uninterruptible when I knew him, but he was amazingly good even then." Jowett discusses his intellectual interests at great length in letters and in conversations with Margot, and at times his arguments take a skeptical turn; but he ends by saying to her: "My dear child, you must believe in God in spite of what the clergy say."

It is hard to tell where friendship ends and love begins in this chronicle. Men were always proposing to Margot, but she could not reciprocate their affection. Her most serious love-affair, prior to her meeting with Mr. Asquith, was with a gentleman named Peter Flower. The chapter in which she describes this entanglement is vivid. Mr. Flower was a man of high spirits, a sportsman and an athlete. Margot enjoyed riding with him, but she could not reconcile herself to the idea of wedding him. Her real romance came in 1891. The dinner at which she was introduced to Mr. Asquith was in the House of Commons. "I was tremendously impressed by his conversation and his clean Cromwellian face. He was different from the others and, altho abominably dressed, had so much personality that I made up my mind at once that here was a man who could help me and would understand everything."

It is characteristic of Margot that it never crossed her brain that Asquith was married, "nor would that have mattered," she says. As it happened, he was the husband of Helen Asquith and the father of five children.

Mrs. Asquith, the first, died soon after Margot's meeting with her husband, and Margot became Mrs. Asquith, the second, in 1894. As she tells the story:

"In making this profound and attaching friendship with the stranger of that House of Commons dinner, I had placed myself in a difficult position when Helen Asquith died. To be a stepwife and a stepmother was unthinkable, but at the same time the moment had arrived when a decision—involving a great change in my life—had become inevitable. I had written to Peter Flower, before we parted, every day for nine years—with the exception of the months he had spent flying from his creditors in India—and I had prayed for him every night, but it had not brought more than happi-

ness to both of us; and when I deliberately said good-by to him I shut down a page of my life which, even if I had wished to, I could never have reopened. When Henry told me he cared for me, that unstilled inner voice which we all of us hear more or less indistinctly told me I would be untrue to myself and quite unworthy of life if, when such a man came knocking at the door, I did not fling it wide open."

Mrs. Asquith concludes her memoirs with a summary of her life in five lines, written in 1906:

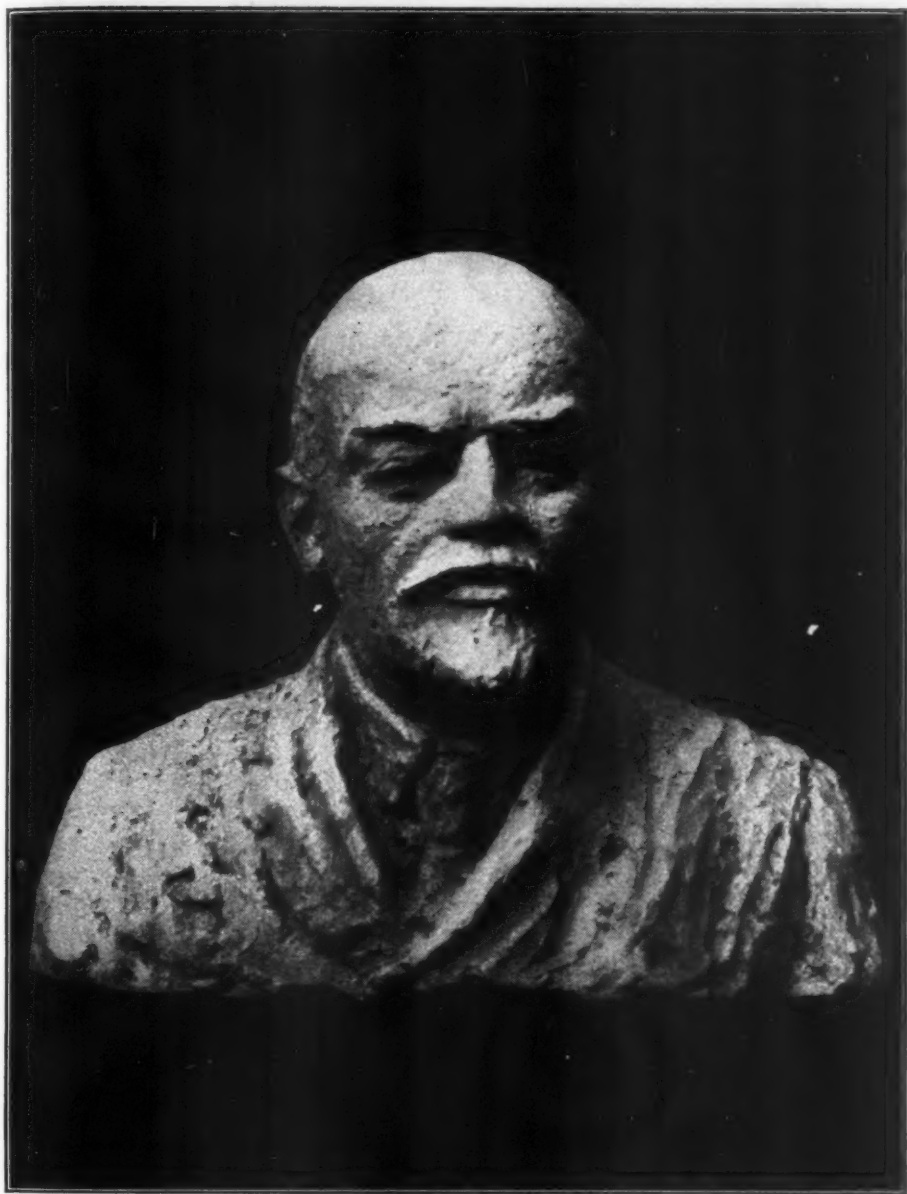
"An unfettered childhood and triumphant youth; a lot of love-making and a little abuse; a little fame and more abuse; a real man and great happiness; the love of children and seventh heaven; an early death and a crowded memorial service."

Then she says: "But perhaps I shall not die, but live to write another volume of this diary and a better description of an improved self."

Mrs. Asquith's book is attracting widespread attention in America, and, as in England, provokes opposite verdicts. In the *New York Times* it is characterized as "fascinating from the first page to the last." In the *New York Globe* Mrs. N. P. Dawson writes: "Some people really do have more fun out of life than others, and here is a woman to be envied and who is as sharp as tacks." The *New York Tribune*, on the other hand, comments:

"In 'Heartbreak House' Shaw lets one of his characters explain his title and supplement it with the equally pungent phrase Horseback Hall. The former is the middle-class home, the latter the aristocratic home of modern England. One might have wished that Shaw had written a companion piece under the second title, but Margot Asquith has saved him the bother. In her autobiography she has all unconsciously and with the naivete of an unbelievably self-satisfied woman, drawn a full-length portrait of a conspicuous and typical inhabitant of Horseback Hall.

"As such a document it would be easy to justify the solemnity with which London has received this extraordinary publication. But the weeklies just arrived, from the dignified *Spectator* down, give it the space and consideration due a great masterpiece—instead of a self-revelatory document. To an American this can seem only silly. A witty and conceited woman who feels none of the ordinary obligations of friendship to hold intimacy sacred can always write such a shocker."



Wide World Photo

LENIN'S "SCREWED-UP LOOK" PORTRAYED BY AN ENGLISH SCULPTRESS

"He seemed to me to be displaying his faces for me to select," writes Mrs. Clare Sheridan, apropos of a recent visit to the Kremlin to make a bust of Nikolai Lenin. "I waited, watched, hesitated, and then made my selection with a frantic rush. It was his screwed-up look. It is wonderful. No one else has such a look."



Wide World Photo

HE IS CALLED "THE WOLF" IN RUSSIA

Mrs. Clare Sheridan's bust of Leon Trotsky. "When he talks," she says, "his face lights up and his eyes flash. This flash is much talked of in Russia, and people say to one, 'Have you seen Trotsky's eyes?' He is called 'The Wolf'."

A SCULPTRESS' VIVID ACCOUNT OF THE SOVIET LEADERS

BOLSHEVIK Russia has been described, innumerable times, by those who love it and those who hate it. Visitors to the Soviet Republic have found, in the main, what they wanted to find. Now comes a witness whose point of view may be described as that of a romantic. Mrs. Clare Sheridan is an English sculptress, cousin of Winston Churchill, British War Minister, and widow of Captain Wilfred Sheridan, who was killed in the war. As a granddaughter of the late Leonard Jerome, of New York, she is as much of American origin as British. Her best-known work is "Victory," in memory of the war. She has made busts of Mr. Asquith, Mr. Churchill and Marconi, and has recently spent about seven weeks in Soviet Russia modeling the heads of Lenin, Trotsky, Zinovieff, Dzhherjinsky, and others of the Bolshevik leaders. She discussed art with Lenin and poetry with Trotsky. Her final impressions are distinctly sympathetic so far as the men themselves, as distinct from their theories, are concerned. "These men," she says in one passage, "are idealists and selfless." In another place she declares: "It is obviously not an abstract desire for power or for a political career that made revolutionaries of such men, but fanatical conviction of wrongs to be righted for the cause of humanity."

Mrs. Sheridan went to Russia with M. Kameneff, chief delegate in negotiations with Lloyd George looking toward the opening up of trade between England and Soviet Russia. Litvinoff, former Soviet Ambassador to England, figures prominently in the story, which appears, on this side of the Atlantic, in the *New York Times*. The narrative is distinguished throughout by its naïve charm. Mrs. Sheridan confesses that she knows no more about economics than, as a child, she knew about mathematics. She is a great deal of a hero-worshipper. It is the simple human quality—one might almost say the sculptural quality—in men and women that appeals most strongly to her.

Thus, when she meets in Christiania the four-year-old son of Litvinoff, unruly, wild-

eyed and most attractive, he reminds her of Donatello's "Laughing Boy." She thinks of crowds in terms of plastic art, and speaks of a group of revolutionaries whom Kameneff brought to greet her as follows: "Eight or more men came in, some with interesting heads, the others but ordinary looking workmen. They all talked at once."

While in Moscow Mrs. Sheridan stayed in a Guest House which was the requisitioned home of a former sugar magnate. One of the other guests was Washington D. Vanderlip, the California financier whose reported deals with Lenin have caused something of a sensation. Mr. Vanderlip, it seems, was a source of merriment to the Communists. He discovered a shop in Moscow that was allowed to sell what are almost the only remaining things the Government has not requisitioned, to wit, birds of paradise. He bought yellow ones, black ones and white ones. He wrote checks for more rubles than the Soviet bank could find notes for.

Mrs. Sheridan attended the funeral of John Reed, the American Communist, at the Kremlin wall. It was the first funeral without a religious service that she had ever seen. When she fell ill herself and there was consternation among her friends, she told them that she didn't mind speeches, but that, if buried under the Kremlin wall, she would like to have a prayer said over her body.

The answer to that was, "Are you really *croyante*?"

"Well," she said, "there are two children praying every night that I may return safe and soon, and the thought of that gives me a certain security."

"What! You teach your children to pray?"

"But surely," Mrs. Sheridan argued, "they must have something to guide them as they start life?"

"You should teach them reality and not fantasy."

Mrs. Sheridan expressed her conviction that it is not fantasy to cherish the belief in a Divine Power.

To this she received the following reply:

"You should believe only in your own power."

This conversation confirmed in Mrs. Sheridan a general idea she met in others in Russia. "I know," she says, "these men are idealists and selfless, but I did not know these qualities could go hand in hand with atheism."

One of the first of the Soviet leaders that Mrs. Sheridan met in Moscow was Bela Kun, former Red dictator of Hungary. She was "frightfully disappointed" in him. "I had imagined," she tells us, "a most romantic figure, but he looks most disreputable." Bucharin, one of the prominent literary lights of the Bolsheviks, she found, on the contrary, "attractive with his trim, neat little beard and young face." It is amazing, she remarks, how young all these revolutionaries are. She illustrates the point by an account of a visit from Zinovieff, President of the Petrograd Soviet and of the Third Internationale:

"He arrived, busy, tired and impatient, his overcoat slung over his shoulders. He had not time to put his arms through the sleeves. He flung off his hat and ran his fingers through his black, curly hair, which was already standing on end. He sat restlessly, looking up and down, around and out and beyond. Then he read his newspaper, every now and again flashing around an imperative look at me to see how I was getting on.

"He seemed to me an extraordinary mix-up of conflicting personalities. He has the eyes and brow of a fighting man and the mouth of a petulant woman. Little by little he became more tractable, and when he had finished reading he talked a little. At moments he threw his head back and seemed to be dreaming. Then he looked like a poet. He is only thirty-eight."

Here is Mrs. Sheridan's pen-picture of Dzherjinsky, President of the Extraordinary Commission, or, in plainer language, organizer of the Red Terror:

"Gorky has said of him that one can see martyrdom crystallized in his eyes.

"He sat for an hour and a half, quite still, and very silent. His eyes certainly looked as if they were bathed in tears of eternal sorrow, but his mouth smiled with indulgent kindness. His face is narrow, high cheekboned and sunk in. Of all his features it is the nose which seems to have the most character. It is very

refined and delicate. The bloodless nostrils suggest the sensitiveness of overbreeding. He is a Pole by origin.

"As I worked and watched him during that hour and a half he made a curious impression on me. Finally overwhelmed by his quietude, I exclaimed:

"'You are an angel to sit so still.'

"Our medium was German, which made fluent conversation between us impossible, but he answered:

"'One learns patience and calm in prison.'

"I asked how long he was in prison.

"'A quarter of my life, eleven years,' he answered.

"It was a revolution that liberated him. It is obviously not an abstract desire for power or for a political career that made revolutionaries of such men, but fanatical conviction of wrongs to be righted for the cause of humanity and national progress. For this cause men of sensitive intellectuality have endured years of imprisonment."

Tchitcherin, the Bolshevik Foreign Minister, is another figure portrayed by Mrs. Sheridan in unforgettable words. He was too shy or too busy to give her the opportunity to make a bust of him. When she visited his office and was waiting in an outer room she saw "a little man in brown trousers and coat which did not match." He was shuffling hurriedly along with small steps. It might have been a night watchman: it was Tchitcherin. He is abnormal, Mrs. Sheridan explains, and "lives month after month in that Foreign Office with closed windows." He insists on having a bedroom in the office, as he says he has not time to go home to sleep. He works all night, but his days are not entirely nights. He will ring up a comrade on the telephone at three or four o'clock in the morning for the most trivial information. He does all his own work, and runs himself with papers to other departments instead of using messengers. He lives on his nerves, and the slightest thing throws him off his pivot. Mrs. Sheridan had been told he was an angel and a saint. What she found was "a fluttering and agitated bird."

Trotzky, on the other hand, is intense and self-assertive. Mrs. Sheridan looked forward to "doing his head" as soon as she saw him. "He is a man," she says, "with a slim, good figure and splendid fighting countenance, and his whole personality is

full of force." Full-faced, he is Mephisto. His eyebrows go up at an angle and the lower part of his face all goes to a point. "When he talks his face lights up and his eyes flash. This flash is much talked of in Russia, and people say to one, 'Have you seen Trotzky's eyes?' He is called 'The Wolf.' "

Mrs. Sheridan was received by Trotzky in the War Office. From behind an enormous writing table in one corner and near a window, he came forth. The light was at first very bad, but it was agreed that Trotzky would stand by the side of the sculptress, while she worked, for five minutes every half-hour. "Of course the five minutes got very enlarged," Mrs. Sheridan tells us, "and we talked and worked and lost all track of time."

One of the subjects discussed was literature. Mrs. Sheridan's husband was a direct descendant of the Richard Brinsley Sheridan who wrote "The School for Scandal." Trotzky was interested in that. Then he spoke of Shakespeare and said that if England had never produced anything else she would have justified her existence. He could not agree with Mrs. Sheridan that Shelley was more revolutionary than Byron and expressed surprise at her love of Swinburne. He said he would have thought her too much of this world to love the spirituality of Swinburne. She replied: "One has his dreams." He gave a sigh. "Yes," he said, "we all have our dreams."

Another subject discussed was Mrs. Sheridan, and once Trotzky blazed in a moment of ferocity:

"He said I should remain in Russia a while longer and do some big work, something like my 'Victory,' which he likes and has insisted on keeping photographs of. 'An emaciated and exhausted figure, and still fighting, and that is the allegory of the Soviet.'"

"I answered him that I could get no news of my children, and therefore I must go back. 'I must return to my own world, with its cultured



Courtesy of the New York Times
Photographed by Hagelstein Bros.
from a painting by Emil Fuchs

SHE GIVES US THE ROMANTIC VIEW OF BOLSHEVIK RUSSIA

Mrs. Clare Sheridan, English sculptress and cousin of Winston Churchill, British War Minister, has lately visited Russia and made busts of Lenin, Trotzky, Tchitcherin, Zinovieff and others of the Soviet leaders. Her account of her seven-weeks' trip, recorded in a diary, has a lustre all its own.

people, who wonder always what the world will think, and leave behind Russia, with its big ideas, which spoils one so."

"Ah, that is what you say now; but when you are away"—and he hesitated. Then, suddenly turning on me, with clenched teeth and fire in his eyes, he shook a threatening finger in my face. 'If when you get back to England *vous nous calomniez* as the rest have, I tell you I will come to England, *et je vous*'—He did not say what he would do, but there was murder in his face. I smiled. 'That is all right. Now I know how to get you to England.'

"Then, to fall in with his mood: 'How can I go back and abuse the hospitality and chivalrous treatment I have received?'

"He said: 'It is not abusing, but there are ways of criticizing even without abuse. It is easy enough to be blinded *par les saletés et souffrances*, and to see no further than that, and people are apt to forget that there can be no birth without suffering and

horror, and Russia is in the throes of a great accouchement."

Lenin, with more courtesy, conveyed an impression of equal intensity; but "how ill he looks," Mrs. Sheridan exclaims. When she met him in the Kremlin, she found him behind a phalanx of women secretaries. She asked him why he employed women rather than men, and he replied that all the men had gone to war. The Bolshevik chief had begged Mrs. Sheridan not to "embellish" him, and disapproved of her "Victory" because it was too beautiful. "That is the fault of bourgeois art," he insisted; "it always beautifies." The narrative proceeds:

"I don't know how I got through my day. I had to work on him from afar. My real chance came when a comrade arrived for an interview, and then for the first time Lenin sat and talked facing the window, so I was able to see his full face and in a good light. The com-

rade remained a long time and the conversation was very animated. Never did I see any one make so many faces. Lenin laughed and frowned and looked thoughtful, sad and humorous, all in turn. His eyebrows twitched. Sometimes they went right up and then again they puckered together maliciously. He seemed to be displaying his faces for me to select.

"I waited, watched, hesitated, and then made my selection with a frantic rush. It was his screwed-up look. It is wonderful. No one else has such a look. It is his alone. When the comrade left the room he stopped and looked at my work and said the only word that I understand, which is 'carrasho,' which means 'good,' and then said something about my having the character of the man. So I was glad."

There was a moment during Mrs. Sheridan's stay in Russia when she was afraid that she might be apprehended as a spy. But thanks to her influential friends she came through the crisis safely and returned to England to tell her story.

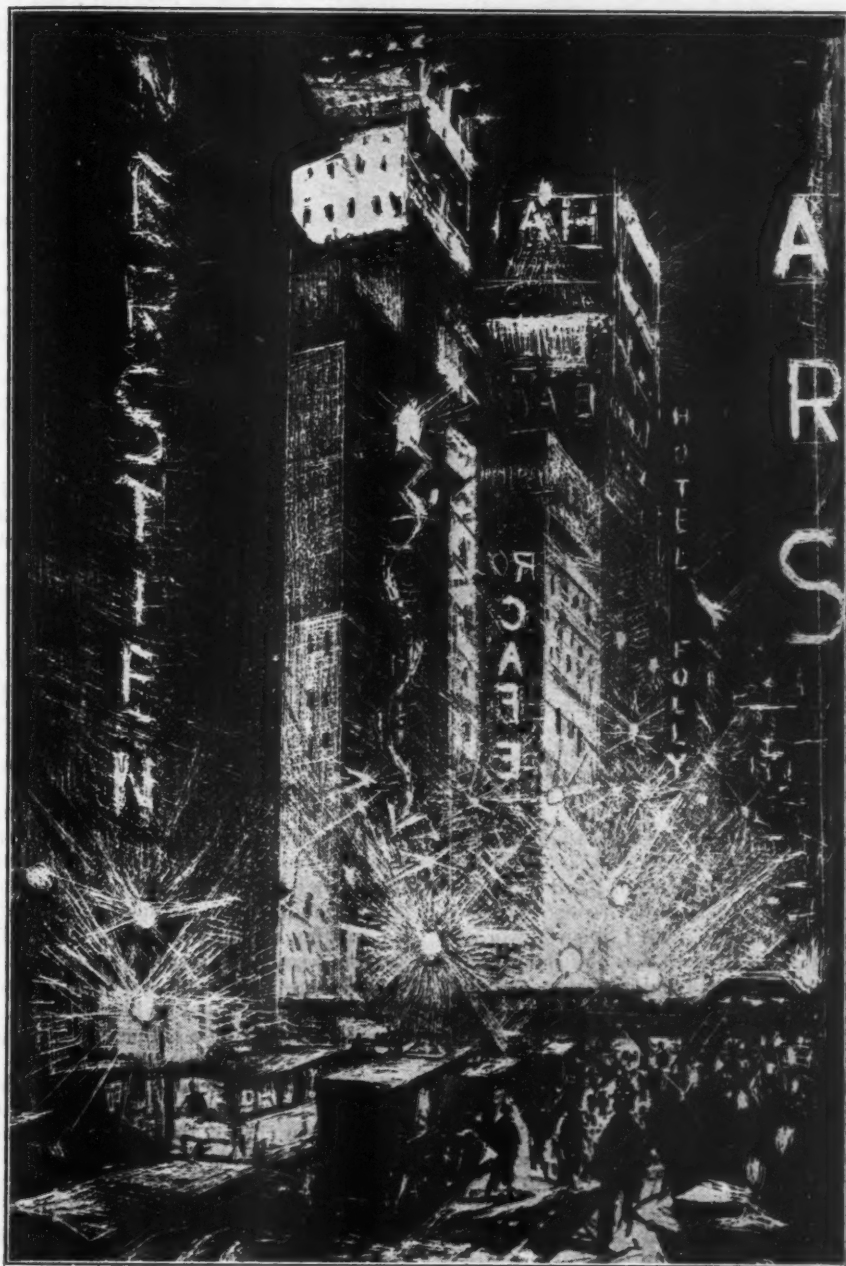
NEVINSON CATCHES THE WHIRL AND GLITTER OF NEW YORK

THE most beautiful products of the modern world are a Rolls-Royce car and a skyscraper. So C. R. W. Nevinson, the British artist, has lately declared. Mr. Nevinson backs up his statement by an exhibition (at the Bourgeois Galleries, New York) in which, with paintings, etchings, lithographs and woodcuts, he tries to convey something of the fascination of the American scene. He is generally linked with Cubism and Futurism, but he expressly requests that his name be disassociated from every possible clique, school or 'ism. His art has its own intense and original vitality, and has awakened spirited comment on both sides of the Atlantic. "It is something, at the age of thirty-one," C. Lewis Hind remarks in a fore-word to the catalog of the American exhibition, "to be among the most discussed, most successful, most promising, most admired and most hated of British artists."

Nevinson as a painter of skyscrapers recalls some of his immediate predecessors. Fifteen years ago, Colin Campbell Cooper made an enviable record in this field. A

little later, Joseph Pennell, in etchings, exploited the skyscraper in art. Francis Picabia came over from Paris as an apostle of Cubism when that movement was in its infancy. About the same time, John Marin, aquarellist, endeavored to visualize the emotion of the grandiose theme by making the tall buildings reel and sway and actually bend over in curves. It remained for the more logical and scientific Nevinson, a writer in the *Christian Science Monitor* points out, to convey, or at least to symbolize, the familiar Lower Broadway feeling by making the buildings lean at a moderate and plausible yet quite perceptible degree.

All this should be read in connection with a consideration of the early stages of Nevinson's career. He is the son of that Henry W. Nevinson who has lately visited our shores and recorded his impressions in the *Manchester Guardian*, the *London Nation* and other papers. He studied art, first at Slade School, London University, and later, in 1912, under Julien in Paris. It was about 1912 that C. Lewis Hind be-



BROADWAY AT NIGHT

NEVINSON'S VISION OF ONE OF THE WORLD'S WONDERS AS THE LIGHTS BEGIN TO FLASH AND THE THEATERS OPEN THEIR DOORS TO A MULTITUDE OF PLEASURE-SEEKERS.



NEW YORK'S SKY-LINE FROM THE OLD BRIDGE

In this picture, painted by C. R. W. Nevins, the iron structure and the lozenge shapes created by the crossing cables become an integral part of the design.

gan to be aware of Nevins's light. "One evening," Mr. Hind records, "I strolled into the Doré Galleries in Bond Street because a meeting of Art Extremists had been announced and because I like wild words—at a soirée. Richard was on his legs, talking to beat the band, slashing out, but sanely—he is always sane, always has a good grip on the good earth; and there was Papa in the chair, smiling. He is used to bombs."

After that Mr. Hind heard of Nevins flirting fiercely with Cubism and Futurism and everything else; searching here and there; learning, picking, grabbing at anything vital and unacademic, a student of all styles, but mastered by none. "He could paint in a dozen different ways, his quick fingers had a dozen different techniques at call: he was all dressed up and nowhere to go. Then came the war: in the war he found himself." Mr. Hind proceeds:

"It was in 1916 that I first took off my hat to Nevins, and acknowledged that he was an artist of power, that he had arrived. It came in a flash—that moment—when I stood before his 'Mitrailleuse.' Here was modern war. Man and engine of destruction—one: each a steely-grey instrument, no glory, no flag-waving, just a scientific and precise fighting thing.

"I was so impressed with this picture that I visited his studio in Hampstead, was conquered, went in hot haste to the Leicester Galleries and told the proprietors that they must, and quickly, hold a Nevins exhibition. That was done. The exhibition was the talk of London, and his sixty pictures of Modern War were all sold."

At the close of the war Nevins visited New York with the intention of studying the possibilities of painting our streets and skyscrapers. He was surprised and inspired. The big buildings especially appealed to him. He returned to England with his mind teeming with subjects. He rarely or never, it seems, uses models. A few pencil notes suffice: he relies on a wonderful memory.

The new exhibition is the product of his American mood. It shows, Horace Brodsky observes in the *New York World*, that Nevins has departed in some degree from the Futurist method and somber coloring which he formerly used in his war subjects. Whereas in earlier days blacks, blues, dull greens and other funereal coloring predominated in his paintings, in these new records of a happier time Nevins employs a gorgeous color scheme.

It is Nevins's achievement that he has succeeded in portraying Manhattan, the unbelievable city of Babylonian skyscrapers and cataclysmic crowds, from a novel standpoint of what might be called practical Cubism. But the term "Cubism," the critic of the *Christian Science Monitor* contends, is at best a makeshift and has already outlived its day of usefulness, inasmuch as the various progressive ideas it was once made to comprehend have passed the limits of any set school or classification.

"Whatever it was, or is, Nevinson has it in a marked degree that distinguishes him from other living artists who, like himself, aim at creating paintings which shall be a vital force." One difference noted by this critic is that with Nevinson Cubism is merely a subordinate means—not an end in itself. "It is only one of the many tools he seizes, in his strong purpose of accomplishment." The same writer continues:

"Whoever looks now at Nevinson's 'New York—An Abstraction,' or 'Broadway, Downtown,' with its giant buildings seeming to reel and sway, or 'From the Ferry,' registering the incomparable spectacle of lower Manhattan's dark towers and battlements a-twinkle with myriad lights in the early dusk, and the flashing tide-water at their feet—whoever sees these and a score of others of similar spell will agree that here the rising artist of no school, yet equipped by all schools, has found himself anew."

Mr. Nevinson has his "Art Creed" and takes the trouble to formulate it, as follows:

"I wish to be disassociated from every possible clique, school, ist, ism, post, neo, pro, anti, academic, unacademic, conventional or unconventional.

"I wish to be labeled as Nevinson, living artist (with landlords to support and their stomachs to fill).

"Devoted to Art, past and present, alive to contemporary civilization and barbarity.

"I aim at creating paintings which shall be a vital magnetic force, in which 'beauty' or 'ugliness' is subordinated.

"Technique, accomplishment, and again accomplishment, I aim at, so that they may become second nature, all self-consciousness disappear, and the subject dictate the method.

"I maintain it is impossible to use the same means to express the flesh of a woman and the ferro-concrete of a skyscraper; or the restless dynamic groups of the curb brokers, and the static calm of an English landscape.

"Individuality survives diversity of methods.

"Originality is, and always has been, unknown in Art. So-called originality is the result of the in-

fluences of contemporary art, and a tradition of the past, plus individual short-comings, tastes, selections, and re-actions.

"First and last a painting without virility is not a work of art for a contemporary painter, who has to break through the sugar-coating laid on by his immediate predecessors of the pretty-pretty school of the popular painters, the French Official painters, and the slimy productions of the Salon."

This creed evokes from Henry McBride, of the New York *Herald*, the comment that it contains a trifle of the quality the French call "suffisant," but it is a quality that is not displeasing in the young. "Indeed, without some of it," Mr. McBride writes, "it is almost impossible to attract early attention from one's contemporaries in this hectic age."



UNDER BROOKLYN BRIDGE

Nevinson's portrayal of the incomparable spectacle presented by Manhattan's towers, the harbor traffic and the flashing waters.

KNUT HAMSDUN HAILED AS ONE OF THE GREATEST OF LIVING WRITERS

THERE is evidence that the center of interest in literature is shifting towards Scandinavia, just as it recently shifted to Spain and before that to Russia. The success in this country of Johan Bojer is an instance. Now comes the announcement that the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1920 has been awarded to the Norwegian author, Knut Hamsun, whose writings have been translated into twenty-odd languages and whose autobiographical story, "Hunger," has just been published in this country by Alfred A. Knopf.

"We shall hear very much of Hamsun," exclaims *The New Statesman* (London); "we ought to have heard of him twenty years ago. It is possible that he is the greatest of all Scandinavian writers." The same paper finds his method curiously like that of Joseph Conrad. In an introduction written by Edwin Björkman for the new edition of "Hunger," Hamsun is compared with the painters Cézanne and Gauguin. "He must be classed," Mr. Björkman says, "as an individualistic romanticist and a highly subjective aristocrat, whose foremost passion in life is violent, defiant deviation from everything average and ordinary." A third view of Hamsun is voiced by the brilliant young English critic, Rebecca West. "He is a very great man indeed—one of the creators, one of the Prometheans, who have stolen fire from Heaven," she declares; "he has the godlike qualities that belong to the very great, the completest omniscience about human nature and a superhuman freedom from fatigue in the labor of setting down his knowledge."

Hamsun's life and writings are inseparably bound up together. He has expressed himself in fiction, verse and drama—it is all autobiography. He was born in 1860, of peasant parents, in central Norway. From there he was taken at the age of four to the far northern district of Lofoden. He is living now on his estate at Larvik on the southern coast of Norway. "The Northland, with its glaring lights and black shadows, its unearthly joys and abysmal despairs," Mr. Björkman tells us, "is pres-

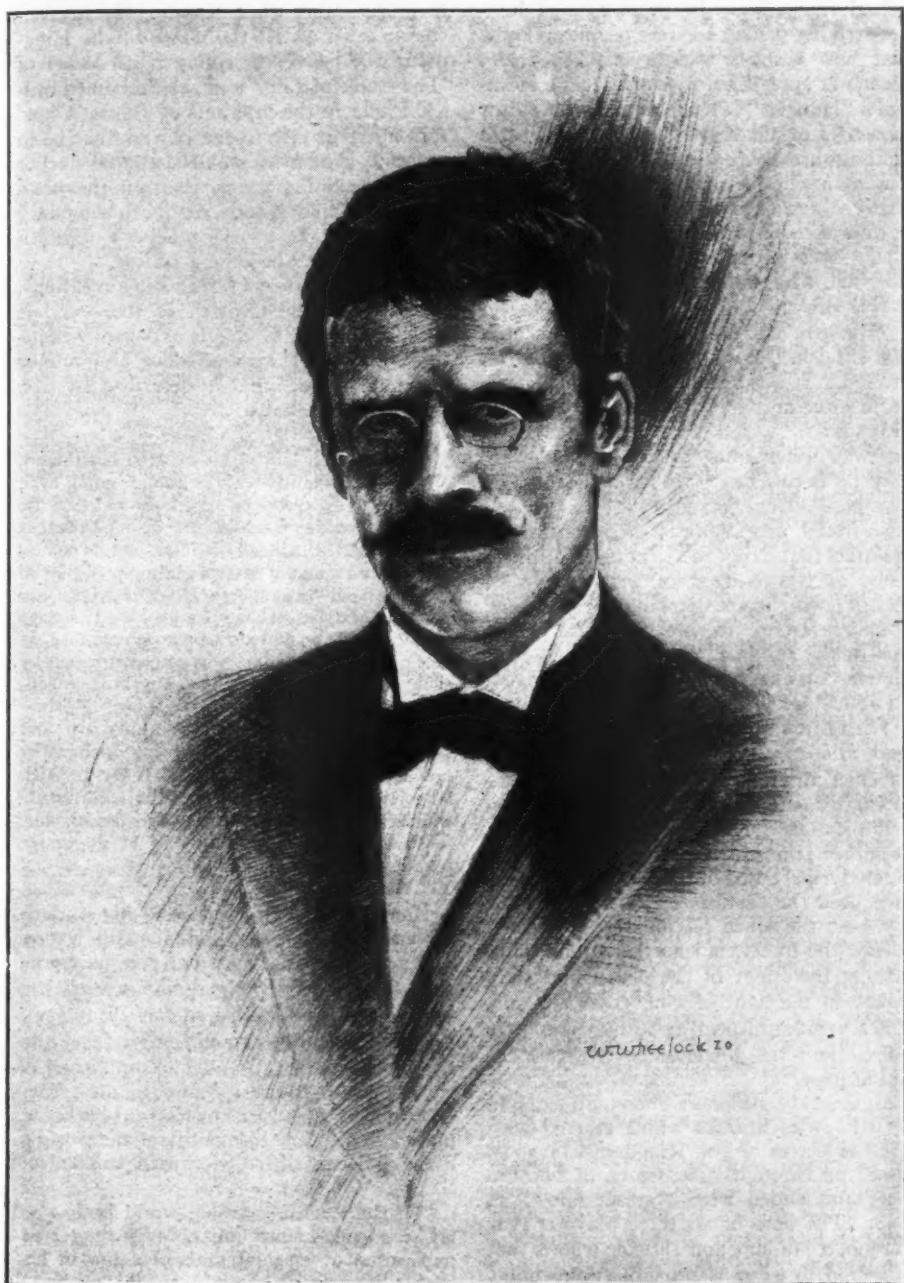
ent and dominant in every line that Hamsun ever wrote. In that country his best tales and dramas are laid. By that country his heroes are stamped wherever they roam. Out of that country they draw their principal claims to probability. Only in that country do they seem quite at home."

The spirit of the artist and the vagabond was in Hamsun from the first. Apprenticed to a shoemaker, he hammered out his thoughts rather than his leather. As a youth he abruptly quit his apprenticeship and entered upon a period of restless roving which culminated in his first real artistic achievement, the story "Hunger." Before he reached his full development he was coal-heaver and school-teacher, road-mender and farm hand, sailor and fisherman, lecturer and free-lance journalist. He visited America twice, and inspires in Dr. Anders Doe, one of the prominent Norwegian residents of Chicago, the following recollections:

"Why, sure, I knew him; I knew that Knut Hamsun. He was such an out-at-the-elbows lad; he was very poor. No, he had no money. That was in the early eighties, when he came to Chicago after working as a plowboy on the virgin North Dakota prairies.

"He got a job as conductor on the old Halsted Street line. The horses pulled the cars then. And, my, it was cold on the back platform. I still remember Knut's chapped, red wrists, where his coat-sleeves forgot to meet his mittens. And he carried books in his pockets. Always books, Euripides, Aristotle, Thackeray. Such a dreamer! The passengers used to get mad. He would forget to pull the rope. They missed their corners."

"Hunger" is a tale of struggle and starvation in Christiania, written in the first person. Its hero, who is never named, is a neurotic, febrile journalist trying to earn his living by creating "copy." As a study in a certain kind of mental pathology, this story is unforgettable. Ecstasy and melancholia alternate. We follow every nuance of the moods of a poor devil whose "inspiration" comes all too seldom and who is never more than a few hours away from



HE FOUGHT HIS WAY TO FAME THROUGH POVERTY AND HUNGER

Knut Hamsun, novelist, dramatist, poet and Nobel prize-winner, is Norwegian by birth. Outside of his own country he is best known in Russia and Germany. He visited America twice, and earned his living at one time as a street-car conductor in Chicago.

actual starvation. In these days of hunger-striking it may interest people to know just how it feels to starve. The entire record is spread before us in Knut Hamsun's "Hunger." There is a kindly editor who tries to aid the wastrel whose articles at times have exceptional merit. There is a woman who feels both passion and compassion and attempts a love-affair. A pawnbroker plays an important part in the tale. Every struggling, unsuccessful writer may find something of his own experience in this story.

"Hunger" was first published as a sketch in a Danish literary periodical, *New Earth*, in 1888. It was expanded into a novel two years later and was followed, in 1892, by "Mysteries," which pretends to be a novel, but which, according to Edwin Björkman, may be better described as a delightfully irresponsible and defiantly subjective roaming through any highway or byway of life or letters that happened to take the author's fancy at the moment of writing. In its abrupt swingings from laughter to tears, from irreverence to awe, from the ridiculous to the sublime, "Mysteries" has been summed up as a combination of Dostoyevski and Mark Twain.

Then came "Pan," a novel of the Northland, almost without a plot and having as its chief interest a primitively spontaneous man's reactions to nature. "One may well question," Mr. Björkman comments, "whether Hamsun has ever surpassed the purely lyrical mood of that book, into which he poured the ecstatic dreams of the little boy from the south as, for the first time, he saw the forest-clad northern mountains bathing their feet in the ocean and their crowns in the light of a never-setting sun. It is a wonderful pean to untamed nature and to the forces let loose by it within the soul of man."

An entirely different mood appears in the trilogy of dramas which started with "At the Gates of the Kingdom" in 1895, passed on through "The Game of Life" in 1896, and ended with "Sunset Glow" in 1898. The hero of all three plays is Ivar Kæreno, a student and thinker who is first presented to us at the age of twenty-nine, then at thirty-nine, and finally at fifty. The lesson of this series seems to be that everyone is a rebel at thirty and a renegade

at fifty. "But when Kæreno, the irreconcilable rebel of 'At the Gates of the Kingdom,' the heaven-storming truth-seeker of 'The Game of Life,' and the acclaimed radical leader in the first acts of 'Sunset Glow' surrenders at last to the powers that be in order to gain a safe and sheltered harbor for his declining years, then another man of twenty-nine stands ready to denounce him and to take up the rebel cry of youth to which he has become a traitor."

One of the latest of Hamsun's creations, the novel, "The Growth of the Soil," is acclaimed by H. G. Wells as "wholly beautiful; saturated with wisdom and humor and tenderness," and is described by Mr. Björkman as follows:

"The scene is laid in his beloved Northland, but the old primitive life is going—going even in the outlying districts, where the pioneers are already breaking ground for new permanent settlements. Business of a modern type has arrived and much of the quiet humor displayed springs from the spectacle of its influence on the natives, whose hands used always to be in their pockets, and whose credulity, in face of the improbable, was only surpassed by their unwillingness to believe anything reasonable. Still the life he pictures is largely primitive, with nature as man's chief antagonist, and to us of the crowded cities it brings a charm of novelty rarely found in books to-day. With it goes an understanding of human nature which is no less deep-reaching because it is apt to find expression in whimsical or flagrantly paradoxical forms."

Hamsun has just celebrated his sixtieth birthday anniversary. He is still strong and active, and he may yet give us works that shall not only equal but surpass the best of his productions so far. But even if such expectations should prove false, the body of his work already accomplished is such, both in quantity and quality, Mr. Björkman contends, as to warrant his being placed in the very front rank of the world's living writers. Mr. Björkman concludes:

"To the English-speaking world he has so far been made known only through the casual publication at long intervals of a few of his books: 'Hunger,' 'Victoria' and 'Shallow Soil.' There is now reason to believe that this negligence will be remedied, and that soon the best of Hamsun's work will be available in English."

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST IN SAVING

By Eugene Meyer, Jr.

Adviser to the Senate Committee on Reconstruction and Production

WHEN a survey is made of the damage due to the Great War, the period through which we are now passing will perhaps be even more interesting to the future students of these times than the period of the actual war itself. The business of carrying on war has always been for each side of the struggle to inflict the utmost destruction of life and property upon the enemy. But it has always been the business of peace, when war ends, to heal the wounds and repair the destruction as quickly as possible.

There are many today, and I am of them, who feel that materially and spiritually the world is poorer than it was on November 11, 1918, the day of the Armistice. In order to carry on war more successfully, it was necessary for all to maintain the organization for war material production at a maximum; it was necessary to maintain a disciplined organization, united in a high purpose, each according to his lights. Patriotism moved men in their opposing and divided units to maintain within those units the greatest possible degree of harmonious cooperation in their common country and for a common cause. The pressure of war is off, and with peace has come disorganization nationally and internationally. The characteristic of war is reckless expenditure of life and property. It is the work of peace to save life and to reestablish the production of the material wealth of the peoples of the whole world.

Men act largely through habits of mind, and it is natural that the habit of spending and destruction should maintain itself for a time. A period of war, such as the world has just passed through, leads too many to the false conclusion that wasteful expenditure may not be as disastrous as we had accustomed ourselves to think before the war. But if we are to repair the damage and restore the world to the enjoyments of the material comforts of life to which it was accustomed in pre-war days, and toward which its yearning is turned for the

future, it can be done in one way and in one way only—by saving, by the production of a daily, weekly, monthly and annual production of material wealth in excess of the material consumption.

The vital importance of saving has been discussed by many. I quote, however, from Dr. A. C. Miller, member of the Federal Reserve Board in Washington, in an article on "Thrift and the Financial Situation," the following: "Saving must again become the order of the day. Dependent as the growth of industry and production is on the stream of capital with which it is fed, saving is the urgent need of the hour. Saving is producing. When you save money by cutting down your current consumption you save more than dollars, and you save more than the goods that you go without. You save the labor that it costs to produce these goods and you liberate the labor and the productive power thus saved for the production of other goods, such as machinery, buildings and other much needed requisites of production, which it is most urgent the country and the world should have more of at the present time.

"Before the war about one-sixth of our productive power was diverted annually to the improvement and extension of the industrial equipment and plant facilities of the country, to the development and exploitation of its natural resources, to the building of roads and houses, and to many other things, which added much every year to the capital resources and productive capabilities of the country.

"There is a shortage in the capital equipment of the country due to the diversion of the bulk of the country's savings during the war from the production of peace-time facilities to war-time facilities, which must somehow or other be made good if American industry is to maintain its normal productivity. There is but one known economic method by which this result can be accomplished and that is the method of saving."

When the Senate Committee on Reconstruction and Production, of which Senator William M. Calder is Chairman, asked how the conditions of financing essential construction work might be facilitated, my answer was that it must be done by increasing the fund of liquid capital and the quickest way to do this was to create and collect additional savings on the large scale needed by the development and expansion of the Postal Savings System of the United States Government. This conclusion was reached after having studied every other way that I could think of or that others had suggested. The need for more savings is so generally accepted by business men, by bankers, by economists and by statesmen—not only in this country but in every country in the world—that it is hardly necessary to discuss it. But it is of the greatest importance that we proceed with all speed to the adoption of a definite program.

It is no reflection upon the private savings banks, either the mutual companies or the stock companies, to say that their facilities are inadequate to the great needs of the hour. In this country there are thousands of places without banks of any kind, places which are capable of increasing greatly their savings with proper facilities. There are millions of people in this country who might be induced to increase their savings through the Postal Savings System of the United States Government who would not deposit in the private banks. Competent witnesses who have appeared before the Committee have testified conclusively on this subject.

Some bankers urge that the private banker selling small bonds will reach the savings of every available saver; but those who urge this are the ones who are interested in selling those securities. Some savings banks claim that the Government should stay out of their private field of enterprise. While many of these people are quite sincere and feel that they can do the work better, we cannot accept without question the opinions of interested parties.

In a letter addressed to Senator Calder in response to his invitation that I act with the Committee in the investigation of this subject, I stated that I was convinced it

could be demonstrated that public interest demands that we

1—Authorize the payment of a higher rate of interest than the 2% now authorized.

2—Extend the number of offices now authorized to accept savings deposits.

3—Change the regulation that permits of no interest being paid on deposits of less than one year.

4—Amend the law by which about 65% of the funds are redeposited in banks at 2½% at a time when the money which the Government now deposits with the banks at 2½% is again being borrowed by the Government, itself, at 5¾ and 6%, with tax exemption in connection with Treasury Certificates which brings the cost of the money to the United States Government to 6½%.

5—Aid the expansion of the Postal Savings System by giving the postmasters credit for Postal Savings deposits business in determining the rating upon which their compensation is based.

No witnesses and no editorial writers have tried to defend the 2% rate now authorized by the law, and the Postmaster-General has stated that he is in accord with the sentiment for a higher rate. No one has opposed specifically any of the other suggestions given above.

The failure to be specific in arguments against any of these recommendations does not mean, however, that there will not be opposition in Congress to their adoption. There will be a fight to make the great organization of the Post-Office powerless to stimulate and mobilize the savings of the people in the most effective way. But I am hopeful that the strong sentiment which has expressed itself in support of amendments to the existing laws and regulations, along the lines I have submitted to the Committee, will result in such an emphatic expression of public opinion as to produce results that will prove beneficial for our country and for the whole world.

At this time let us remember that the world necessarily looks to us for leadership and for strength. Without strength leadership will be wasted. Without leadership our resources will be inert. With strength and with leadership America can take a

place in the coming years which will be unique in the history of the world.

The strength we need is the strength we can get through our material resources and

by our organization for producing and distributing those resources for the benefit of our own people and for the people of the whole world.

SEAPLANES TURN FROM WAR TO FISH SCOUTING

COOPERATING with the Navy Department, the Bureau of Fisheries has inaugurated a scientific airplane fish patrol which is beginning to revolutionize the deep-sea fishing industry. Under the supervision of experts who have made a lifelong study of seafood hunting, a number of seaplanes, fishing vessels and stations on the Virginia coast were equipped some months ago with wireless apparatus and during an initial four-hour patrol about fifty schools of menhaden were sighted by the flying scout, the number of fish in the schools varying from ten thousand to thirty thousand. It was at once discovered, that fish could be spotted and quite easily identified from the air. As a result, reports Earl N. Findlay, in the *New York Times Magazine*, seaplane spotting is now considered by the fishing industry as a positive necessity. It has been shown in actual practice that it is possible, by means of the airboat scout, to increase the catch from one thousand to three thousand per cent.

This manner of locating fish is a war baby, we are told. Naval seaplanes patrolling off the coast of Massachusetts, near the Chatham Naval Air Station, as a measure against U-boat activities, often glimpsed enormous schools of herring, mackerel and menhaden. These reports sounded sweetly in the ears of fishermen who had grown old looking for fish under pre-war auspices. They started to cooperate with the pilots of seaplanes, and the fish around Gloucester and Cape Cod will never know the combinations which were carried out for their undoing.

Commander McKittrick, of the Chatham, Massachusetts, station, says that one old sea-dog told him he had figured in his own mind that the Lord never intended people to fly, but that since figuring up his bank balance as a result of the unusual catches

due to the seaplane, he 'lowed he never again would pass opinions on any new-fangled boats. As another instance, J. C. Hogan, a member of the San Diego (California) Fish Cannery Association, made a recent trip in the cockpit of a naval airboat to see what he could see of interest to the profession. The topography of the bottom of the ocean was distinctly clear; also he saw plainly all plant life and formations while flying at this height three-quarters of a mile offshore.

The seaplane crossed the channel and entered San Diego Bay, continuing to fly over a great part of Coronado Bay, where again this lifelong fisherman was astounded at the remarkable visibility through this water, which is not so clear by far as the water of the ocean streams and currents. But even through this muddy and murky water it was possible to see the bottom of that bay for great distances. The value of this fact, he says, cannot be overestimated by the cannerymen, because Coronado Bay is one of the largest and most favored feeding grounds of the sardine when in season.

The waters of the Atlantic Coast are not so clear as those of the Pacific, we are told, because a hundred-fathom bank, which extends along the Atlantic from the Grand Banks to the Virginia Capes, is covered by marine growth, torn from the bottom and washed ashore during the easterly storms for which the Atlantic is noted. The fish on the Atlantic Coast move in larger schools than do those on the Pacific and the individual fish is generally larger, except in the case of the tuna.

This work was taken up by the Navy Department merely to determine the feasibility and value of such cooperation to those large interests having in their grasp the fish and canning business of the nation.

Since its value is now believed to have been established, and as it is not practicable for the navy to continue this work, it is thought that the operation of seaplane fish patrols should be undertaken by some commercial

organization. Orders have therefore been issued to the commanding officers of the Naval Air Stations at Hampton Roads, Va., and San Diego, Cal., to discontinue fish patrols.

THE PLAGUE OF PHANTOM MONEY

THE United States dollar means just what it always did—25.8 grains of gold, nine-tenths fine. The British pound sterling does not mean what it used to mean, but the world of finance has every reason to believe that some day the paper pounds now circulating will be equivalent as of old to 4.86 United States dollars. This is not so clearly true of the French paper franc, and still less so of the Italian paper lira, tho it is not an impossibility in either case.

But, asserts *The Weekly Review*, the German mark, the Austrian krone, the Polish mark, the current unit of a long list of countries in similar plight, can never by any possibility be redeemed at its old value in gold. None of these currencies stands now at above one-fifteenth of its nominal value in gold, some of them being rated at one-fiftieth or even a less fraction of what they profess to stand for. The outstanding volume of these currencies runs so high up into the billions that their redemption at the old rate, their restoration to the old parity, is said to be absolutely out of the question.

It is a standing wonder that there is almost complete silence as to the course of action which such a situation calls for. These countries are attempting to carry on business not merely with a depreciated currency but with a phantom currency whose meaning cannot be defined in terms of anything tangible. Of course, a readjustment has to come some time and "one of the greatest blessings that could possibly be conferred upon Germany or Austria or Poland, upon all the countries whose currencies are in a similar condition, would be the bold adoption of some method by which they could immediately be exchanged for some form of currency having a solid

and undisputed value in gold, however small as compared with the nominal value of the unit."

Coincidentally, the London *Economist* states that a plan of this kind has been proposed for Austria by Sir Ernest Harvey, who is acting as financial adviser to the Austrian section of the Reparation Commission. As set forth in the London financial journal, the plan involves the formation of an Austrian Privileged Bank, with a capital of \$50,000,000, with a board on which the majority would represent the stockholders. The bank would have the exclusive right of issuing notes that should be legal tender in new Austria; it would take over the existing note circulation of the Austro-Hungarian Bank now in liquidation, and exchange it, krone for krone, into its own notes; it would take over from the Austro-Hungarian Bank a corresponding amount of Austrian Government debt—to be specially and preferentially secured with the consent of the Reparation Commission. By this arrangement the Austrian Government, by handing over the sole right of issue to the new bank, would be, in effect, obliged to cease living on the printing press, except in so far as the bank was prepared to give it credit.

The new bank would redeem its notes by check on New York at 200 kr. to \$1, and would issue notes against deposits of dollars in New York at the same rate. This rate was suggested at the time when the scheme was prepared, but would, of course, be subject to modification in respect of the rate current at the time when the scheme was adopted.

It is impossible, comments *The Weekly Review*, to overestimate the tonic effect that would be produced by bringing a people that has been floundering in the

nightmare of a phantom currency into touch with money that is understandable to everybody. Nor can there be any doubt that, once put into successful operation in

a single country, "the scheme would spread rapidly into the whole of the great European area that has been stricken by a similar blight."

FARMING THE SHELL CRATERS OF FRANCE

IT is both surprizing and encouraging to read that the efforts of the Germans to ruin the soil of northern France for agricultural purposes has done the exact opposite. The work of the American Committee for Devastated France has, among other things, shattered the theory that subsoil requires years of exposure to air and light and the patient working in of fertilizer before it is capable of raising crops. According to H. B. Fullerton, the Long Island farming expert, who is directing the field work of the American committee in devastated French territory, not even the topsoil with its humus has been lost. For no matter how many times a battle sector may have been shelled and reshelled, the topsoil must go somewhere. Blown into dust, all but a very small portion must fall back onto the land, together with a subsoil of chalk which, in northern France, is a fine grade of agricultural lime. In addition, writes James H. Collins, in *The Country Gentleman*, the finest potash that the Germans ever mined went into their shells and was delivered gratis and in vast quantity to the French farmers. For "the deadly chlorine gas and the highly expensive bromide gas of the invader contained chemicals which, penetrating the soil and being absorbed, have combined with soil elements to release available plant food." Fertilized for five years with every description of animal and human waste, we read, the present content of nitrogen in the soil is probably greater than would have been added by the most liberal and thoro manuring of the land.

Over much of the territory where battles were fought the plowing by shell and shrapnel ranges from three to five feet deep. High explosives went deeper and mine craters reached a depth of a hundred feet or more. At an estimated cost of from \$5000 to \$50,000 an acre, the Germans, in other words, have turned up, pulverized

and made available for crops the virgin underlying stuff from which all soil is made, with its chemicals available for feeding hungry plants.

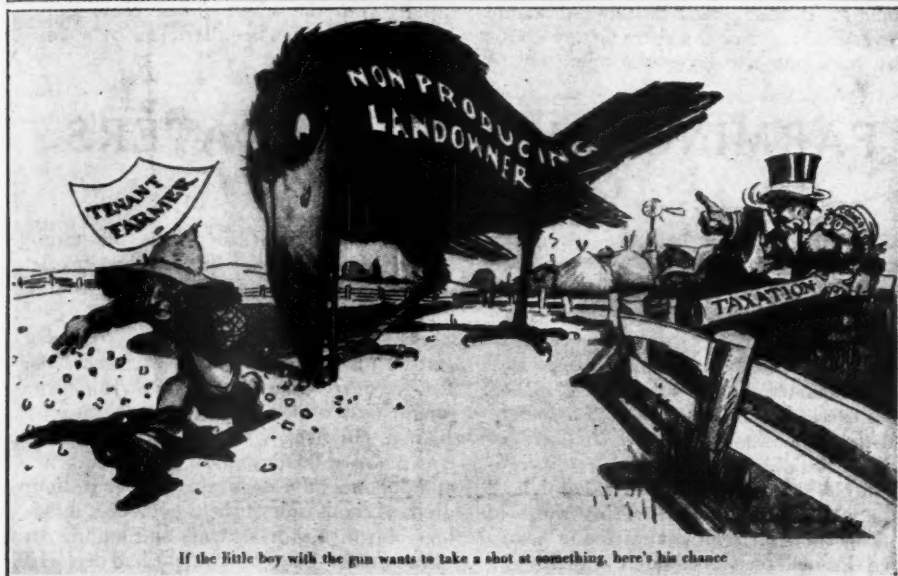
The Fullerton demonstrations are being carried on in what is known as the Zone Rouge, near Soissons. This territory was fought over no less than eighteen times by French, British, Canadians, Australians, Americans and Germans. Miles of trenches and dugouts have been run through it, hundreds of thousands of shells exploded, buildings blown to atoms, roads and landmarks obliterated. The government had declared it uninhabitable. It was selected for experiment because the American expert wanted to attack the worst soil available.

Fullerton and his eighteen-year-old daughter are said, in *The Country Gentleman*, to have been given a hectare, about two and a half acres, of land just as it had been left by the armies. Largely with their own hands, they cleared their hectare. Then they leveled it off and planted a kitchen garden, plus farm crops of the kind now required in France.

Before the war this region raised wheat, sugar beets, some fruit and some livestock. The sugar factories have been destroyed, so beets cannot be grown until new sugar factories are built. Wheat cannot be grown extensively at the outset either, because draft animals are lacking and the work of clearing war wreckage, filling the trenches and shell holes and leveling off the soil on a basis of large acreage will call for time, machinery and capital. In this region men between nineteen and sixty are seldom seen; the male population between those ages is dead—killed in the war. All work must be done by boys, old men, women and girls. But:

"When their hectare of ground was ready to plant and the young crops materialized and

Easy Picking



Courtesy of Collier's.

required cultivation, every Frenchman and Frenchwoman, and even the curious kiddies, disappeared! It looked as tho they had suddenly lost interest. But that was not the reason. It was simply good manners that kept the French folks away. They feared *le Américain* was going to fail and did not wish to embarrass him by witnessing the catastrophe! So the two Fullertons farmed it alone. When things began to come up, the neighbors appeared again. One fine old chap named most appropriately Bontemps—Goodweather—indicated by signs that he was curious to know how *les Américains* were going to deal with the witch grass, already rising to smother the crop.

"A wheel hoe was fitted with an attachment made for just such work—cutting tools that run an inch or so beneath the soil and chop off such weeds. After a while these tools became dull. Of all things included in his tool kit, Fullerton had forgotten to bring a file. By signs, Bontemps grasped what was wanted.

"*Oui, oui,*" he exclaimed eagerly, hurrying away, and in ten minutes he was back with a four-inch fragment of a file. This was the only file he had. More than that, it was the only one in the neighborhood, being borrowed several miles round—and that is just how scarce the little everyday tools are in France. The Man with the Hoe was French but this Zone Rouge part of France is the home of the man with only half a hoe. For the people do much of their field work with a tool having an

eighteen-inch handle, which necessitates a continued stooping over.

"The French peasant saw the advantage of working erect in two days," says Fullerton. People said, 'Now there will be no more back-ache!' By that they meant the children, who would work erect by the new American method. The idea went so fast, in fact, that the fifteen wheel hoes taken over for demonstration were all too few even for that purpose, and it is probable that a factory will be started right in the devastated region to turn them out."

To thoroly rehabilitate these war-wrecked regions, tractors and other machinery than wheel hoes are needed, stationary engines pulling scrapers or plows by cable to fill the trenches and shell craters, clear the land of obstructions, level the fields and pull out or explode buried shells without danger to the workers. The boche, under the impression that he was ruining the Frenchman, plowed deep for him and fertilized his fields with a finer grade of potash than was ever sold for agricultural purposes. But the job of leveling off this fine new underlayer of French soil will be costly. Crops, we are told in conclusion, will not cover the cost under less than a ten-year period, and a generation is more conservative reckoning.

BARRING BANDITS, RAILROADING FLOURISHES IN CHINA

CHINA, with ten thousand miles of line in more or less efficient operation, has nearly half the railway mileage of the Orient. In the Japanese Empire, including Formosa and Saghalin but not Korea, are sixty-five hundred miles; in Chosen eight hundred and fifty miles and three thousand miles distributed over Burmah, Siam, Malaysia and the Philippines. The types of rolling stock and construction of road-bed are for the most part European, tho the dining and freight cars and most of the locomotives of the South Manchurian, Chosen and Peking-Mukden Railways are of the American type.

Recently Donald F. McLeod, of the Chinese Government Engineering College, made an inspection trip over several thousand miles of Oriental railways and he reports, in the *Engineering News-Record*, that there is little to choose, in the matter of accommodations, between railway travel in China or Japan and that in America. The regularity of the time in China and Japan, as compared with the schedule, is nearly perfect, tho, as frequently is the case in this country, one does not recognize the names of the stations as announced by the trainmen.

The speed of express trains on the Chosen and South Manchurian Railways is twenty-



RAILWAY SERVICE IN THE ORIENT IS GREAT AND GROWING

Half of it is now operating and projected in China, with Japan a close second. Nearly all the lines in operation are a good paying investment, despite many handicaps and outlawry obstacles.

eight miles an hour, including stops, and the speed of the Peking-Mukden express trains is twenty-two miles an hour. Accidents, with injury to passengers or loss of life, are said to be unknown. There are no Pullman coaches, the first-class coaches on the Peking-Mukden line being divided into compartments after the English type and closely resembling the drawing-room cars of American railways. English is supposed to be spoken on all the Chinese lines, but it is usually confined to a few set phrases. For example, a dining-car attendant will come into the first-class coach and say, "Dinner is now ready." Asked, however, "How long a period will dinner be served?" the answer will be, "Yes."

The railway routes held by concession from the Chinese government are shown on the accompanying sketch map of China and its environs, along with railways under construction, those in operation, or which have been operated, and routes along which railways are projected. Those in operation are paying well despite the fact that "any time it strikes the fancy of a governor to move his troops toward Peking, or elsewhere, he commandeers enough first-class cars and locomotives from the Federal Railway to serve his purposes." Another vicissitude is the playful habit of organized

bandits to swoop down on a train or a station and make off with all the cash in sight also of carrying off civil engineers or other members of the staff and holding them for ransom. The usual number of bandits in a group is about one thousand, or invariably great enough to overawe any small group of soldiery that is apt to be available.

Incidentally, the most powerful governor in all China, Chang tso lin, of Manchuria, is notorious as being an ex-bandit.

As an offset to the comparatively limited railway service in China, we read that an aerial transportation company recently formed in Hong Kong has received from America a consignment of eleven Curtiss hydro-aeroplanes. It is reported that these initial machines are to be put in passenger and freight service between Hong Kong, Canton, Macao, Foochow and Shanghai. Also, the Chinese government has been assembling and testing a number of Handley-Page airplanes preparatory to establishing a mail service between the larger cities. They also are to be used in making observations of a topographical character in connection with railway surveys, in coast patrol work and for police or military duty such as running down banditti.

WHY THE 8-HOUR DAY PAYS IN AMERICAN INDUSTRY

EFFICIENCY engineers are a unit in declaring anything longer than the 8-hour day to be a dead issue industrially; that the advantages of a three-shift over a two-shift day are no more to be disputed than the conclusions of a Euclid theorem. So reports Ida M. Tarbell, in the *Evening Post Magazine* (New York), after a thorough canvass of the situation. Among the prominent business engineers quoted is Arthur Jones, who has been reorganizing a great chemical plant in Bayonne, New Jersey—a plant with a dozen different departments and all classes of labor from unskilled to expert artisans, sixty-eight per cent of whom are foreign born. When he began, there was not a factory in Bayonne on an 8-hour basis;

everybody worked twelve hours. Convinced that he could not get the quality of service needed in his reorganized plant from a man who worked twelve hours a day, he took a department at a time and, beginning at the top, he gradually transferred one department after another to an 8-hour basis, with the result that as fast as a department was transferred its production was so increased that men actually had to be taken off and put into other departments to balance the output. There is a bulk of similar experiences on the part of many distinguished engineers. Harrington Emerson, for instance, submits this tabular result of an effort of his in transferring a continuous process industry from twelve to eight hours:

	P. C.
Reduction in hours.	33 $\frac{1}{3}$
Increase in wages.	15
Increase in production. .	37
Decrease in cost.	15

Another case is of a plant whose production was nearly trebled by going on the 8-hour shift, and this with an increase of little more than twenty-two per cent in the labor force. This point is emphasized because one of the stock objections of the school of "it can't be done" is that the change from twelve to eight hours always requires at least fifty per cent more workers.

An examination of the records of the engineers who have made these transfers from the long to the short shift successfully justifies Miss Tarbell in stating not only that wages have not been decreased but "not infrequently they have been increased automatically through the increased efficiency of the men." At the same time, "the engineers are realizing more and more that

they cannot be successful in applying science to industry unless the worker himself is from the start taken into the problem and made a cooperator in solving it. The conquering of the 12-hour day calls for an intelligent participation of all the human factors in an industrial plant; it cannot be successfully imposed from the top. It is not a thing to be worked out by the engineer alone; it is one of those industrial results that come only from science coupled with full cooperation."

What it all amounts to, concludes Miss Tarbell, is that we have already, thanks to the engineering profession, a body of experience on the economic as well as social value of the three-shift day in a continuous process industry that no intelligent man of open mind can gainsay. "It is a bulk of experience which is bound to grow larger as time goes on and finally to wipe out in this country one of the most uneconomical, wasteful, and inhuman processes of which industry has been guilty."

THE SMALLEST PUBLIC RAILWAY IN THE WORLD

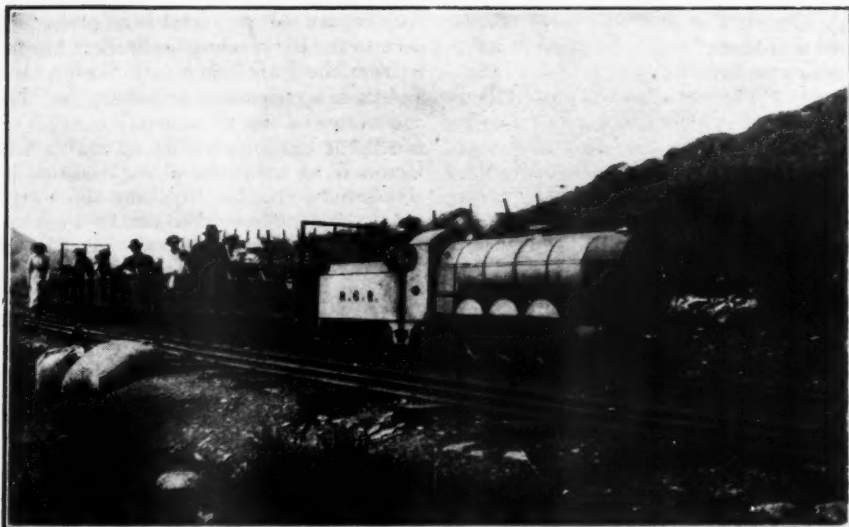
AMERICAN visitors to Europe, on landing at Liverpool or Southampton, are at once struck by the small size of British locomotives as compared with the mighty machines in American railway operation. Their astonishment, not unmingled with amusement, is, however, soon supplemented by admiration for the excellent running made on the English main lines, but if one's itinerary takes him into the lake-lands and high-lands of Cumberland, says *Railway and Locomotive Engineering*, he will there find an independent little line which claims to be "the smallest public railway in the world."

This line is known as the Eskdale Railway and is 7 $\frac{1}{8}$ miles in length. The rail gauge is one of 15 inches only. It is leased to a London company—Narrow Gauge Railways, Limited. The passenger working is carried on by midget express engines, built to a scale of one-quarter the size of ordinary British main-line locomotives, but in other respects exactly the same in

construction and appearance. The accompanying photograph is of a new Pacific type express locomotive built by Hunt & Co., Bournemouth, and put into service for the 1920 summer season. It is named "Sir Aubrey Brocklebank" after a worthy baronet whose property the railway skirts for about two miles.

The leading dimensions of the locomotive are: Bogie and trailing wheels, 9 $\frac{3}{8}$ in. dia.; cylinders, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. dia. by 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. stroke; coupled wheels, 20 in. dia.; boiler, length, 5 ft. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; diameter, 22 $\frac{5}{8}$ in.; firebox, 1 ft. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. long; heating surface, tubes, 11,672.7 sq. in.; firebox, 1,412.6 sq. in.; total, 13,085.3 sq. in.; frames, length, 10 ft. 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.; boiler center above rails, 2 ft. 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.

The line begins at Ravenglass on the Furness Railway and there are six other stations—Muncaster, Irton Road, Eskdale Green, Beckford, Dalegarth (a new one opened this year) and the terminus—Boot. There is an excellent service of passenger



Courtesy of Railway and Locomotive Engineering

A TOM THUMB OF RAILWAYS OPERATING IN ENGLAND

Eksdale Railway with new engine arriving at Beckford, the terminal of the line, with the first regular train.

trains, including a non-stop morning "express" from Ravenglass to Dalegarth—a station provided with a well-fitted refreshment room—a much appreciated public convenience. The non-stop train slips a

coach at Irton Road station and this, we read, is the only instance in the world of such an operation being in practice in a regular service on a miniature railway.

WHAT AMERICAN SCIENCE HAS DONE FOR CHEESE

ONE of the recent scientific discoveries of the Department of Agriculture has eliminated the gamble from Swiss cheese manufacture and has made it possible for American cheese-makers to produce better cheese than ever came from Switzerland. The question, "What causes the holes in Swiss cheese?" has been answered after twelve years of investigation and laboratory experiment. We are told by George H. Dacy, in the *Scientific American*, that success crowned the efforts of the agricultural experts when they extracted all the bacteria—of which there were a thousand or more—from a fine sample of imported Swiss cheese. By an elimination process, they tested each individual "bug" in turn and evolved a new culture medium.

In other words, they isolated the particular organism which formed the holes in Swiss cheese and revamped the entire method of production to a strictly chemical and technical basis, with the consequence that "at present it is possible to guarantee that at least ninety per cent of the cheese crop made according to the new methods will be of excellent quantity, adapted to suit the requirements of the most critical trade."

Heretofore we have consumed about 20,000,000 pounds of imported Swiss cheese annually, while our domestic output, according to the old methods of manufacture, had almost reached a similar production. We read that, by perfecting the commercial system of cheese manufacture, not only is dairying promoted in sections of the coun-

try far from city markets and adequate railroad transportation, but the standardization of Swiss-cheese-making also promises an ample supply for home consumption and a large surplus for export trade. At present one plant in California is manufacturing Swiss cheese on a large scale. It has produced over \$2,000,000 worth this year and has exported two carloads of the product to Switzerland, where "the cheese was sold on the open market and was complimented as being better than the best of the domestic offerings."

Another notable accomplishment of the Dairy Division of the Department of Agriculture has been the perfection of modern methods of Roquefort cheese production. For twenty centuries, Roquefort has ranked as the king of all cheese. It has been made by the peasants of southern France who live near Roquefort and maintain approximately 500,000 sheep especially for the production of milk from which to make the cheese. During their six months' lactation period some of the ewes produce enough milk individually to make fifty pounds of cheese. The cheese, for the most part, is made on the farms and small factories of that neighborhood and subsequently sent to Roquefort, where it is cured in the famous caves of that region—formed by the slipping of rock at the base of the Cambalou Mountains.

Currents of cool moist air circulate freely through the caverns and galler-

ies and are aided in their natural refrigeration and curing of the cheese by the numerous streams of mountain water which wind hither and thither among the grottos. When the moist air currents strike the rocks, rapid evaporation occurs, which is invaluable in lowering the temperature to about 40 degrees Fahrenheit.

Federal farming scientists in this country, for a number of years, have been experimenting with the manufacture of a green mold cheese from cow's milk. For many years the attempts all resulted in failure. It was not sufficient merely to sprinkle green mold on the curd to produce Roquefort cheese. Only with the greatest difficulty was the mold made to develop properly. A low temperature was prerequisite, with plenty of ventilation and high humidity.

Finally the Government dairying specialists devised a special air-conditioning apparatus which filled the bill to a T and which duplicated the natural conditions which obtained in the caves of Roquefort. A process was perfected which permitted the substitution of cow's milk for goat's milk, as little of the latter material was available in this country. As a result, modern science has standardized Roquefort cheese manufacture and adapted it to our local conditions as efficiently as it has solved the Swiss cheese riddle.

FINDING WORK FOR THE CORNCOB

IT would appear from a recent report of the Department of Agriculture that a great deal of the high cost of living is attributable to sheer waste. Last year, for instance, twenty-five million dollars' worth of sweet potatoes—a hundred million bushels—rotted instead of being eaten. This was because they were put on the ground in small heaps and covered with dirt, instead of being stored in properly constructed warehouses. Specialists of the Department of Agriculture, in conjunction with the Bureau of Markets, have

developed and caused to be erected six hundred model storage houses which, we read, is a first step in the direction of reducing by about nine per cent the sweet potato wastage. Then, reports Secretary Meredith, from \$50,000,000 to \$75,000,000 a year is lost because baled cotton is left out in the weather instead of being put into properly regulated storage houses. Tests made by the Department have shown losses by exposing cotton to the weather ranging as high as \$100.48 a bale, and the lowest shown was \$8.80 a bale. Multi-

plied millions of dollars in fruits and vegetables rot every year in railroad cars. In two months last winter \$3,000,000 worth of apples from the Pacific Northwest were frozen in transit. Losses from heat are just about as heavy as those from cold. It is encouraging to note, however, that a new type of refrigerator car has been designed by Department specialists and adopted by the Railroad Administration. Practically all refrigerator cars built or rebuilt during the past two years are built in accordance with those specifications and efforts are being made to perfect a means of heating the standard refrigerator cars in cold weather.

Losses caused by improper loading and packing of fruits and vegetables frequently run as high as forty to fifty per cent to the car load. Specifications for loading cars with certain fruits and vegetables have been worked out by the Department which, reports Secretary Meredith in the *Nation's Business*, is eliminating waste along many other important lines, by discovering uses for products that formerly served no useful purpose. Corn cobs is an illustration. About a bushel of cobs is produced for every bushel of shelled corn and, excepting those that enter into the manufacture of pipes, they have heretofore been wasted. During the past few months, however,

writes Secretary Meredith, chemists in the Department of Agriculture have discovered that the entire content of corn cobs can be converted into highly useful products.

"Commercial plants are now being equipped to manufacture half a dozen products from them. One of these products is an adhesive of exceptionally high quality. Another is cellulose, suitable for use in the manufacture of dynamite and various other things. We have made very good paper, using a part of the corncob product as filler. Another product that the plants will turn out from cobs is acetate of lime, from which acetic acid is made. And after all these things had been demonstrated, our chemists discovered a very valuable by-product—furfural. Up to this time furfural has been so rare that it has sold as high as \$20 a pound. Every con of corn cobs will yield about thirty pounds of furfural as a by-product, and our specialists estimate that it can be manufactured in this way for less than twenty cents a pound."

Furfural is what the chemists call a basic intermediary in dyes. It is useful in the manufacture of many paints and lacquers and in the making of bakelite, a substance used in pipe stems and other articles. Also it is such an excellent insecticide that its use as such is becoming common even at \$20 a pound.

DANGERS THAT LURK IN THE HOUSING CRISIS

AN outstanding big-business feature of the housing question today is that any company proposing to build a new plant must consider the fact that for every \$1000 needed to build a mill or factory no less than \$3000 to \$5000 of housing must be provided to take care of the workers. Study of the situation not only reveals an alarming lack of homes but the outlook forebodes trouble. As Floyd W. Parsons observes, in the *Saturday Evening Post*, we have been steadily falling behind in home-building for three years and this deficiency is slowly but surely weakening the foundation on which our social and industrial strength is based.

In 1919 there were constructed in this country 240,000,000 square feet of residential buildings, or approximately 150,000 homes. It is interesting to note by way of comparison that during the first eight months of 1920 the total residential building was 54,000,000 square feet less than during the same period of 1919. During those periods the cost of buildings under construction in twenty-five states was respectively \$431,000,000 and \$849,000,000. People who own their own homes and those with large incomes have not suffered severely, but emphasis is laid on the fact that a majority of families with small incomes are facing a constantly clouding situation.

Take, for example, the case of a man of family who has an income of \$1500 a year. Such a person cannot afford to pay out more than one-fourth of his income for rent. This means that his limit for rent is \$375 a year. It is commonly understood that the owner of a house must receive 12½ per cent on his investment in order to come out whole after paying taxes and upkeep. A rental of \$375 is 12½ per cent interest on \$3000, but the cost of building at the present time in most localities amounts to \$1000 a room. In order to live decently an ordinary family needs five rooms, and such a house would cost \$5000 instead of \$3000. Therefore it is plain that the man with an income of \$1500 a year can pay interest on only a \$3000 house, tho he requires a five-room house, costing \$5000. This shows a spread or difference of \$2000 between what the average citizen needs and what he can now pay for.

The greatest danger involved in the situation is declared to be the wide belief in the idea that legislation is a cure for most of our industrial and economic ills. Stating that legislation to regulate rents will afford no more relief over here than it has afforded to the people of England, where the housing situation is worse than our own, this writer reports that Great Britain is trying to build more than 500,000 houses at a cost to taxpayers of over \$100,000,000 a year for a period of sixty years. The state proposes to pay the difference between the rent the average workman can afford and the rent the landlord must ask. The British propose to raise the capital needed for this great undertaking by issuing bonds through local authorities in the communities where the houses are to be erected. In rural districts the money for building will be supplied by direct loans from the central government.

The tenants of houses, in most instances, are getting homes at a rate of rental below what they can afford to pay. As the scheme is being worked out, the workers are paying less rent in proportion to their income than they did in the past. This plan is to continue until 1927, when the readjustment of rentals is to be made, and the excessive cost of building is then to be written off. Also, in 1927, the tenants of post-war houses will be asked to pay a higher rent, which will more nearly cover the interest

on the investment made. There seems to be no thought that wages may be less seven years hence and the workingman may balk at paying a higher rent for his home.

A housing expert, Lawrence Veiller, who has been abroad conducting an investigation for an important governmental committee is quoted as saying that labor is becoming pauperized by this program, and that the policy of the government to drive labor from "luxury building" into housing, instead of trying to attract it into housing, has not been a success. The government announced in 1919 that during the next twelve months it would produce 190,000 houses. The twelve months have passed and only 3000 houses have been built. However, the plan is now getting well under way and the scheme may bring greater accomplishment. Estimates have been approved for 137,552 houses, contracts have been let for the erection of 83,014 houses, and 23,300 houses were actually in course of construction last August. The guild system of building is being tried in several places, but its value cannot yet be estimated. The private builder has been driven almost completely from the field, due largely to the laws controlling rents and holding them down to prewar levels, to land taxes and finance acts passed in 1909, and to the fact that the cost of a house today is about three times its prewar cost. In an attempt to attract the private builders back into the field the government is now offering subsidies equivalent to twenty-four per cent and more of the cost of the houses to the private builders.

This is declared to be the boldest experiment yet made by any government in handling the housing problem, but one that is courting failure because it is not economically sound. "Certainly there is no reason why we should copy this overseas scheme. On the other hand, we would prove ourselves careless and dull if we failed to profit by the experience that brought about the English crisis. Among other things we should recognize the fact that the more we subsidize either tenants or landlords the more we injure private enterprise. The situation cannot be relieved materially until the majority of the people actually substitute a policy of investing for the present policy of spending."

RUSSIA WOULD PAY DEBTS WITH PLATINUM MONEY

RUSSIA'S Red ministry of finance, in anticipation of the resumption of trade with foreign nations, has been casting about for means to pay the international trade balances that will have to be liquidated in hard money. There are no accurate figures available upon which to base an estimate of Russia's stock of gold coin; but it is well known that her gold supply has been greatly depleted by the Bolshevik leaders. An interesting phase of the Red program for paying these trade balances is an impending issue of platinum credit notes. The Soviet ministry of finance claims to hold platinum reserves to the amount of 37,500,000 rubles or, in round figures, \$18,750,000 at par of exchange. It is purposed to issue against these reserves credit notes convertible into platinum coin for 65,000,000 rubles. The new notes are to be issued in denominations of 50,100,500 and 5,000 rubles.

If these figures, quoted from press dispatches, are correct, it would appear that each hundred-ruble note would have only about fifty-eight rubles' worth of platinum behind it; and, such being the case, there is no apparent reason why any one outside of Russia should care to accept it at its face value in the discharge of an international obligation.

This, observes the *Saturday Evening Post*, is not Russia's first attempt to use platinum as a money metal. Nearly a century ago, in 1828, the imperial government minted platinum coins intended to have the values of three, six and twelve rubles. At that time the metal was far less valuable than it is today and coins made of it were proportionately larger. Also the melting of platinum was exceedingly difficult and the withdrawal and replacement of worn coins proved unexpectedly costly. In 1845 the experiment was pronounced a failure and existing platinum coins were withdrawn from circulation.

Until very recently platinum had not come into its own. The late W. Stanley Jevons, whose "Money and the Mechanism of Exchange" is regarded as a standard book, writing only forty years ago made a

statement that today scarcely seems credible.

Describing the Russian experiment and setting forth the shortcomings of platinum as a money metal, he goes on to say: "The appearance of platinum being inferior to that of silver or gold, it is seldom or never employed for purposes of ornament." If the author could walk through the great jewelers' shops in any large city he would no doubt wish to revise his statement. As a fact, however, silver is a more beautiful metal and all that can be said in favor of the more costly substance is that it tarnishes less readily and its tone and luster are so neutral that it always harmonizes with whatever color or fabric it may have for a background.

To show how rapidly platinum has come into its own, as measured by a dollars-and-cents standard, one need only recall that a dozen or fifteen years ago one heard the white metal referred to as "almost as expensive as gold"; that is to say, it was worth almost \$20.67 a Troy ounce. By 1911, owing to the expansion of the electrical and the chemical industries in which platinum is largely used, its price had advanced to \$43.12; and during the next four years its value increased by only as many dollars. In 1916, however, it climbed swiftly and broke all earlier records when it touched \$83.40. The high peak was reached last year, when it sold for \$120 an ounce. The platinum best suited to the setting of jewels is alloyed with iridium and now fetches about \$135 an ounce.

In the past, the Russian platinum mines of the Urals were our great source of the metal, but since the establishment of the Red regime our main dependence has been upon the mines of Colombia. Owing to the primitive metallurgical methods employed in that country, her output is not large; but if prices remain high production in that quarter will no doubt be stimulated. Our importations from all sources of supply during the year 1919 amounted to about 53,000 ounces, and our visible stock on hand at the beginning of the current year was approximately 65,000 ounces.

Voices of Living Poets

IS it true that very few of us care very much whether our country has any literature or not? The New York *Globe* maintains editorially that we are "too busy, in the main, to pay much attention to novels, plays or poems, except as casual amusements or entertainments," and "if the things that happen to amuse or entertain us should turn out to be worth preserving we'd be very much surprised." In the matter of novels, we are assured that "about the only people bothered by their badness (as works of art) are the exclusive critics and their limited audience." As to dramatists and essayists, "there is none worthy of a shining place in the sun," and "nobody, not even the critics, knows much about poetry." In fact, the American reading public is charged with being bunced by some of the worst novelists and poets in the world. "Will Sherwood Anderson live on after we are dead? Or Dreiser, or Edith Wharton, or Willa Cather? As minor figures, perhaps. Frost and Robinson and Lindsay are not, we know very well, stars of the first magnitude; and are of uncertain quality. Amy Lowell and Carl Sandburg may be read in the future as John Donne is read now—by a few myopic students of the bizarre" and so on. This is sweeping criticism and searching it carefully we are inclined to pronounce it guilty of sinning by omission, if not by commission, in so far as the poets are concerned. Poets and self-advertizers, of course, are not to be confused, nor can it be laid to "our abominable popular taste" that "nobody has so far greatly pleased both the people and the critics."

Meanwhile poetry goes on being more and more widely read throughout the country. Also it is being solicited with more and more discrimination and earnestness by the magazines. Quality is replacing quantity in the demand. As a result, there is an incipient epidemic of poetry prize contests. *The Nation*, for instance,

announces a prize of \$100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day and reserves the right to purchase any other than the winning poem. The Poetry Society of America, in discontinuing its custom of awarding two prizes of \$150 and \$100 respectively for the two poems receiving the highest number of votes of those read at its monthly meetings, will award \$500 for the best book of the year. *The Touchstone* (New York) has inaugurated a new department of poetry and criticism, edited by Marguerite Wilkinson, and offers \$50 each month for the best poem or group of poems sent to the magazine. The poems must be sent in anonymously, with an enclosed sealed envelope bearing the title of the poem and containing the name and address of the author. The editors "hope that established poets will offer their work, but nothing would give them more pleasure than to discover new talent." *Poetry*, of Chicago, offers another \$200 annual prize for a poem or group of poems "by a citizen of the United States." And we detect earth-tremors of still other prizes in preparation. Incidentally, here are two \$100 prize-winning poems which appeared in *Poetry* last year, the first being awarded anonymously for "a poem, or group of poems, without distinction of nationality," the second, which we quote in part, being offered by Mrs. Edgar Speyer, of New York for "good work by a young poet":

THE BEANSTALK

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

HO, Giant! This is I!
I have built me a beanstalk into your sky!
La—but it's lovely, up so high!

This is how I came—I put
There my knee, here my foot
Up and up from shoot to shoot;

And the blessed beanstalk thinning
 Like the mischief all the time,
 Till it took me rocking, spinning,
 In a dizzy, sunny circle,
 Making angles with the root,
 Far and out above the cackle
 Of the city I was born in;
 Till the little dirty city,
 In the light so sheer and sunny,
 Shone as dazzling bright and pretty
 As the money that you find
 In a dream of finding money—
 What a wind! What a morning!—
 Till the tiny, shiny city,
 When I shot a glance below
 Shaken with a giddy laughter
 Sick and blissfully afraid,
 Was a dewdrop on a blade,
 And a pair of moments after
 Was the whirling guess I made;
 And the wind was like a whip
 Cracking past my icy ears,
 And my hair stood out behind,
 And my eyes were full of tears,
 Wide-open and cold,
 More tears than they could hold;
 The wind was blowing so,
 And my teeth were in a row,
 Dry and grinning
 And I felt my foot slip
 And I scratched the wind and whined,
 And I clutched the stalk and jabbered
 With my eyes shut blind—
 What a wind: what a wind!
 Your broad sky, Giant,
 Is the shelf of a cupboard.
 I make beanstalks—I'm
 A builder like yourself;
 But beanstalks is my trade—
 I couldn't make a shelf,
 Don't know how they're made.
 Now, a beanstalk is more pliant—
 La, what a climb!

A MAN WALKS IN THE WIND

BY MAURICE LESEMANN

BEING so tired, it is hard to hide from you;
 It is hard to walk any longer in the night
 and the wind.
 I have gone among brown trees, I have crunched
 the blue
 Frost-bitten grass under my feet, I have stood
 In parted thickets, caught in the crackling
 leaves,
 I have seen the brushpiles on the ridges fired,
 I have watched the twisted smoke that weaves
 Blue strands in the black branches of the wood;
 And now being tired,
 Being tired now and worn enough for rest,

Would it not be safe, would it not be very good,
 Tonight, to find it in your breast,
 In your wise breast where this is understood?

Do you remember another night of wind,
 Moonlight and wind, when it was all
 The sky could do to keep from reeling upon
 us in shame,
 When, breathless, we held it there
 From slipping down about us with your hair?
 Do you remember a night last fall
 When the wind whirled us and whetted us to
 flame,
 Whipped out your dress and would not let us
 be,
 And drove us along the prairie, two shadows
 clinging,
 And dropped us at the foot of a tree?

Fall comes to fall again,
 And I walk alone, I walk alone in the wind. . . .
 I cannot master the beauty of the night.
 I walk alone. The poplar fingers rise
 Tall and awful among white glittering stars.
 Surely this is the most sorrowful delight
 Of any man, to walk alone with a dream. . . .

The wind cleaves me with beauty to the bone,
 And the gray clouds that brush the fields and
 fling
 Gray darkness on to the driven prairie, and
 fold
 Their lonely silence around the hills, and fly
 On to the upper night, to the upper air—
 They have beat me clean, they have beat my
 body cold
 With beauty. Do you hear the wild geese cry?

* * * * *

Many of the best lyrics in Sara Teasdale's new volume, "Flame and Shadow" (Macmillan) have appeared from time to time in these columns, with appreciative comment. There are ninety-two "short swallow-flights of song" in this collection and if they admit of criticism it must be based upon their prevailing melancholy note. They are as flames feathered and flying in a world of shadow—and their burden for the most part is death. Among those that bear a brighter message are:

MEADOWLARKS

IN the silver light after a storm,
 Under dripping boughs of bright new
 green,
 I take the low path to hear the meadowlarks
 Alone and high-hearted as if I were a queen.

What have I to fear in life or death
Who have known three things: the kiss in
the night,
The white flying joy when a song is born,
And meadowlarks whistling in silver light.

THE MYSTERY

YOUR eyes drink of me,
Love makes them shine,
Your eyes that lean
So close to mine.

We have long been lovers,
We know the range
Of each other's moods
—And how they change;

But when we look
At each other so
Then we feel
How little we know

The spirit eludes us,
Timid and free—
Can I ever know you
Or you know me?

THE BROKEN FIELD

MY soul is a dark ploughed field
In the cold rain;
My soul is a broken field
Ploughed by pain.

Where grass and bending flowers
Were growing,
The field lies broken now
For another sowing.

Great Sower when you tread
My field again,
Scatter the furrows there
With better grain.

WATER LILIES

IF you have forgotten water lilies floating
On a dark lake among mountains in the
afternoon shade,
If you have forgotten their wet, sleepy fra-
grance,
Then you can return and not be afraid.

But if you remember, then turn away forever
To the plains and the prairies where pools
are far apart,
There you will not come at dusk on closing
water lilies,
And the shadow of mountains will not fall
on your heart.

This posthumous poem by Swinburne is from the London *Mercury* which states that "these verses were found by Mr. T. J. Wise among the unpublished papers preserved at The Pines and disposed of by Theodore Watts-Dunton after the poet's death":

A FEBRUARY ROUNDEL

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

THE heavy day hangs in a heaven of lead,
Sick-hearted, like a blind hurt beast
astray
On paths where light scarce lightened ere it
fled
The heavy day.

The hollow darkness holds the light at bay:
Cloud against cloud, reluctant, yet makes head:
Hour against hour, wing-broken, yet makes
way.

Time hath no music in his darkling tread,
The wind no heart to wail, the sun no sway,
Ere night with starry shadow swathes her dead,
The heavy day.

From a group of poems in *Harper's* we take these incisive lines which manage to say a great deal in very little space:

FIRE AND ICE

BY ROBERT FROST

SOME say the world will end in fire,
Some say in ice.
From what I've tasted of desire
I hold with those who favor fire.
But if it had to perish twice,
I think I know enough of hate
To know that for destruction ice
Is also great,
And would suffice.

That Armistice Day was not commemorated in this country as it was in England and France, by the burial of an unknown soldier in the highest place of honor the country could give, may or may not have been due to the absence of many or any entirely unidentified American dead. At any rate the day was solemnly recognized in the poet's corners of the daily press. Of admirably sustained and yet repressed emotional quality are these verses which appeared in the *New York Times*:

ARMISTICE NIGHT—1920

BY CURTIS WHEELER

First Division

THE cold rain falls on Dun-sur-Meuse to-night.

My brothers of the Marne, do you fare well,
Where, by the ford, or on some windswept height,

You lie among the hamlets where you fell?

Do you sleep well these wet November nights,
Where there is never any brushwood blaze
To cast within the dugout wavering lights
And warm the chill of these benumbing days?

Romagne-sous-Montfaucon! The little towns
That scatter from the Somme to the Moselle,
Some silent sentry on their high-backed downs,
Harks still to every far white church's bell—

The humble little church of misty hills,
Set where the white roads cross, with ruined fane,

Where, through the window-gaps with war-scarred sills,
A battered Christ looks out into the rain.

Silent, all silent to the passer-by,
Those lonely mounds, or rows of crosses white,
Beyond the need of bitter words they lie,
But are they silent to their friends to-night?

Can we stand whole before a crackling fire—
We, who have gone in peace a year and a year,
Singing and jesting, working again for hire—
Deaf to the message they would have us hear?

Not while the red of poppies in the wheat,
Not while a silver bugle on the breeze.
Not while the smell of leather in the heat,
Bring us anew in spirit overseas.

While stars of Alsace light the Vosges at night,
As long as Lorraine's cross shines in the sun,
While moons on Dar-le-Duc send bombers' light,
Or rain drives down the gray road to Verdun.

So long shall we hear those we left behind,
Where eddying smoke fell like a mountain wraith,
And in the din, that left us deaf and blind,
We sensed the uttered message clear—"Keep faith."

To every man a different meaning, yet—
Faith to the thing that set him, at his best,
Something above the blood and dirt and wet,
Something apart. May God forget the rest!

Lest we forget! The months swing into years,
Our souls are caught in trivial things again,
We laugh at what we once beheld with tears.
In petty strife we ease our souls their pain.

The cold rain falls in France! Ah, send anew
The spirit that once flamed so high and bright,
When, by your graves, we bade you brave adieu,
When Taps blew so much more than just
"Good night."

This curious poem is a literal translation from the Spanish. Señor León-Felipe is a poet whose work has met with a good deal of success in Spain, a country which also is in process of a Renaissance in literature. We find it in the London *Spectator*:

LIKE THEE

BY LEÓN FELIPE

SUCH is my life,
O Stone,
Like thee; like thee,
Little stone,
Like thee,
Light stone;
Like thee,
A pebble rolling
On the roadway,
On the pathway;
Like thee,
Humble stone of the highway;
Like thee,
Who on stormy days
Liest deep,
In the mire,
And at times
Flashest into sparks
Under the hoofs
And under the wheels;
Like thee, who wast not made
To be a stone
Of a warehouse,
Of a law-court,
Of a palace,
Nor of a church;
Like thee,
A wandering stone;
Like thee,
Who perchance wast made
For a sling only,
A small stone
And
Light.

Truth and poetry go hand in hand through the first four of these stanzas and lock arms in the fifth. We credit them with thanks to the *Century*

MATTER

BY LOUIS UNTERMAYER

WHEN I was a live man,
A few years ago,
For all I might say,
For all I could do,

I got no attention;
My life was so small
The world didn't know
I was living at all.

Such stolid indifference
I couldn't allow;
I swore that I'd matter,
Never mind how.

But after a lifetime
Of failure and prayer,
I broke my heart trying
To make the world care.

And now as I lie here,
Feeding this tree,
I am more to the world
Than it is to me.

Altho the statement made in the ninth and tenth lines of this sonnet, written in Dublin, Ireland, and published in *The Sonnet* (Williamsport, Pa.), is of questionable fact, it does not succeed, we think, in spoiling an otherwise fine piece of work:

OUTLASTING

BY MARY J. O'NEILL

I HAVE known men bereft of all they had;
I have seen women stript of trinkets rare;
A thousand towns may fall, their streets be sad,
Their fame be echoless upon the air.
But I have never known a dream to die,
And I have dressed in dreams for many years,
And I have seen around me careless lie
Their careless trinketry as bright as tears.

For only the Impossible is true,
And only the Improbable can stand;
At last the Long Uncertainty will do,
And I have found it so in every land.
I counted on a heart to find it clay . . .
But I live by the dream of it today.

This, from *The Freeman*, will bear study as being much more than a flight of fancy. The conclusion is particularly effective:

THE VANISHED YEARS

BY JEANNETTE MARKS

I

I CLIMB them step by step—
The vanished years.
Stumbling, I pause to look below
Down wells of time, so black, so deep
Their waters keep
No sound,
Nor show a star,
Nor hold a memory

II

Sometimes I kneel and look above
That dark stairway
At years to come;
My fingers clasp my fears,
Where my hopes go.
Up there beyond that last, gray step,
Afar,
Within that roof of mist,
What is that shape in flight,
Dim, strong and slow?

III

"A wing," some say;
Some answer, "Love";
And some say, "Night
And sleep."
But I?
I do not know.

It is perhaps straining the leash of poetic license to image life as a friendly hound, but we find no fault with *The Dial* in publishing this rhythmic daguerreotype:

YOUTH

BY HAZEL HALL

PERHAPS his feet might choose in their new pride
A tread whose echoes ring more evenly—
But Life, a friendly hound, runs at his side
And will not let him be.

His spirits answer in good comradeship;
Yet he must have a care to face the street
Erect, lest this strange dignity should slip
Like sandals from his feet.

And in the awkward grace of his new gait,
His show of artlessness, becoming wise,
The past and future gravely arbitrate—
And gayly compromise.

So on he goes with sure, uncertain stride,
Holding with valiant grip his dignity—
But Life, a friendly hound, runs at his side
And will not let him be.

(Continued from page 54)

"The pleasure is all ours," Todd assured him. "But, say, old man!"

"Well?"

"You ought to buy a little old used car like this some time to carry in your tool-box."

They were still laughing when we drove away. Not a word did Mrs. Todd utter on the homeward journey; but in the privacy of our humble barn—

"Oh!" she cried. "I could *die*! Why did you have to say that to Mr. Burton?"

"Amanda!"

She subsided, but she had not surrendered.

"You didn't tell me you had an engagement with him. What——"

Todd laughed. "I was chosen this week, my dear, as a grievance committee of one, representing the teaching staff at the college, to put a few facts into John Quincy Burton's ear."

"You?"

"Precisely, my dear. I was the only man

in the faculty who seemed to have the—the self-confidence necessary. And I made Burton see the point. I have his promise that the college trustees will campaign the state this summer for a half-million-dollar emergency fund, a good slice of which will go toward salary increases."

"Well! I must say——"

She did not say it. Silently she left us.

He lingered a while in the barn. He opened my hood, for I was quite warm from the towing job. He examined a new cut in one of my tires and loosened my hand-brake a notch. He couldn't seem to find enough to do for me.

From the house came a hail. I am not sure that he did not hold his breath as he listened.

"James, dear!" again.

"Hello!" he answered.

"James, dear, won't you bring your automobile pliers, please, and see if you can open this jar of marmalade?"

My little man went in whistling.



Wide World Photo

THE GRAVE OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

A design by Paul Landowski of the monument to be erected in Paris by the French Government and people to the memory of the Allied dead of the Great War.

• New Books in Brief •

The General Staff and Its Problems, by General Ludendorff (Dutton), supplements the author's earlier book, "War Memories, 1914-1918." It tells, in two volumes, "the history of the relations between the High Command and the German Imperial Government as revealed by official documents." This work substantiates Bernstorff's contention (in his book, "My Three Years in America") that Germany's position toward the end of the war was materially weakened by friction between her civil and military governors. Much is made in Bernstorff's book of the fact that the unrestricted U-boat campaign was launched at the very moment when he and President Wilson were coming to an understanding. Ludendorff admits that he called for unrestricted U-boat warfare, but claims that Chancellor von Bethmann Hollweg kept him in the dark as to what was happening in America. The situation created by America's entry into the war is traversed in full. It seems that reports on American war preparations, made to the General Staff, were substantially accurate, but that military Germany did not appreciate their real significance until the summer of 1918. "The army of the United States," General Ludendorff now concedes, "prevented our victory and made possible that of the Entente, after the strength of our army had been broken by revolution."

An English Wife in Berlin, by Evelyn, Princess Blücher (Dutton), records the experiences in wartime Germany of the wife of the great grandson of the famous Marshal of Waterloo. Princess Blücher had excellent opportunities to see what was going on behind the scenes, and she traces, with memorable vividness, the changes in the temper of the German people from the first triumphant outburst of the war spirit until the time when all were obsessed by a sense of impending doom. She describes Von Tirpitz in fury over the rejection of submarine plans, and Ludendorff and Kuhlmann shouting so loud in an altercation that their voices could be heard "three or four stories above." She quotes the Crown Prince as remarking, apropos of the precarious position of the Hohenzollerns, "I'm young enough to find another job, but what will happen to the old man if we have to go?" and she pictures the

Kaiser as a puppet so weak in the hands of his ministers and generals that even his abdication was announced before he had seen it.

The Making of the Reparation and Economic Sections of the Treaty, by Bernard M. Baruch (Harper), is a defense of the policies pursued at the Conference of Peace by the American delegation. Mr. Baruch was himself a member of that delegation, and his book, according to John Maynard Keynes, who came to the Conference as an English delegate and indicted it in "The Economic Consequences of the Peace," is of great value. It shows how the American representatives, led by President Wilson, fought a losing battle against the representatives of the Allied Powers. "Tho the peace delegates individually were able and high-minded," Mr. Baruch declares, "they were bound to the wheel of their national aspirations." Like Keynes, Mr. Baruch estimates the maximum amount of legitimate claims against Germany at \$15,000,000,000, exclusive of pensions and reparation allowances. He puts Germany's capacity to pay at the same figure. He lays stress on a secret memorandum prepared by General Smuts for the Big Four by which the amount of the indemnity to be exacted from Germany is left excessive and unsettled. There is comfort for Mr. Baruch in the fact that the parts of the Treaty which he most dislikes are empty because they are impossible. But "they have wounded, nevertheless, the public faith of Europe," Mr. Keynes writes in a review of the book in the *New York Evening Post*.

The Story of a Style, by William Bayard Hale (Huebsch), is a rancorous study of the literary and oratorical methods of President Wilson. Once upon a time Mr. Hale was an ardent admirer of Woodrow Wilson and wrote his biography. Now he has gone to the opposite extreme and vents his spleen on what he regards as the banalities, pedantic addictions, clinic obsessions, heliotropisms and learned affectations in the Wilson style. On page after page of the published writings of the President he sorts out and counts the literary mannerisms, the "may I nots," the "verys," the "virtuallys," etc. He says that the presidential style has suffered an absolute shipwreck on the bottomless shoals of intensifica-

tions that attenuate and of qualitatives that dequalitate. "Amidst the tortures of a world he can only alliterate and generalize, and marshal still his ragged army of learned locutions."

The Letters of William James, edited by his son Henry James (Atlantic Monthly Press), are described in the New York *Tribune* as proof that even a great philosopher likes his little joke. James writes a memorable letter to Harvard students about some lost goloshes and thanks his eight-year-old son for a tooth which he proposes to keep "so that, if you grow up to be a George Washington, I may sell it to a museum." Physiology, psychology and spiritualism are a few of the topics discussed. Some of the best of William James's letters are written to his novelist-brother, Henry. He says: "I have almost succeeded in clinching a bargain whereby Munsterberg, the ablest experimental psychologist in Germany, allowance made for his being only twenty-eight years old—he is, in fact, the Rudyard Kipling of psychology—is to come here." In another letter to Henry he calls Josiah Royce "a perfect little Socrates for wisdom and humor."

Lincoln the World Emancipator, by John Drinkwater (Houghton Mifflin) is a plea for such an understanding between Britain and America as will enable them to work together in solving the problems of the world in the direction of liberty and brotherhood. According to Mr. Drinkwater, the aims of the two countries are the same, and Lincoln is the "fitting and sufficient symbol" necessary to draw them together. This idea is reinforced by the author in an imaginary dialog in the next world between Lincoln and Shakespeare.

The World's Illusion, by Jacob Wasserman (Harcourt, Brace & Howe), is a two-volume novel by a Viennese author done into English by Ludwig Lewisohn. The hero of the story, Christian Wahnschaffe, is a young aristocrat. "A Christian centuries later than Bunyan's engaged in a pilgrim's progress not of his own fashioning," is what he is called by E. W. Osborn, of the New York *World*. He tours Europe in the company of grand dukes, stage stars, diplomats, international millionaires; then he turns his back on sybaritism and seeks dark tenements, dens of evil, the noxious atmosphere of the slums. "I do not know why I do these things," he answers, in effect, to every pressing inquiry of former friends. By some critics this tale is compared with Romain Rolland's "Jean-Christophe," but its message is far less buoyant. H. L.

Mencken calls it "a pathological movie." There is great spiritual restlessness in these pages and a sense of the futility of all things.

The Age of Innocence, by Edith Wharton (Appleton), concerns New York in the 'seventies, and captures a social group which is based on correctness, prudence and gentility. Apart from clever pictures of Fifth Avenue, the Academy of Music, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art as they looked to an earlier generation, we are given a penetrating glimpse into the hearts of two conventional New Yorkers, man and woman, and of a Polish woman, an exotic flower, whose fragrance for a time disturbed the atmosphere. The book is a subtle satire on "high society." Mrs. Wharton's hand has lost none of its cunning. "She has preserved a given period in her amber," as Francis Hackett puts it in the *New Republic*, "a pale, fine amber that has living light."

Hungry Hearts, by Anzia Yezerskia (Houghton Mifflin), is a collection of short stories by a Jewish working-girl whose ambition "to make from herself a person that would yet ring in America" is being realized. These tales are described by a writer in the *American Hebrew* as "passionate, vivid, fragmentary descriptions of the Jew's yearning for expression and fruition." One story, "The Fat of the Land," recites the familiar American-Jewish tragedy of Americanized children whose Americanization causes them to blush for the mother who starved and toiled for them. "Where Lovers Dream" is the equally familiar tragedy of a young doctor who puts aside the love that shared his early struggles and marries for money.

The Roosevelt Memorial Association announces the establishment of a bureau of research and information which will collect all available biographical matter concerning Theodore Roosevelt and publish authoritative works dealing with his life. It especially wants photographs and anecdotes. All who have authentic anecdotes of one sort or another to contribute are urged to send them without delay to Hermann Hagedorn, Secretary, Roosevelt Memorial Association, One Madison Avenue, New York. Every contribution will be promptly acknowledged, and to each contributor a booklet containing a biographical sketch of Colonel Roosevelt and notable quotations from his writings will be sent as a mark of appreciation. A copy of one of the standard biographies of Roosevelt will be given each month as a prize to the one who contributes the most telling anecdote, thoroughly authenticated, and not hitherto published.

Shear Nonsense

Landlord and Tenant

"I'm going to raise the rent," said the landlord.

"I'm glad to hear it," said the tenant, "I can't."—*The New Majority*.

The Ultimate Depravity

A local Bradstreet, reporting on a gentleman concerning whose probity information was desired, related: "Why, he was so bad that he was sued by the president of the bank for alternating his wife's affections."—Bert Leston Taylor in *Hearst's*.

Going Up

Young Sailor—On my last voyage I saw waves forty feet high.

Old Salt—Get out. I was at sea for fifty years and never saw 'em that high.

Young Salt—Well, things are higher now than they used to be.

—*Arklight*.

A Kitchen Oversight

"This portion is very small," the dinner grumbled. "As a regular customer here I generally have two pieces of beef, but tonight you have brought me only one."

"Gee, mister, you're right!" exclaimed the waiter. "The cook forgot to cut it in two."—*Boston Transcript*.

The All-Pervading

The teacher's last question was meant to be a scientific poser.

"What is it that pervades all space," she said, "which no wall or door or other substance can shut out?"

"The smell of onions, miss," promptly answered the boy in the front seat.

His Great War

Little Timothy, who had been studying history but a short time, thought he would give his grandfather a tryout on the subject, so he asked: "Say, grandfather, what great war broke out in eighteen hundred and fifty-four?" The old gentleman laid down his paper and looked thoughtfully at the boy for a moment, and then a sudden light dawned upon him. "Why," he said, "that was the year I married your grandmother."

"Punch" Punches Prodigies

I met a (once) best seller,

And took him by the hand,

And asked, "How's Opal Whiteley

And how does Daisy stand?"

He answered, "I can only

See sloppiness and sham

In novels from the nursery

And poems from the pram."

—*London Punch*.

Would Be Represented

A couple of old codgers got into a quarrel and landed before the local magistrate. The loser, turning to his opponent in a combative frame of mind, cried: "I'll law you to the circuit court."

"I'm willing," said the other.

"An' I'll law you to the supreme court."

ALL STAND AND SING

O H, say can you sing from the start to the end

What so proudly you stand for when orchestras play it?

When the whole congregation, in voices that blend,

Strike up the grand tune and then torture and slay it.

How valiant they shout when they're first starting out,

But "the dawn's early light" finds them floundering about;

'Tis "The Star Spangled Banner" they're trying to sing,

But they don't know the words of the precious, brave thing.

Hark, "the twilight's last gleaming" has some of them stopped,

But the valiant survivors press forward serenely

To "the ramparts we watched" when some others are dropped,

And the loss of the leaders is manifest keenly,

Then "the rockets' red glare" gives the bravest a scare,

And there's few left to face "the bombs bursting in air."

'Tis a thin line of heroes that manage to save

The last of the verse and "the home of the brave."



"Have you been touching the barometer, Jane?"

"Yes'm. It's my night out, so I set it for 'fine'."—*London Mail*.

"An' I'll law you to 'ell."

"My attorney'll be there," was the calm reply.—*Boston Transcript*.

Tennyson as a Cynic

The following dialog is taken from Mrs. Asquith's "Autobiography":

Tennyson: "Have you read Jane Carlyle's letters?"

Margot: "Yes, I have, and I think them excellent. It seems a pity," I added, with the commonplace that is apt to overcome one in a first conversation with a man of eminence, "that they were ever married; with any one but each other, they might have been perfectly happy."

Tennyson: "I totally disagree with you. By any other arrangement four people would have been unhappy instead of two."

How He Protected Himself

Two colored men were discussing the eloquence of a certain member of the faculty of an educational institution for negroes.

"That Professor Biggs sure does like to use high-soundin' words, don't he?" asked one of them.

"Maybe dat's jest an affection on his part," said the other darky. "Some folks do like to put on airs in talkin'."

"No, I don't figure it out dat way," said the other. "I kinder thinks he uses them big words because he's afraid dat if people knew what he was talkin' about they'd know he didn't know what he was talkin' about."

—*Harper's Magazine*.

The Wit of Sir Herbert Tree

In his Life of the English actor, Herbert Beerbohm-Tree (Dutton), Max Beerbohm quotes the following aphorisms as illustrations of Sir Herbert's whimsical wit:

Genius is an infinite faculty for not taking pains.

A gentleman is one who doesn't care whether he is one or not.

History is the plaything of poets.

A man never knows what a fool he is until he hears himself imitated by one.

A committee should consist of three men, two of whom are absent.

In our endeavor to cover the ground quickly the ground is apt to cover us.

The Roycrofters' Memorial to Elbert Hubbard

Following Hubbard's tragic death on the *Lusitania* in 1915, announcement was made from East Aurora that the *Philistine Magazine* would be discontinued. Hubbard had gone on a long journey and might need his "Philistine." Besides, who was to take up his pen? It was also a beautiful tribute to the father from the son.

The same spirit of devotion has prompted the Roycrofters to issue their memorial edition of "Little Journeys to the Homes of the Great." In no other way could they so fittingly perpetuate the memory of the founder of their institution as to liberate the influence that was such an important factor in molding the career of his genius.

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NERVE EXHAUSTION

How We Become Shell-Shocked in Every-Day Life

By **PAUL VON BOECKMANN**

Lecturer and Author of numerous books and treatises on Mental and Physical Energy, Respiration, Psychology and Nerve Culture

THERE is but one malady more terrible than Nerve Exhaustion, and that is its kin, Insanity. Only those who have passed through a siege of Nerve Exhaustion can understand the true meaning of this statement. At first, the victim is afraid he will die, and as it grips him deeper, he is afraid he will not die, so great is his mental torture. He becomes panic-stricken and irresolute. A sickening sensation of weakness and helplessness overcomes him. He becomes obsessed with the thought of self-destruction.

Nerve Exhaustion means Nerve Bankruptcy. The wonderful organ we term the Nervous System consists of countless millions of cells. These cells are reservoirs which store a mysterious energy we term Nerve Force. The amount stored represents our Nerve Capital. Every organ works with all its might to keep the supply of Nerve Force in these cells at a high level, for Life itself depends more upon Nerve Force than on the food we eat or even the air we breathe.

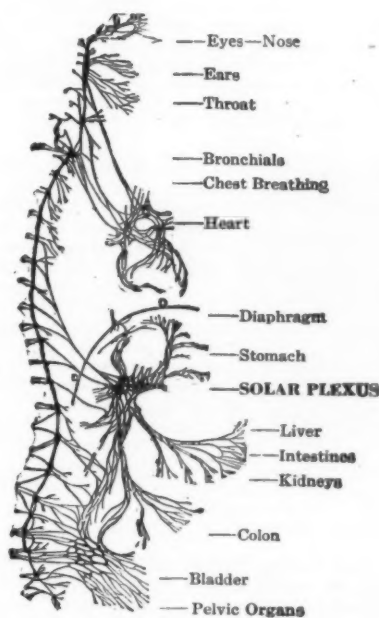
If we unduly tax the nerves through overwork, worry, excitement or grief, or if we subject the muscular system to excessive strain, we consume more Nerve Force than the organs produce, and the natural result must be Nerve Exhaustion.

Nerve Exhaustion is not a malady that comes suddenly. It may be years in developing, and the decline is accompanied by unmistakable symptoms, which, unfortunately, cannot be readily recognized. The average person thinks that when his hands do not tremble and his muscles do not twitch, he cannot possibly be nervous. This is a dangerous assumption, for people with hands as solid as a rock and who appear to be in perfect health may be dangerously near Nerve Collapse.

One of the first symptoms of Nerve Exhaustion is the derangement of the Sympathetic Nervous System, the nerve branch which governs the vital organ (see diagram). In other words, the vital organs become sluggish because of insufficient supply of Nerve Energy. This is manifested by a cycle of weaknesses and disturbances in digestion, constipa-

tion, poor blood circulation and general muscular lassitude usually being the first to be noticed.

I have for more than thirty years studied the health problem from every angle. My investigations and deductions always brought me back to the immutable truth that Nerve Derangement and Nerve Weakness is the basic cause of nearly every



The Sympathetic Nervous System

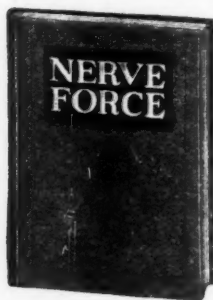
Showing how Every Vital Organ is governed by the Nervous System, and how the Solar Plexus, commonly known as the Abdominal Brain, is the great Central Station for the distribution of Nerve Force.

bodily ailment, pain and disorder. I agree with the noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, M. D., the author of numerous works on the subject, who says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves be in order."

The great war has taught us how frail the nervous system is, and how sensitive it is to strain, especially mental and emotional strain. Shell Shock, it was proved, does not injure the nerve fibers in themselves. The effect is entirely mental. Thousands lost their reason thereby, over 135 cases from New York alone being in asylums for the insane. Many more thousands became nervous wrecks. The strongest men became paralyzed so that they could not stand, eat or even speak. One-third of all the hospital cases were "nerve cases," all due to excessive strain of the Sympathetic Nervous System.

The mile-a-minute life of to-day, with its worry, hurry, grief and mental tension is exactly the same as Shell Shock, except that the shock is less forcible, but more prolonged, and in the end just as disastrous. Our crowded insane asylums bear witness to the truth of this statement. Nine people out of ten you meet have "frazzled nerves."

Perhaps you have chased from doctor to doctor seeking relief for a mysterious "something the matter with you." Each doctor tells you that there is nothing the matter with you; that every organ is perfect. But you know there is something the matter. You feel it, and you act it. You are tired, dizzy, cannot sleep, cannot digest your food and you have pains here and there. You are told you are "run down" and need a rest. Or the doctor may give you a tonic. Leave nerve tonics alone. It is like making a tired horse run by towing him behind an automobile.



Our Health, Happiness and Success in life demands that we face these facts understandingly. I have written a 64-page book on this subject which teaches how to protect the nerves from every day Shell Shock. It teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves; how to nourish them through proper breathing and other means. The cost of the book is only 25 cents. Bound indurable leatherette cover, 50 cents. Remit in coin or stamps. See address at the bottom of page. If the book does not meet your fullest expectations, your money will be refunded, plus your outlay of postage.

The book "Nerve Force" solves the problem for you and will enable you to diagnose your troubles understandingly. The facts presented will prove a revelation to you, and the advice given will be of incalculable value to you.

You should send for this book to-day. It is for you, whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living, for to be dull nerved means to be dull brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves. The book is especially important to those who have "high strung" nerves and those who must tax their nerves to the limit.

The following are extracts from letters from people who have read the book and were greatly benefited by the teachings set forth therein:

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"I have been treated by a number of nerve specialists, and have traveled from country to country in an endeavor to restore my nerves to normal. Your little book has done more for me than all other methods combined."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have re-read your book at least ten times."

A woman writes: "Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I am sleeping so well and in the morning I feel so rested."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer of Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and I am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

The Prevention of Colds

Of the various books, pamphlets and treatises which I have written on the subject of health and efficiency, none has attracted more favorable comment than my sixteen page booklet entitled "The Prevention of Colds."

There is no human being absolutely immune to Colds. However, people who breathe correctly and deeply are not easily susceptible to Colds. This is clearly explained in my book NERVE FORCE. Other important factors, nevertheless, play an important part in the prevention of Colds,—factors that concern the matter of ventilation, clothing, humidity, temperature, etc. These factors are fully discussed in the booklet, "Prevention of Colds."

No ailment is of greater danger than an "ordinary cold," as it may lead to Influenza, Grippe, Pneumonia or Tuberculosis. More deaths resulted during the recent "FLU" epidemic than were killed during the entire war, over 6,000,000 people dying in India alone.

A copy of the booklet, Prevention of Colds, will be sent *Free* with either the 25c or 50c book, Nerve Force. You will agree that the booklet on colds alone is worth many times the price asked for both books.

PAUL VON BOECKMANN

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America's Wars

have not been fought entirely on the battle-
field. In every *National Crisis* there has
been a bitter fight on the floor of Congress;
a Duel of Brains.

A Despot May Say, "Do This," and It Is Done

for Despots need no debate. But it is
different in a Republic. Under the form
of popular government all development
comes as the result of discussion, thus de-
bate is the crucible of the law, which is the
metal of history.

Great American Debates

is not a dry-as-dust history, but it contains
the *vital* stuff of which history is made—the
brilliant exciting debates in Congress and
out, that have shaped our important actions
as a Nation.

Presidential Year Is the Time

We are living in another period of momen-
tous decisions, and are about to choose the
policies and men which are to sway our
national fortunes for another four years.
To understand the *new questions* you must
know how *similar questions* have been de-
cided in the past.

Do the Parties Stand For What They Did

Do you know what the Democratic Party
originally stood for? Does it mean the
same today? Do you know what the con-
ditions were that gave birth to the Repub-
lican Party? Will the Republican nominee
for President stand upon any of the same

planks that were in that party's platform
in the beginning?

Study Current Events in Lincoln's Way

In preparing many of his speeches Lincoln
made use of Elliott's *Debates* (the author-
ity of his day) in order to be posted on what
had been said about various questions, be-
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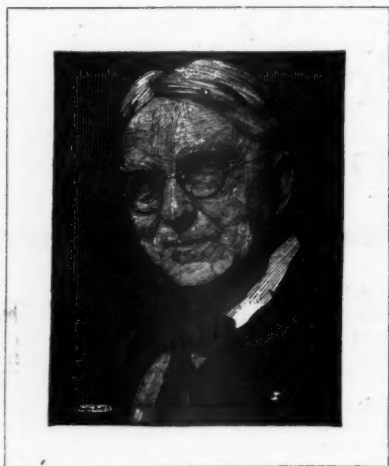
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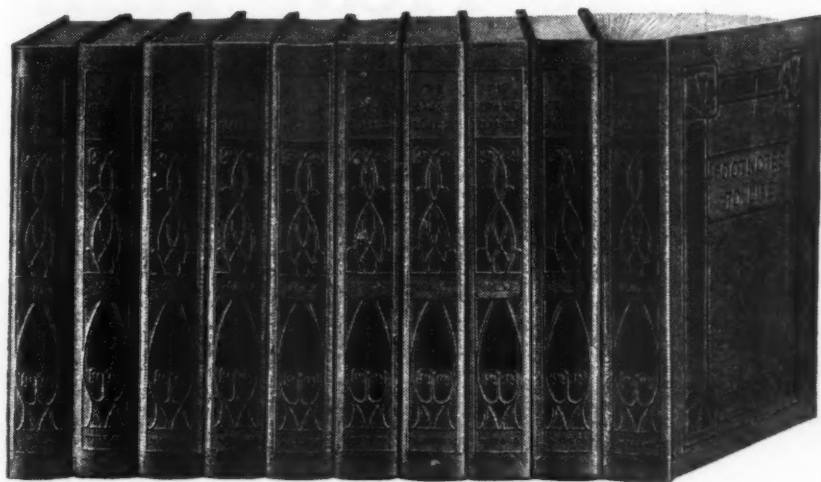
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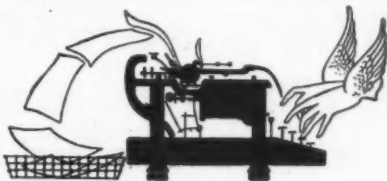
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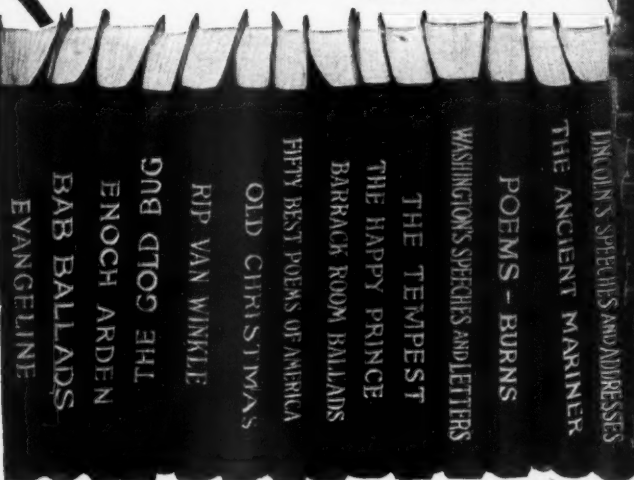
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